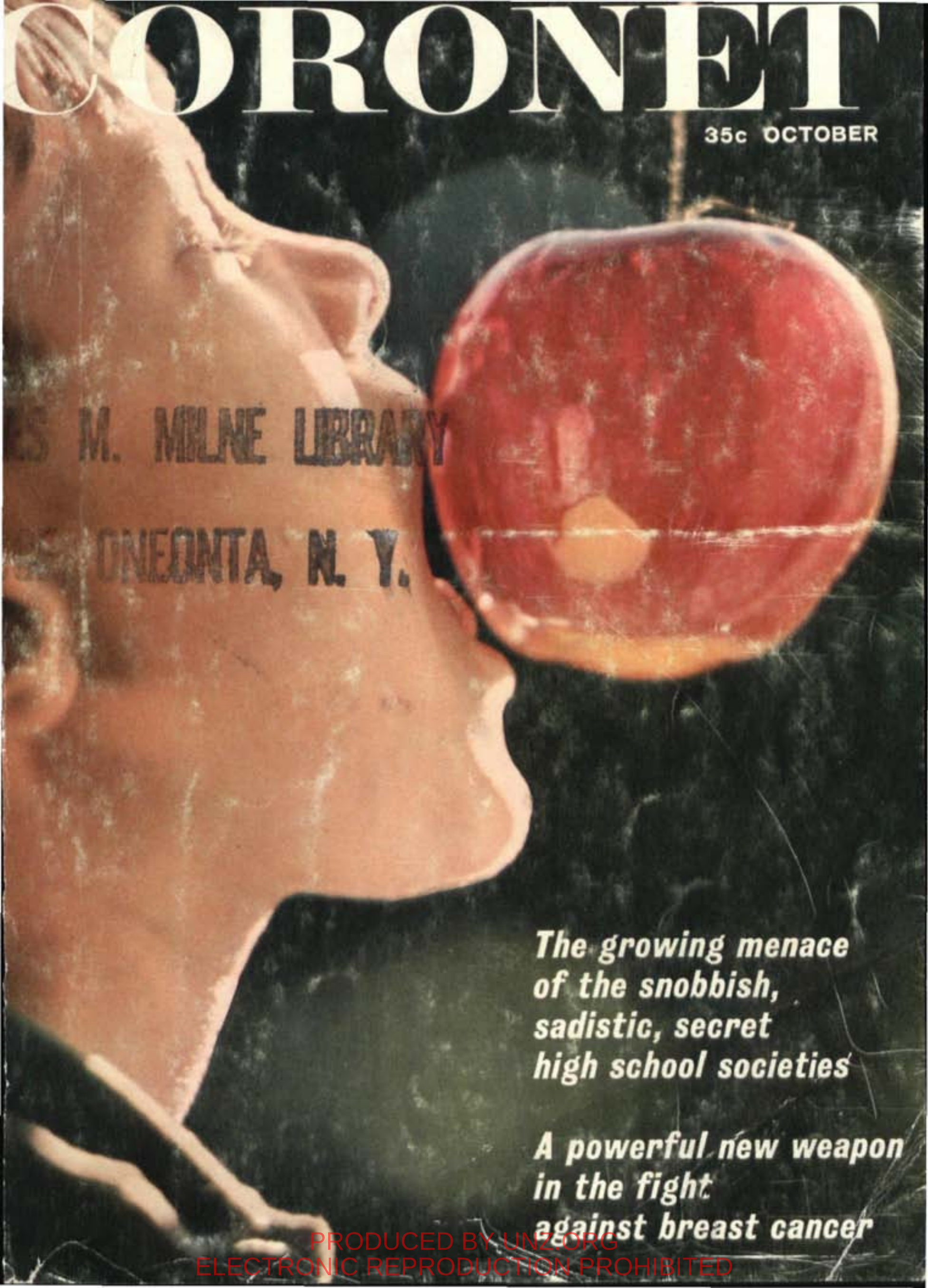
CORONET

35c OCTOBER



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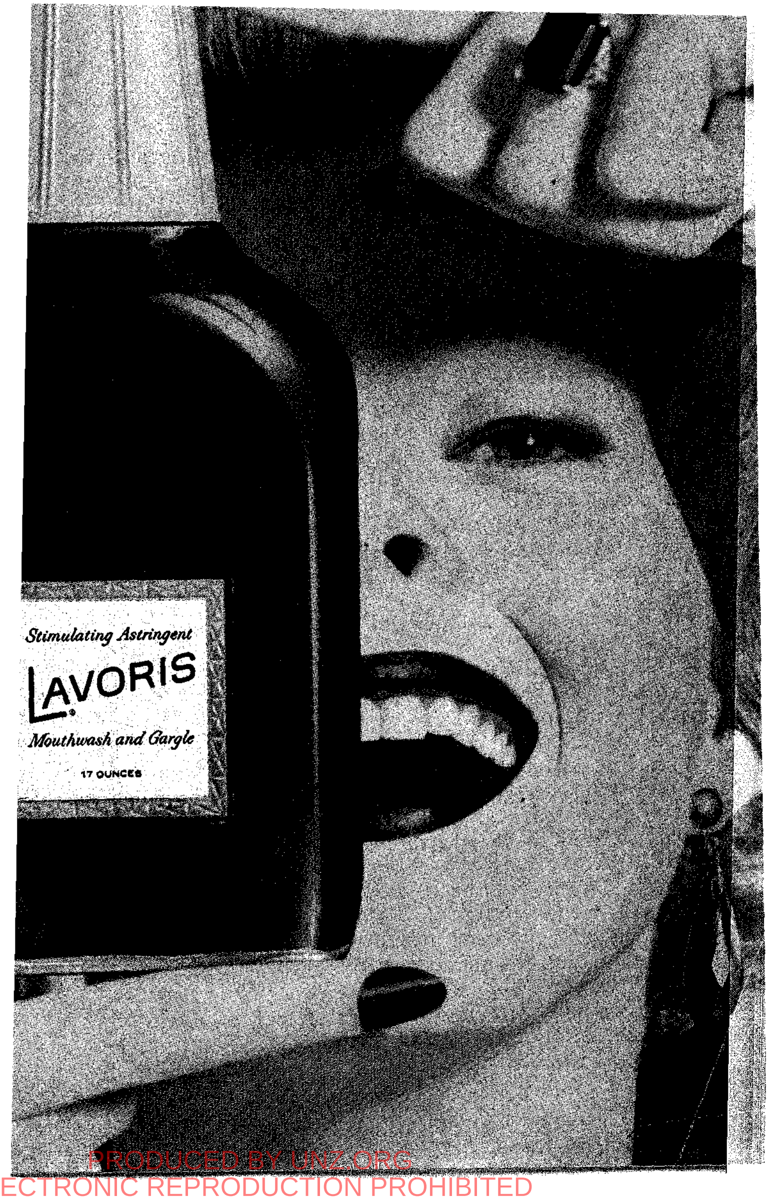
The growing menace of the snobbish, sadistic, secret high school societies

A powerful new weapon in the fight against breast cancer

Decant


Stimulating Astringent
LAVORIS
Mouthwash and Gargle
17 OUNCES

all about you

Food-pushing parents; young spouses; are scientists friendly?

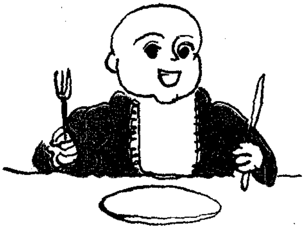


TABLE TUSSLES

Parents who push too hard to get their children to eat more may be creating emotional problems for those children, claims Professor Charlotte M. Young, Cornell University medical nutritionist. And these table tussles are often unnecessary, says Professor Young, since "few children in this country suffer from severe nutritional problems." Associate Professor Henry N. Ricciuti of Cornell agrees: "The feeding process," he says, "is loaded with emotion." To make meals more palatable, the professors suggest that parents give children choices in each menu; make the taste and texture of foods conform to the child's declared preferences; refrain from "buying" the child's appetite with promised rewards; and set an example by eating a wide variety of foods themselves. Active youngsters should be excused from the table early if family meals tend to stretch into lengthy sessions. Another important recommendation by these specialists: make youngsters feel like appreciated dinner guests. And above everything, relax!

OUR UNSOCIABLE SCIENTISTS

If any of you girls is planning to wed a scientist you had better think twice before the nuptials. You may be surprised to learn that scientists are considered unsociable, introverted and generally not well-rounded by high school and undergraduate college students. Commented one student interviewed, "Maybe it's not a good idea for him (the scientist) to be married." If a scientist does marry, it is believed that his home life is not too happy and that his wife is not pretty! David C. Beardslee and Donald D. O'Dowd, professors of psychology at Michigan State University Oakland, at Rochester, Michigan, report that, although the scientist is considered "a highly

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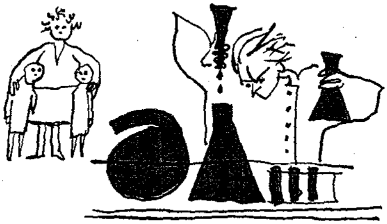

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CORONET is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail. Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Postmaster:** Send form 3579 to CORONET, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colo. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years.

CORONET 25

Twenty-fifth Anniversary

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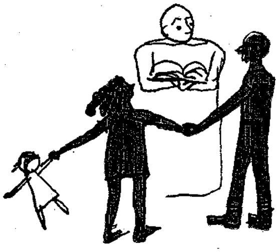
Cover .... PHOTOGRAPH BY KATHRYN ABBE

all about you

continued

intelligent person" dedicated to his work, he also is seen as "socially withdrawn, indifferent to people, retiring and somewhat depressed." Among people in the 15 high-level occupations, the scientist rates lowest in over-all sociability.



CALLOW COUPLES

Americans marry earlier than people in any other urban-industrialized country, according to recently released figures. We also choose mates closer to our own ages. Of the U.S. couples wed in 1960, 50 percent of the bridegrooms were under 22.8 years and 50 percent of the brides were under 20.3. Twenty-one seems to be the preferred marital age for men and 18 for women. This means that U.S. males are marrying about three years sooner and women two years earlier than at the turn of the century. Europeans, when they marry, are about three years older than their American counterparts. Ireland has the oldest brides (26.5 years) and grooms (31.4); and India has the youngest: 14.5 for brides and 20.0 for husbands.

HAIR YE, HAIR YE

If you wear your hair in a crew cut you may be projecting ultra-civilization. According to psychiatrists Ronald E. Trunsky and Stanley J. Woolams, long hair is a universal symbol of virility and strength. But since "civilization requires a subduing of the purely physical for more spiritual pursuits," men's hair styles are becoming ever shorter. Michelangelo's image of God, the omnipotent creator, had long hair and a copious beard. The North American Indian, they add, was not sadistic when he scalped his enemy; he was merely completing his conquest by removing the symbol of strength. But crushing man's basic strength wish does not extend to the point of baldness, the doctors emphasize. At that traumatic moment man begins to covet a hair-piece and may even sport a bushy mustache. Women, apparently, are becoming more "civilized", too. In bygone years women wore their tresses long, symbolizing their strength in the passive role. Now that they are permitted more equality, they are clipping their curls and acting as equals.

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Flower Drum Songstress

For Miyoshi Umeki and **Flower Drum**, two reunions.

Miyoshi Umeki, Academy Award winner for *Sayonara*, giggled with delight over her casting in *Flower Drum Song* for two reasons: she had played in the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical hit on Broadway for 13 months; and the film reunites her with actor-singer James Shigeta. A Hawaii-born Nisei, he became a singing star in Japan.

"When I first sing in Tokyo music halls," she recalls, "Jimmy teach me new American songs, soft shoe and give me advice about my act.

"He also took me to horror movies. I never miss one—yet I never *see* one. I just can't watch. Jimmy would explain what happens. Must be awful scary to see—music sounds *terrible*."

Miyoshi's prankish humor—in contrast to her quiet demeanor and Dresden-doll appearance—confounded *Flower Drum* co-workers. They promptly dubbed her "Moishe." And Producer Ross Hunter, captivated by Miyoshi's hilarious anecdotes about her experiences in Japan and the U.S., intends to build a movie around them.

Says Hunter of the 5′2″, 110-pound Miyoshi: "In her approach to comedy, she's like Chaplin—combining pathos and humor in an appealing, helpless manner."

But Miyoshi, 32, is not helpless. "Oriental women have very strong shoulders," she says. I move furniture around at home. We don't have much—just lots of painted walls. I move chairs, TV set from one painted wall to another."

One of 12 children born to a Japanese factory head, Miyoshi ("Beautiful Life") started singing because a brother, "crazy about jazz, put all his dream on me. Father not like music, so we play Gene Krupa on record player under blankets."

Her first job: singing in G.I. theaters, before the movie began. "I was known as 'Whispering Miyoshi' in Japan. I was trying for sexy sound, but didn't come out that way. I study, don't sing quiet now," she says. A talent scout caught her night-club act in California and signed her for *Sayonara*.

Married to TV director Win Opie since 1958, Miyoshi loves romping with her two poodles. "I'd like more," she says wistfully. "Maybe kennel one day."—MARK NICHOLS

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The age of the guitar

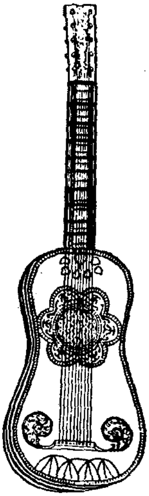
RECENT YEARS HAVE SEEN a strong rebirth of interest in the guitar and its music. No longer is it considered merely an instrument for accompaniment. Its versatility is widely acknowledged and the increased number of recordings featuring the guitar indicates how sweeping is the revival of this instrument with its centuries-old tradition.

Latin Americans like to think of the guitar as their native instrument. They tell the story of the gaucho who, utterly lonely in his daily rides through the pampas, found himself a piece of wood which he lovingly carved into the shape of a woman's body. He put strings on it and when his melancholy overcame him, he played on it songs of love and desire.

A typically charming Latin legend—but the true origin of today's guitar is the Spanish lute for which composers of the 16th and 17th centuries wrote formal music. Although originally brought to Europe during the Moorish occupation in medieval times, it was not until the 18th and 19th centuries that guitar music became important. At the turn of the 19th century, it began to flourish in Europe, mostly through the efforts of two great Spanish composers—Francisco Tárrega and Fernando Sor (whom Andres Segovia, the contemporary master of the guitar, has called "the greatest composer who ever lived"). Concerts by guitar virtuosos became common and numbers of gifted performers and composers utilized the instrument.

At times Franz Schubert was too poor to own a piano and composed his works on a guitar which hung directly above his bed so that he was able to play it each morning before rising. His well-known composition, *Serenade*, was written for the guitar.

Paganini, mostly known for his violin virtuosity, for a period of several years preferred the guitar as an instrument "to stimulate," he once said, "my fantasy for composition or to bring forth some harmony which I cannot do on the violin."



The French composer Berlioz, who loved to experiment with new tonal effects, explored them on the guitar, which he called "a miniature orchestra," and which was the only instrument on which he was proficient. When his friend, the German composer Mendelssohn, was in one of his frequent despondent moods, Berlioz found that one of the few ways he could cheer him was by playing lyric melodies on the guitar.

But it was not only on the Continent that the guitar became fashionable. During the same period, it

(Continued on page 17)

LET HIM LIVE WITH THE PIGS

Tong Chin lived in a mountain village on the East Coast of Formosa. His home was a shed which was part of a pig pen. He was in rags, couldn't speak Chinese, only tribal. He ate with his hands and his mother was anxious to get rid of him saying, "He can't do anything. He only eats." Her attitude explains why instead of living with her he existed with the pigs. He couldn't run away because he was blind. A more hopeless future than the one he faced is hard to conceive. But visit him now in a Christian Children's Fund Home for the Blind and listen to him recite his lessons and play part of a classic on the piano. In just a couple of months he has become a clean, bright and extremely appreciative boy. Modern teaching methods for the blind can accomplish miracles.

But what about the other needy blind or crippled, tubercular, leprous, deaf and children who are normal except for their cruel hunger? Some of them do not even have a roof over their heads and sleep in the streets—these refugee, cast-off or orphan children without a friend or guidance and who are neglected like a stray dog—these forsaken children whom mercy passes by?

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Round Pierced Waiter, Diam. 16″	35.00
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Gravy Boat with Attached Tray, 8½″ Length, 3⅛″ Height	20.00
Lazy Susan, Diameter 18″	65.00
Butter Dish (glass liner), L. 9¼″	10.00
Cake Tray, Diameter 11″	32.50
Silent Butler, Length 7″	16.00
Buffet Dish, Diameter 12½″	$32.50
Buffet Dish, Diameter 12″	19.75
Barbecue Dish, Diameter 17″	47.50
Compotier/Centerpiece, Diameter 11¼″	37.50
Relish Dish (Glass Liner), L. 17″	30.00
Chafing Dish with Stand & Burner	125.00
Relish Dish, Length 13½″	20.00
Centerpiece (footed), Length 16″	47.50
Candlesticks, Height 3¾″ (pair)	25.00
Candelabra, Height 13⅝″ (pair)	95.00
Meat Dish, Well & Tree, L. 17″	35.00
Casserole Dish (glass liner), 2 Qt.	50.00
Tea Service, 5-Piece Set	275.00
Matching Waiter, Length 23″	75.00
Gravy Boat and Tray (2-Piece)	35.00
Hostess Dish, Diameter 7¼″	13.75
Flower Holder, Hgt. 3½″, Diam. 4″	10.00
Shell, Diameter 7″	10.00
Sugar and Cream, 3-Piece Set	60.00
Buffet Service, 7 Pieces	275.00
Shell, Centerpiece, Diam. 15″	30.00
Shell, Diameter 5″	5.00
Meat Dish, Length 17″	27.50
Coffee Service, 3-Piece Set	126.00
Matching Waiter, Length 20″	50.00
Goblet, Capacity 8 oz., Hgt. 6⅜″	20.00
Vegetable Dish (2-Pc.), L. 13½″	42.50
Vegetable, Diam. 6¾″	25.00
Bon Bon Dish, Diameter 7¼″	9.50
Water Pitcher, capacity 4 Pints	57.50
Turkey Dish or Lg. Chafing Dish, 5-Pc. Set, Width 21½″, Hgt. 14″	250.00
Bowl or Centerpiece, Diam. 11¼″	27.50
Bread Tray, Length 14¼″	25.00
Salt and Pepper Shaker, Hgt. 4⅝″	7.50
Supper Dish (footed), Length 19″	55.00
Sherbet or Champagne Cup, Hgt. 4⅛″, Cup, Capacity 4 oz.	10.50

*Wallace extra-heavy silver plate, Fed. tax incl. Many pieces also available in heavy sterling.

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Aurora, Bockman Jewelers
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Chicago, Baldaccini Jlry.
Chicago, Baskind Radio & Jewelry
Chicago, Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
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Chicago, Rolland's Jewelry
Chicago, Shapiro Jewelers
Decatur, H. Post & Sons Jewelers
East Moline, Sable's Jewelry
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Peoria, Moore's Jewelers & Silversmiths
Peoria, Potter & Anderson, Jewelers
Rockford, Bolender's
Rockford, Carl E. Lindquist Jeweler
Skokie, Falenhayn Jewelers
Springfield, Stout's Jewelers
Springfield, J. Ralph Tobin & Son
Urbana, Crossroads Gift Shop
Wilmet, Carson Pirie Scott & Co.

INDIANA

Elkhart, Sorg Jewelers
Evansville, Kruckemeyer & Cohn
Fort Wayne, Baber Jewelers, Inc.
Goshen, Sorg Jewelers
Hammond, Armstrong's Jewelers
Indianapolis, Wm. H. Block Co.,
Downtown
Glendale
Indianapolis, Rost Jewelry Co.—
Downtown
Eastgate
Glendale
Richmond, Davis-Jenkins Jewelers
Valparaiso, The Pappas Co.

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Ames, Plumb Jewelry Store
Council Bluffs, Kulesh Jlrs.
Davenport, Schneff Bros., Inc.
Des Moines, Joseph Jewelry
Des Moines, Plumb Jewelry Store
Dubuque, Roshek Bros. Co.
Ft. Dodge, H. C. Kirkberg Jewelers
Ft. Dodge, Olson Jewelry Co.
Iowa City, Malcolm Jewelers
Mason City, Chas. E. Blanchard
Moline, Hollands Jewelry
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Sioux City, Thorpe & Co.
Spencer, Ralph H. Nelson
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Austin, Elams Jlry
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Hibbing, Teske Jeweler
Mankato, Martin & Hoerr
Minneapolis, Dayton's Silver Dept.
Minneapolis, J. B. Hudson Company
Minneapolis, Jacob's Jlrs.
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Fremont, Anderson Jlrs.
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Dickinson, Service Drug & Jlry.
Fargo, Cresent Jewelers
Fargo, F. W. Peterson Co.
Fargo, Wimmer's Jlrs.
Grand Forks, Phelps Jlry. Co.
Grand Forks, R. Willey and Co.
Jamestown, Boatright Jlr.
Minot, Straus Brothers
Williston, A. B. DeGree Jlrs.

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Akron, S. W. Bishop Co.
Akron, The M. O'Neil Co.
Cincinnati, Frank Herschede Co.
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Cincinnati, Shillito's
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Cleveland, Danford-Lowell Co.
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Deadwood, Martin W. Morris
Huron, Smith Jlry. Store
Mitchell, Dahle Jewelers
Rapid City, Adel Jewelers
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Appleton, Pitz and Treiber
Eau Claire, Lasker Jewelers
Green Bay, Doering Jewelry Store
Green Bay, J. Vander Zanden & Sons
Milwaukee, Bloedel's Jewelers
Milwaukee, T. A. Chapman Co.
Milwaukee, Milwaukee Boston Store
Milwaukee, Rank & Motteram
Oshkosh, R. B. Anger
Racine, Shaw's Jewelry
Superior, Yano Bros.

(*Music, continued from page* 12)

was introduced in England—although first in the form of a zither, whose strings made of wire produced a harsher tone than the gut strings of the Spanish guitar then popular in the rest of Europe. Around 1750, English society women were getting rid of their harpsichords at auctions in exchange for guitars. Playing the wire-stringed instrument, however, was considered uncouth and only 60 years later when the more graceful Spanish guitar was introduced did society fully accept it. The elegantly curved lines of the guitar were complimentary to the fashions of the period and guitar-playing became a favorite diversion of noble ladies and their entourage.

In this country, too, simple people first, and professional musicians later, were attracted by the guitar. The slaves, the cowboys and the mountaineers sang their simple songs of sadness or joy to its accompaniment. The current renaissance of American folk music has made the guitar the 60s' most popular instrument. To innumerable young people it has become, in the words of the poet Carl Sandburg,

A small friend weighing less
than a newborn infant,
Ever responsive to all sincere
efforts
Aimed at mutual respect, depth
of affection or
Love gone off the deep end.

—FRED BERGER

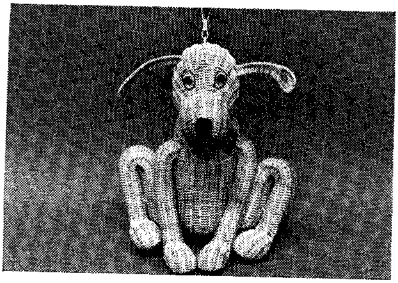
CORONET'S CHOICE FROM RECENT RECORDINGS

Albéniz, Iberia; Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnole: Morel, Paris Conservatoire; RCA Victor LM6094, *LSC6094
Beethoven, Serenade Op. 8: Heifetz, Primrose, Piatigorsky; RCA Victor LM-2550, *LSC2550
Bizet, Symphony in C Major; Lalo, Symphony in G Minor: Beecham, Radiodiffusion Française; Capitol G7237, *SG7237
Brahms, Piano Quartet in G Minor: Quartetto di Roma; Deutsche Grammophon 18529, *138014
Copland, Piano Concerto; Menotti, Piano Concerto: Wild, Symphony of the Air; Vanguard VRS1070, *VSD2094
Couperin, 3 Leçons des Ténèbres: Deller; Vanguard 613, *BGS5039
Delibes, Sylvia & Coppelia: Rignold, Paris Conservatoire; RCA Victor LM2485, *LSC2485
Gould Ballet Music: Gould; RCA Victor LM2532, *LSC2532
Guitar Worlds of Laurindo Almeida; Capitol P8546, *SP8546
Guitar Masterpieces: Gayol; Kapp 9052
3 Centuries of the Guitar: Segovia; Decca 10034, *710034
Kostelanetz Festival: NY Philharmonic; Columbia ML5607, *MS6207
Musical Merry-Go-Round: Irving, London Sinf.; Capitol G7244, *SG7244
Offenbach, Orpheus in the Underworld (Highlights): Sadler's Wells; Angel 35903, *S35903
Poulenc, Gloria; Organ Concerto: Prètre, French National Radio Orch.; Angel 35953, *S35953
Schumann, Piano Music: Casadesus; Columbia ML5642, *MS6242
Sea Shanties: Robert Shaw Chorale; RCA Victor LM2551, *LSC2551

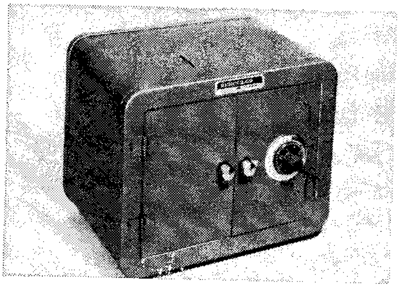
**denotes stereophonic*

PRODUCTS ON PARADE

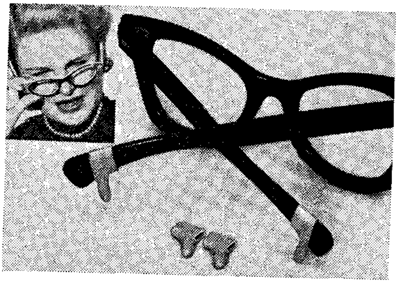
edited by Norma Ramati



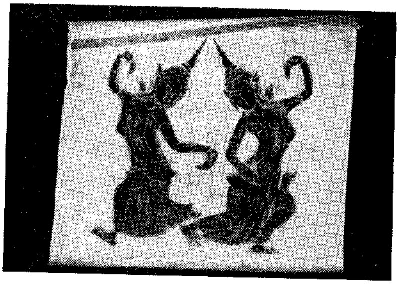
Goofy-Dog Lamp, a lovable baby sitter with a red light inside its tummy to keep the children company. Natural rattan, it stands on dressers, hangs on walls. Completely wired, 13″ high, 10″ wide, $10.95 pp. Treasure House, Dept. COR, Box 53, Cedar Grove, N. J.



Lock Alarm Safe protects valuables. Vault made of heavy gauge steel, has combination lock and built-in alarm that rings every time the door opens! Measures 9″ x 6″ x 7″. $5.36 pp. Ward Green Company, Dept. C-11, 43 West 61 Street, New York.



Ear-Loks keep glasses from slipping. Soft elastic tabs won't show and fit easily over the earpieces of eyeglass frame, making glasses instantly snug-fitting. They'll always stay where they belong. One pair 59¢ pp., two pairs for $1 pp. Dorsay Products, R.C., 200 W. 57 St., N.Y.



Temple Rubbings imported from Thailand make a beautiful decoration for walls. Hand-rubbed by natives, rice paper is almost transparent. Has feathered edge finish with black charcoal drawing. Measures 21″ x 23″, $5.95 pp. Noto Gifts, Dept. C, 4 West 43 St., N.Y.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personal items for refund.

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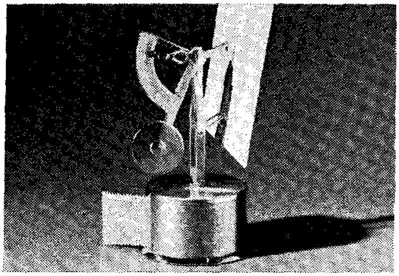
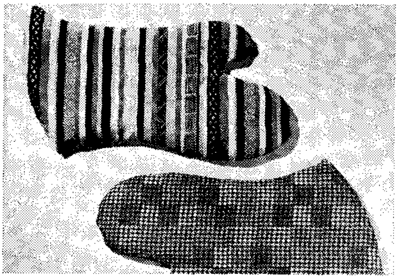
handwriting
Magic Slate Pad

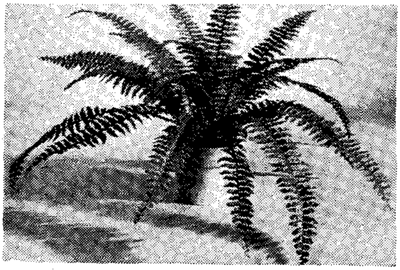
Motion Memory improves handwriting and children's grades. Easy as ABC, compact kit contains 3-D practice plate, flow-script alphabet for guided-motion practice and a Magic Slate Pad, $1.25 pp. Motion Memory, Dept. C, 221 North La Salle St., Chicago 1, Illinois



Desk Post Office makes a handsome addition to any desk. Just put your letter in the Postal clip, weigh it and pull out stamp from dispenser underneath. Comes in a brass finish, weighs up to 2 ounces, $1.25 pp. Gay Gifts, Dept. C, 430 Teaneck Rd., Ridgefield Park, N.J.



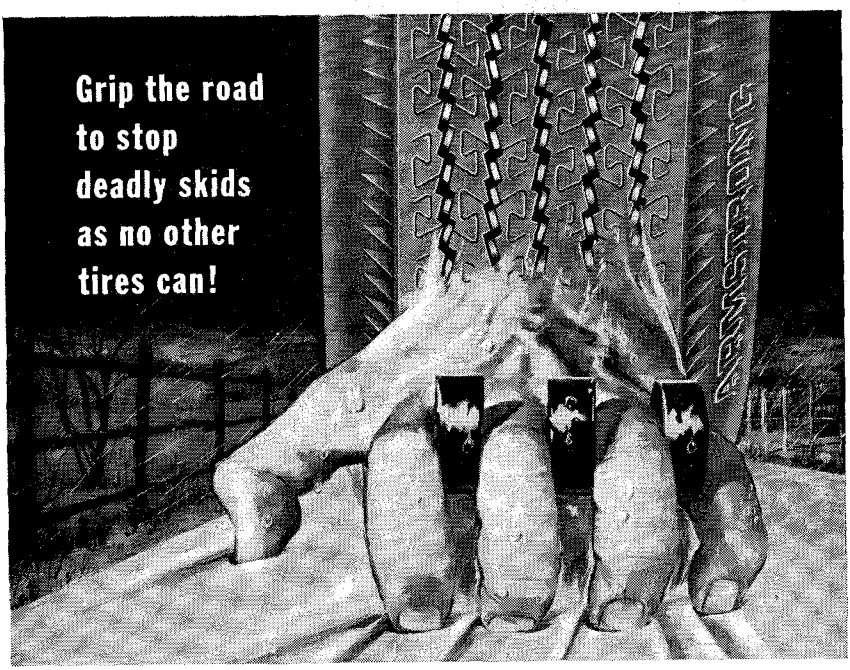
Casserole Mitts for carrying hot dishes. Has removable covers made of washable Crompton-Richmond corduroy. Choice of stripe or checkerboard pattern in mixtures of red, green, yellow, blue. Oven-type, $2.95 pp. Barbecue mitt, $3.95 pp. Prettymits, COR, 249 E. 48 St., N.Y.



Lifelike Fern will last forever. Soft, spreading, delicate leaves look like the real thing. Even your best friends won't be able to tell. Leaves require no care, no water. Contains 20 leaves with 24″ spread. $4.95 pp. Constance Spry, COR, 507 Madison Avenue, N.Y.

ARMSTRONG TIRES

"Ounce of Prevention" Safety Discs can save your life!



See how the discs in the hand keep the fingers apart! That's how patented Safety Discs in Armstrong Tires keep the tread's gripping edges apart. The tread is always open, always ready to grip the road to prevent deadly skids — no matter how hard you brake! But ordinary tires without Safety Discs CAN squeeze shut. Their tread goes smooth slippery . . . and suddenly you skid. So get Armstrong Safety Disc Tires — with this extra safety that costs you no more. See the Yellow Pages for your nearest Armstrong dealer.

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VALID FOR AS LONG AS YOU OWN THIS TIRE
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GUARANTEED AS LONG AS YOU OWN THEM!

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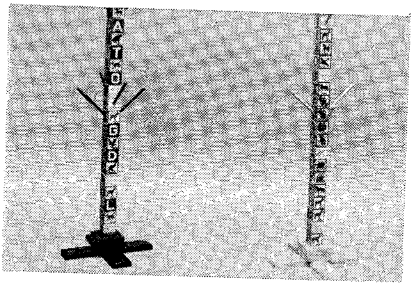
THE ARMSTRONG RUBBER COMPANY, Home Office, West Haven, Conn.

PRODUCTS ON PARADE

RUG FROST
RING FREE spot cleaner for fine carpets

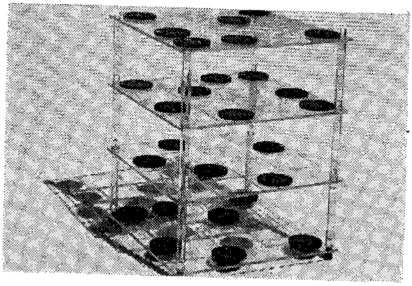
Rug Spot Remover takes away stains safely and easily, without leaving rings or changing colors. Just spray on and wipe away spots. Also good for drapes and upholstered furniture, 12-ounce can $2 pp. White Frost Chemicals, Dept. COR, Greenwich, Connecticut.



Alphabet-Block Costumer for little ones just learning to hang up clothes. Three feet high, has 20 blocks gaily covered with letters and animals. It supports 8 clothes pegs, comes in red or yellow base, $5.25 pp. Elder Craftsman Shop, COR, 850 Lexington Ave., N.Y.

IT CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE!
flare kit
ROAD
FLARE

Flare-Kit Lifesaver for night drivers. Two flares and extinguisher rain and windproof, burn a full hour, provide light at several hundred feet. Ideal warning for oncoming cars; use for emergency cooking. $1.25 pp. Ward Green, Dept. COR-10, 43 W. 61 St., New York.



Checkline family game, just like ticktacktoe only on four levels. Two to four can play, ages seven to 77. Plastic snap-on shelves come with 102 pastel chips, and complete instruction kit, $6.95 pp. Checkline Co., Dept. COR, 14829 Aetna St., Van Nuys, California.

Jet Drive-In, Austin, Texas

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Wide-Lites give ideal lighting for drive-ins . . . for service stations and roadside businesses . . . for new and used car lots . . . for shopping centers.

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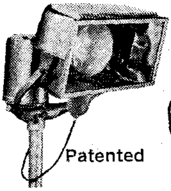
Find out how Wide-Lites can help *your* business. Write today for FREE booklet. Wide-Lite Corporation, Dept. LA111, 4114 Gulf Freeway, Houston.



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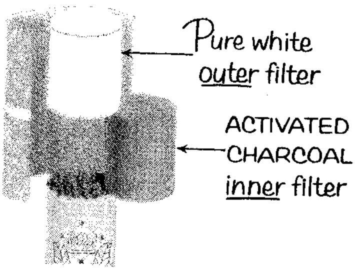
Pure white
outer filter
ACTIVATED
CHARCOAL
inner filter

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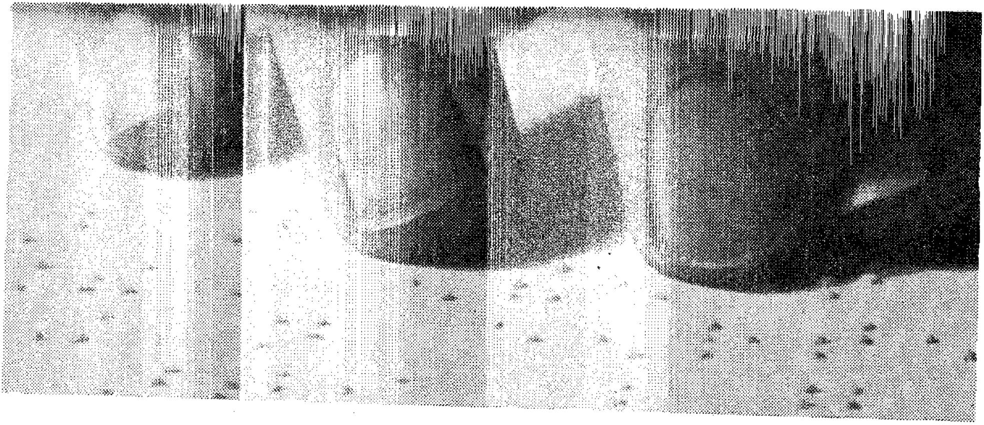
A SPECIAL MESSAGE

This will be the last issue of **Coronet**. Our decision, reached reluctantly and sadly, was forced by spiraling costs which, in the complex of the current magazine industry, gave no signs of receding. Our subscribers will shortly be contacted by the Reader's Digest and the Curtis Publishing Company who have agreed to fulfill the unexpired portions of all subscription contracts. Though the reasons for the demise of the magazine are etched in the red ink of the business ledger, a magazine is, paradoxically, something other than a business. It is a living contact. No communication medium—newspaper, radio station, TV channel or whatever—possesses the unique universality of a magazine. At select intervals it crosses deserts, mountains, rivers and even continents delivering its message to advocates who await it with their special pride of special choice. It gives off a glow of personality as it confides its discreet observations on worldly matters, with its own champions, as friends are confident of each other. Thus, when it must depart, it does so not unlike a human—bereft of material body but ever available in spirit. In the quarter-century of our tenure we look back on published adventures and experiments which helped cut new paths in creative journalism. It was a stunning generation for a magazine to grow up in; a period buffeted by contrasts such as our history had never before seen. Never had we known such a cruel depression and such affluence when it ended; such a destructive war and such temple-high hopes for peace; such caves of tyranny and such advances in human sovereignty; and such eruptions in manners, morals, mores and communications. And we note, as we browse nostalgically through our files, how our writers, artists and photographers always tread the rim of the event to fashion that special reaction which separates the banal from the artistic. This very month, exactly twenty-five years after we began, Harper and Bros. publishes a volume entitled FABULOUS YESTERDAY, 25 Years with CORONET, featuring the best of the magazine's efforts during its lifetime. Edited by the last editor the magazine will ever have, the book hopes to recapture the drama of the era as one magazine saw it. The era is gone and now the magazine too. But many events that happened in that period will affect events of a future period. And much of **Coronet's** editorial experience will affect the editorial experience of magazines yet to be published. And for that reason the memories of both can never, in our time, really fade out.

ARTHUR STEIN, Publisher

LEWIS W. GILLENSON, Editor



From devoted hands

BY VIOLET WOOD

Sacrificing precious leisure, volunteers help dreams come true by giving "eyes" to the finger tips of the blind

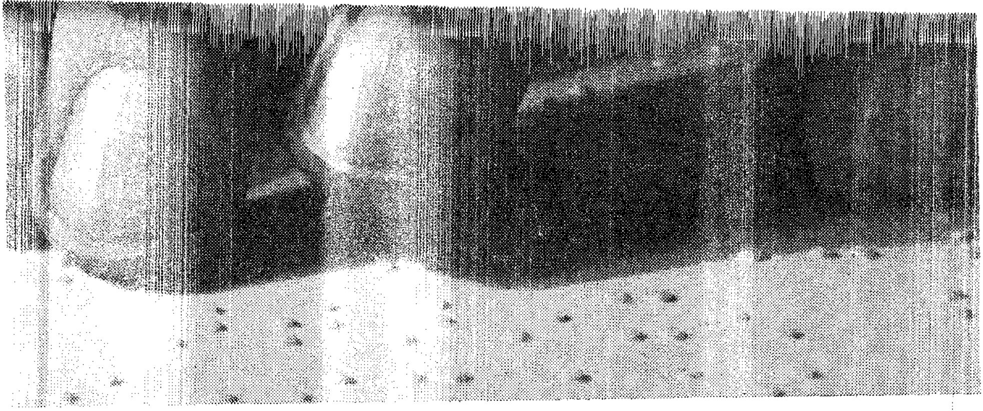
"MATTIE," SAID THE MINISTER, warmly greeting the bent little woman at the door of a Florida country church, "I declare, they heard you in Heaven today. How came you to sing such a joyful song this mornin'?"

In answer, old Mattie handed him a big book from her satchel.

"A brailled hymnal!" the minister exclaimed. "I never heard of one like that before."

Mattie's smile was radiant. "You can't buy that in a store, Reverend. That book was made by devoted hands. Made special, just for me."

Mattie is a victim of glaucoma. She is one of about 375,000 sightless Americans for whom some 8,000 pairs of "devoted hands" are working to produce books in braille—the ABCs of the blind. Most of these volunteers are middle-aged housewives, women in their 40s with



grown children. A handful are retired men, young enough to be interested in new ventures. All share a common denominator: joy in an activity that makes their lives more meaningful.

In braille, the letter "A" is a raised dot in a certain position. Other letters, numbers and punctuation marks are formed by groupings of one to six dots punched on heavy paper in 63 combinations. The blind read by passing their finger tips over lines of these "brailled" dots. A few printing houses publish standard works and texts in braille. But a large number of books for special purposes and individual needs, such as Mattie's hymnal, is done by hand.

Volunteers, many of whom have formed clubs, must practice an hour a day for six to eight months before they master the brailling machine, a six-keyed instrument resembling a typewriter.

Of all the special-purpose projects undertaken by volunteer brailling clubs, the most far-reaching has been brailling of textbooks and school materials for blind children. The American Printing House for the Blind, world's biggest brailling press, prints schoolbooks for blind students. But the variety of texts adopted by local boards of education is so vast, the braille presses cannot attempt to supply them all.

Because of this situation, in 1950 there were only about 640 blind children in public school. The rest (approximately 5,000) had to attend residential or private boarding schools for the blind, cut off from normal associations. Today, about 8,000 blind children are enrolled in public schools from kindergarten through grade 12. Thanks to the volunteer braillists, most can learn from the same materials used by their sighted schoolmates.

Some members of a typical volunteer group in Champaign, Illinois, shellac brailled pages to preserve the raised dots from wear and bind the pages into compact volumes. Others create learning games and "illustrations" for blind children's "picture" books out of fur and felt, buttons and pipe cleaners, clothespins and seashells. And many also give mornings or afternoons in study rooms, listening to reading lessons, supervising walking and running exercises, guiding small hands with projects in clay or at the sand tables.

An important center of brailling activities in America is the Division for the Blind of the Library of Congress, in Washington. The Division furnishes a pamphlet telling how to become a braillist and acting as a guide for those who wish to organize a braille club in a community. It provides teaching manuals, a correspondence course and a directory of organizations actively engaged in brailling and recording—all without charge.

The Division also certifies braillists. After completion of instruction, a braillist must submit at least 50 pages of work to the Division for checking by staff members. If the work proves of high quality, the braillist earns the title "certified braillist."

Over 4,000 certified braillists are listed with the Library of Congress. They braille as volunteers for high school and college students and the country's 32 public libraries for the blind. In addition, there are about 4,000 volunteers, uncertified but sufficiently qualified for simple brailling.

Each January, New Jersey school principals file with the State Commission for the Blind the titles needed by blind students for the following September. The Commission then checks to see if the title has already been transcribed. If not, a volunteer from New Jersey's 22 active braille service units is sent the book (with paper and other supplies if needed) for transcribing. Last year 81 braillists transcribed 190 titles (914 volumes of braille) for New Jersey's blind school children.

At the other extreme is New Mexico with only one known certified braillist, Loretta Converse. She has transcribed books ranging from *Doctor Zhivago* to *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*. Last November Mrs. Converse moved to Albuquerque and organized the first braille service unit in New Mexico. Her blind assistant, Elsie Demas, is the wife of an electronics technician and the mother of three school-age sons. Recently, fulfilling a lifetime dream, she was graduated with honors from the University of New Mexico. Loretta Converse helped by brailling eight hours a day for six weeks to provide Mrs. Demas with 1,600 pages of poetry needed for a course in English literature.

All over the country, clubs, churches and volunteer units are turning out an increasing variety of braille projects. During the last two years, through the Telephone Pioneers, a service organization of American Telephone and Telegraph Co. employees, copies of A.T.&T.'s 1959-1960 annual report, in braille and on records, were distributed to about 1,000 of the Company's blind share owners, the first big business experiment in corporate literature for the blind.

In New York City, The Jewish Guild for the Blind, a nonsectarian organization, maintains a braille library that is internationally famous, including technical and special books not generally available through other braille libraries. The Guild also assists blind businessmen and professional people by transcribing indexes, legal documents and scientific papers.

Volunteers of the Johanna Bureau for the Blind at the Chicago Public Library "brailled" young Larry Wos through his bachelor's, master's and Ph.D. degrees in mathematics. Dr. Wos is now in computer programming at the Atomic Energy Commission's Argonne National Laboratory. He and his blind bride treasure their wedding gift from the Johanna volunteers: a hand-brailled cookbook. Two Johanna music braillists are presently transcribing a blind Canadian composer's music into regular sc[illegible]ng for sighted musicians.

Miss [illegible]ie Lee Morris of The New York Public Library for the Blind calls this volunteer work "invaluable." She invites inquiries on the National Braille Club, which may be addressed to her at The New York Public Library for the Blind, 166 Avenue of the Americas, New York City.

One elderly woman sums up the satisfactions of volunteer brailling this way: "Through two world wars and illness in the family, brailling has given me joyful relaxation and peace of mind."

FRANKLY SPEAKING

MOST OF US are willing to face the music only if we can call the tune. —MRS. JAMES M. ALBERS

THERE ARE TWO periods in a man's life when he doesn't understand women—before and after marriage. —CHARLES MAXWELL

THE TROUBLE WITH some women is that they'd rather mend your ways than your socks. —*Central Kansas Livestock Market Weekly*

A PESSIMIST REMEMBERS the lily belongs to the onion family, an optimist remembers that the onion belongs to the lily family. —CLARK WOODS

ONE THING ABOUT modern art is that things can't be as bad as they are painted. —JIM HARGET (*American Legion Magazine*)

SCIENCE IS resourceful. It couldn't open a day-coach window, so it air-conditioned the train. —*General Features Corporation*

NEW WEAPON AGAINST BREAST CANCER

A powerful drug increases the survival hope by reducing the recurrence rate

BY JAMES POLING

As the leading cause of death from cancer in women—killing 24,000 a year in the U. S., unless diagnosed very early, breast cancer has shown a tragically stubborn resistance to surgical treatment. The reason: it is an *adenocarcinoma*—cancer originating in a gland—a form of the disease which spreads quickly to other parts of the body. ■ Now, however, scientists have found a drug—Thio-Tepa—that apparently cuts postoperative recurrence of breast cancer almost in half. With the new drug, according to a two-year study, only one out of four breast cancers has recurred after surgery. ■ If the findings of a nationwide study stand up—and there is reason to hope that they will—this will mark one of the major steps forward in breast cancer surgery since the turn of the century, according to Dr. Isadore S. Ravdin, internationally known professor of surgery at the University of Pennsylvania. Seconding this hopeful statement is one of the country's leading cancer specialists, Dr. George E. Moore, Director of the Roswell Park Memorial Institute, Buffalo, New York. ■ Cancer surgery itself cannot remove cancer cells which may already have spilled into the blood stream or those which might spill at the time of surgery. ■ These deadly cancer "seedlings" are free to take root and grow wherever they are deposited. But, just as young crabgrass is more vulnerable to a weed-killer than established plants, it is easier to destroy cancer seedlings than firmly rooted cancerous growths. The problem has been to find a satisfactory cancer "weed killer" with which to flush the blood stream at the time of surgery. ■ Thio-Tepa, produced by the Lederle Laboratories, promises to be such a cancer "weed killer." And although it isn't perfect, Thio-Tepa at least seems to be far more effective than anything medical science had reason to hope for only a few short years ago. ■ The story behind Thio-Tepa's discovery is one of the most ironical chapters in medical history, for this lifesaving drug was born of a deadly poison gas. At the start of World War II, the Allies began producing nitrogen mustard gas as a countermeasure against anticipated German gas attacks. The Allies also put scientists to work studying its behavior, hoping they would devise better gas masks and better methods of treatment for possible victims. ■ On the night of December 2, 1943, enemy bombers over Bari, an Allied supply port in Italy, destroyed 17 ships, among them one loaded with 100 tons of nitrogen mustard gas. The escaping gas struck over 600 men, eventually killing 84. ■ In treating the stricken men a curious condition was noted; their white blood cell count was astoundingly low. Samples of their body tissues were flown to the Medical Laboratories of the U. S. Chemical Welfare Service. There it was found that for some inexplicable reason nitrogen mustard is highly poisonous to cells—such as white blood cells—that reproduce rapidly. It occurred to the late Dr. Cornelius P. Rhoads, of New York's Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, that rapid reproduction is also one of the chief characteristics of cancer cells. He reasoned that nitrogen mustard might be toxic to them, too.

At the war's end, Dr. Rhoads and his co-workers began the experimental use of nitrogen mustard as an anticancer drug. Researchers around the world joined in search of other cancer-killers. A small group of drugs was gradually developed, none of them wholly effective. It was also increasingly evident that even radical surgery was a far from satisfactory treatment.

Then in 1958 the Cancer Chemotherapy National Service Center at Bethesda, Maryland, began a federally financed study of a somewhat new concept in cancer treatment, the union of surgery and anticancer chemicals with Roswell Park's Dr. Moore as national advisor. Various drugs were used with surgery in treating lung, stomach, colon, breast and ovarian cancers. To date, the study's major success has been in the use of Thio-Tepa, a chemical derivative of nitrogen mustard, in breast cancer surgery. And why Thio-Tepa should be effective in cancer of the breast and not in other forms of cancer is a mystery no one can explain.

But evidence that Thio-Tepa is a particularly potent cancer-killer has been accumulated in a carefully controlled test. More than 70 surgeons in 23 hospitals have treated over 720 female breast cancer patients. Some have been under observation for almost three years. To insure the scientific validity of the study's findings patients to be treated with Thio-Tepa were chosen randomly. Therefore various degrees of malignancy were involved.

All the women had radical mastectomys; an operation in which the surgeon, using a "sharp-knife" technique, makes an eight-to-ten-inch incision and then removes the entire breast, plus the chest wall muscles underlying it, and the adjacent lymph nodes and tissues, all in one piece. For experimental purposes, only half of the women operated on were given Thio-Tepa, which is injected into a vein in the arm at the end of the operation. Additional injections are given, once a day, for the following three days.

To the American Surgical Association's annual meeting this past March, the chairman of the committee supervising the test, Dr. Rudolf Noer of the University of Louisville, reported that the women who had received surgery plus the drug had a 24 percent chance of a recurrence of cancer within two years of the operation. Those who had received surgery alone had a 42 percent chance of a recurrence. In other words, Thio-Tepa had halved the likelihood of a recurrence.

This startled even some of the surgeons who were taking part in the study. One of them, Dr. Irving Enquist, Kings County Hospital, New York, says, "When I first heard the nationwide figures I couldn't believe my ears." In fact, the report generated so much enthusiasm that Dr. Noer had to warn his colleagues not to be carried away by "a wave of excitement. . . . We won't get a true picture until we have followed the patients for a considerably longer period," he cautioned.

This arbitrary measure governs all cancer therapy: a minimum of five years must elapse before any treatment can be said to have cured a patient. For, in cancer what seems to be a cure may be only a remission; and all too often, after the passage of three or four years, the disease flares up again in patients who seemingly have been cured. So, after only two years of trial it cannot yet be said that Thio-Tepa has wrought any cures. All that can now be claimed for the drug is that, in halving the recurrence rate in breast cancer, so far it promises to become a very important palliative agent in the field of anticancer drugs. If after five years or more statistics match the present figures, then Thio-Tepa will have demonstrated even more clearly its value in preventing breast cancer recurrence.

There is good reason to believe this will happen, based on work done by one of the pioneers in the use of chemotherapy with cancer surgery, Dr. Warren H. Cole, of the University of Illinois. Last year, in his farewell address as retiring president of the American Cancer Society, Dr. Cole described a breast cancer study he had conducted—over a five-year period.

In his study, begun early in 1955, Dr. Cole worked with 120 breast cancer victims, giving half of them surgery alone, the other half surgery plus nitrogen mustard. Of those who were merely operated on, 15 out of 60 died over the five-year period of the study. Yet only six of the 60 who received surgery plus chemotherapy died.

Nitrogen mustard, then, reduced the deaths among Dr. Cole's patients a startling 60 percent. Since Thio-Tepa may prove to be more effective than nitrogen mustard, we can expect that survival-rate figures may exceed Dr. Cole's.

DR. MOORE POINTS OUT that Thio-Tepa, like all anticancer drugs, is highly toxic, and not to be employed by a doctor who has had little or no experience in the use of such compounds. Further, the patient might be better treated by surgery alone or by X ray, according to the type of breast cancer and her general physical condition.

Then, too, the use of the drug must be weighed against a number of factors in the patient's medical history. And since Thio-Tepa destroys normal cells as well as cancer cells, there is also the problem of the proper dosage, which must be carefully worked out in relation to the patient's weight and body structure. The goal is a dose strong enough to kill the cancer seedlings but still weak enough not to have any prolonged effect on normal tissue.

Actually, proper dosages are being worked out to the private satisfaction of everyone concerned. However, as responsible physicians, they feel that at least 600 of the patients studied must be fully evaluated before they can publicly express confidence in the findings of the test.

Not that they are completely satisfied with the drug. Although they are anxious to see it brought into general use eventually so that more breast cancer sufferers can benefit from it, the project's staff is already planning an investigation of a promising new drug, just out of the laboratory, called 5-fluoro-uracil. This drug is not related to mustard gas. It is a chemical compound developed by biochemists at the University of Wisconsin to impede the growth of cancer cells.

Taking a drug that had shown an ability to halt the growth of cancer cells temporarily, the chemist set out to change its formula to make its destructive effect on cancer cells permanent. By substituting fluorine for the chlorine in the original formula, he seems to have succeeded to an extent. Part of the 5-fluoro-uracil test plan calls for its use on several thousand breast cancer victims, in even more hospitals and by more surgeons than are employed in the present Thio-Tepa study. Results of 5-fluoro-uracil+surgery will then be compared with Thio-Tepa+surgery.

Regarding the future of anticancer compounds, Dr. Moore says:

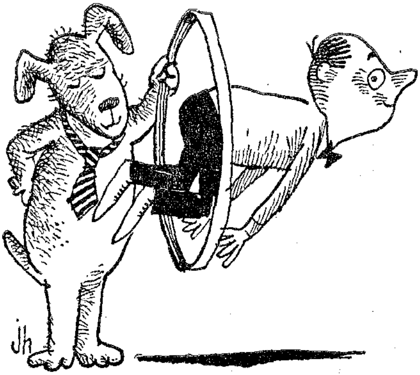
"We'll probably see a gradual development, not a sudden breakthrough. When I was a young intern the wards were filled with sufferers from osteomyelitis (a serious bone disease). Surgery helped some of them recover; others suffered various complications. Along came the sulfa drugs. They couldn't cure osteomyelitis alone. But a combination of sulfa and surgery helped. Then came penicillin. Again, it didn't cure all the infections by itself. But when it was used in conjunction with surgery we got a much better rate of cure than with sulfa.

"Now we have the broad spectrum antibiotic drugs. And what's happened? These drugs have prevented the development of many chronic infections and the osteomyelitis wards have been nearly emptied.

"In cancer today, we're about at the point we were with osteomyelitis when the sulfa drugs came in. But I hope to live to see the day when, thanks to drugs and surgery, our cancer wards will be emptied too. Then, finally, the distant goal of all of us—the drugs which may prevent cancer or cure it without the need of surgery. Thio-Tepa is only the beginning—but a truly encouraging one."

WHEN HER PROSPECTIVE new employer asked why she had left her former job with a psychiatrist, a Los Angeles secretary replied, "I couldn't win. If I was late for work, I was hostile. If I was early, I had an anxiety complex. And if I was on time, I was compulsive."

—A. W. STINSON



human comedy

WHEN SENATOR A. S. Mike Monroney, of Oklahoma, visited the Air Force Academy in his capacity as chairman of the Senate's aviation subcommittee, he asked the significance of the academy's 17 spires.

He was told: "This is supposed to be an official Air Force secret, Senator. But the 17 spires represent the twelve apostles and the five members of the subcommittee."

—GEORGE DIXON (*Los Angeles Examiner*)

A DENVER FATHER was disturbed to learn, at a meeting with the kindergarten teacher, that his five-year-old daughter was the only one in the class who didn't know how to tie her shoelaces. He asked the youngster about it that evening.

"I don't tie my shoes," she replied brightly, "because the little boys tie them for me."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR. (*Saturday Review*)

IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, when a defendant reeled off the names of stores at which he cashed worthless checks, the judge was amazed.

"How did you cash them so easily?" the judge wondered.

"I can't say, Your Honor," replied the man, "unless it's because I've got an honest face." —CLARENCE ROESER

A VACATION-BOUND family had loaded their youngster's pet squirrel, revolving cage and all, into the front luggage compartment of one of those small foreign cars that have the engine in the rear.

Stopping at a remote filling station in the Tennessee mountains, the driver said to the attendant, "Fill 'er up, and check the oil while we walk around and stretch our legs."

Coming back a few minutes later, the driver took out his wallet and asked, "How much do I owe you?"

"Don't rightly know," drawled the native. "I gave your engine two bags of peanuts for fuel, but darned if I know where to check its oil."

—WILL KENT

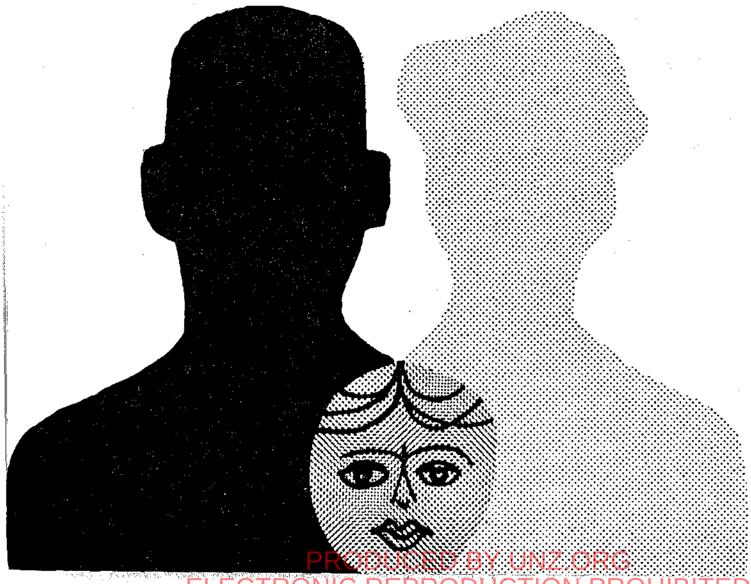
IN CRAWFORDSVILLE, Indiana, a 76-year-old woman fortunately escaped injury when a bolt of lightning scattered plaster and wallpaper across the living room floor of her small apartment. However, the oldster, who was sitting on the edge of her bed a few feet from where the lightning struck, reported that she was somewhat unnerved when the lid was jarred from a music box, causing the instrument to play, "Around The World In 80 Days."

—GRADY FRANKLIN

The child between

Buffeted by the storms
that rage along the black-white
border, this pretty
mulatto girl found her salvation
in a surprising
and soul-searching choice

BY ISABELLE RIVIEREZ with Louis E. Lomax



I AM THE CHILD OF A MIXED MARRIAGE, and I will never forget it; even if I tried, the peoples of the world—both white and Negro—would not let me. ■ My father, Hector Rivierez, is a light-skinned Negro from French Guiana, in South America. My mother, born Violette Barbaut, is a blue-eyed blonde from France. The contour of my face and the texture of my olive skin show that I am a Negro and the child of a mixed marriage. ■ Hardly a day passes that somebody doesn't ask me what it's like being half-white and half-black. Quite candidly, it is no picnic. ■ In Paris, where I grew up, Father's brown skin and Mother's blue eyes seemed as natural to me as the sun and the moon; like the Eiffel Tower, where I played, the Champ de Mars park, where Mother and I strolled, they were fixtures of my childhood world. It never occurred to me that our family was odd. I knew that I was darker than Mother, lighter than Father, and not exactly the same color as the other children on my block. I knew I was *different,* but if your father is Negro, your mother white, and you are three years old, being different is the most natural thing in the world. Little do you suspect that one day this difference will cause you pain. ■ I was born on December 8, 1940, six months after the Germans occupied Paris. But our home along the Avenue de la Bourdonnais was a warm and secure place. Father's law office was located in our seven-room apartment; thus he and Mother were always home, and their presence sheltered me. I saw no difference between the blacks and the whites, Jews and gentiles who were Father's clients. ■ Then one day, one of Father's clients, a Jew, came to our home crying. His entire family had been wiped out in a Nazi concentration camp; only he had escaped. As I listened to his tragic story, I realized for the first time that being different could mean trouble. Even so, the coals of racism had not seared me. That was to come later. ■ We spent our summers at our country home about 50 miles from Paris. All of the villagers were white, but we had no problems; I remember joining with the children of the village as they lined the road to welcome the American troops, Negro and white, en route to liberate Paris from the Nazis. We felt all was well with the world. Needless to say, we were wrong; at least I was. Two years later, at the age of six, I realized how wrong I was.

It happened during my first days in school. The children gathered around me.

"Nigger!" some of them shouted.

"Gypsy!" others taunted.

I did not know what either word meant. I only knew that I was being called something bad. I got mad. I fought with my tormentors. They fought back. When they realized that name-calling angered me, the incidents increased. When I asked my father what these names meant, and why my fellow students attacked me, he explained as clearly as he could, still trying to shield me from the raw side of life.

"You must not fight," Father told me. "You must learn to be proud that you are *colored*."

"But Mother is not colored. She is white. Should she be proud also?"

"Yes," Father said. "You and I should be proud that we are colored, Mother should be proud that she is white. That is the way God made us; some roses are red, others white, but they are all roses and they all smell sweet. The same is true of men. The color of their skins has nothing to do with the quality of their hearts, minds and souls."

I was colored! And I was colored in a world where color may not basically matter, but where men *make* it matter. This is the first shock a child of mixed parentage experiences. Despite the fact that she is half-white and half-colored, she can never be white. Some children of mixed marriages "pass" for white, hiding their Negro heritage in order to escape the pain of discrimination. This I could never do. I am not ashamed of my color and while still at my father's knee, resolved never to hide it. I learned to ignore my fellow students when they called me names. Once they realized they could no longer hurt me, the name-calling stopped.

Yet despite my outward calm, the race question had become a vital part of my inner life. I wanted to know more about my father and mother. I realized that theirs was not just another marriage. Mother felt my concern and through a series of long talks, I came to know the story of their love and marriage.

Father had come to Paris to study law. Mother was also a student there. They met and fell in love. It was not easy for them, Mother explained to me. Their parents objected to the marriage. Each family wanted its child to marry within his own race. They were warned that society would ostracize them. Even their friends reminded them that their children would be born into the no man's land of being neither black nor white. Nevertheless, they were married.

"Love knows no barriers," Mother told me. "I would not let the prejudices of others rob me of life's sweetest experience."

There were other Negroes in

Paris, but they were not torn by the conflicts that wracked me. They were as aware of being Negro as I was, but they had come by that awareness via a different, perhaps more natural, route. I felt I was a Negro by force, not by birth; that I had been *made* Negro by an arbitrary ruling that only children of two white parents can be white.

I SOON BECAME BITTER and difficult to get along with. By the time I reached secondary school, I had become a problem student. I was not the only colored student in the school, but I *was* the only non-white in my class. One afternoon I could bear it no longer. I was sitting along the back row in my sewing class. I hated the teacher; and I resented the gulf between her and me. Shattering the silence of the room, I sang at the top of my voice:

"This place is full of filth (only I didn't say filth); it is boring and I want to go home."

The teacher almost fainted. Then her shrill voice rang out:

"Isabelle!"

And silence returned to the room as I was sent to the principal's office and expelled from school.

That was not an easy day for my father, who by then had been named to a high French Government post in Ubangui-Shari (now the Central African Republic). We talked alone, perhaps more alone than we had ever talked before. It was more than a father talking to his daughter. It was a Negro father talking to his Negro daughter. "Isabelle," he said, "part of being Negro is that you cannot afford the luxury of misbehavior. People expect you to misbehave; you start out with the odds against you. You are constantly in the process of proving yourself."

Following this incident, my parents sent me to the Michael Hall school in Sussex, England. The student body was international and my color made no difference. Most of all, I found the teachers warm and responsive. I spent the happiest two years of my life at Michael Hall—and my class work showed it.

During the Christmas holidays of my last year in England—I was then 15—Mother and I visited my father at his post in Ubangui-Shari. I was stunned at seeing so many black people in one place—and shocked by the rude behavior of the Europeans toward them. In the market place, African women were berated as if they were backward children. "Girl," some Europeans would call a middle-aged African woman. "Don't lie to me," another would reprimand an African tradeswoman. The thought of being called "girl," or asked if I am lying about vegetables I brought to market sent chills down my spine.

I returned to Paris and completed my last two high school years at a private academy. There were no incidents, but Africa had made a lasting impression upon me. Most of my friends were white; I dated white boys without hesitation, although I always made it clear that I was more *colored* than French. I had grown to accept the fact—to be proud that it was so.

Shortly after my 17th birthday, I

married my childhood sweetheart, Jaime Ruiz Arranda, white and of Spanish descent—but with a complexion as dark as mine. Not long after our marriage, Jaime received invitations to visit his employer's home for cocktails and dinner. The invitations were always for Jaime alone. I was invited only when a large gathering was expected. This, in Parisian society, is the difference between being tolerated and being accepted. Jaime was accepted; he was invited to sit along with his employer's family, to drink and eat with them. I was tolerated; I was invited when scores of people were expected, but never allowed an intimate liaison with the family.

After nine months—for reasons that have nothing to do with race—our marriage failed. But I had seen for myself that racial designations are arbitrary as well as vicious. During the last days of my marriage, I worked for the American Armed Forces in Paris and became office friends with the son of a U.S. Senator from a Southern state. We spent our coffee breaks at a side-walk café, and I enjoyed helping him isolate prospective dates from the girls who strolled by. One day a stunning Negro girl walked by our table. When I nodded in the girl's direction, he turned red.

"She's a Negro!" he remonstrated.

"I'm a Negro, too," I said.

"No, no!" he spluttered. "Say you are an Indian, a Creole, anything but a Negro!"

"But I *am* a Negro," I insisted, to his dismay.

By then I was more than proud of being Negro; I had become a missionary about it. But who was I, what was I, to insist that I was a Negro? I had been to Africa; I had seen black men; I sympathized with and fought for their cause. I felt colored. Yet I had not found a sense of true identity there. Like non-whites everywhere, I was thrilled by the African freedom explosion, which has given a deep feeling of pride to the colored race, myself included. Yet I could not think of myself as African. Somehow, there is a cultural gap between the Africans and me.

I needed to find people of my own color who read the books I read, love the music I love, and who generally accept the same spiritual values that I accept.

IF I COULD NOT FIND such a feeling of brotherhood with the Africans, where *would* I find it?

In the summer of 1960, my parents and I visited Father's home in French Guiana. There I felt the chilly correctness with which many people of this Negro country received my mother. And for the first time, I realized, too, that the sword of racism has at least two edges. Now that I look back upon it, I am glad that I saw racism in reverse. It saved me from more bitterness, perhaps even hatred, for the non-blacks of the world.

After Father returned to Paris, Mother and I went to America. In Miami Beach, Florida, we lived in the best hotels—without incident. Then we went to New Orleans. That did it. Patrons dropped their food on the floor as we walked into the hotel restaurant. Fortunately, we had not made reservations there. We were simply passing through and had arranged to check our bags while we went sight-seeing.

We traveled from Louisiana to New York overland, partly by bus. At long last I saw the raw segregation and discrimination I had read about. On one occasion I sat in a seat directly behind the bus driver. He eyed me cautiously, sizing up my light olive skin and long, silk black hair. Finally, he mustered enough courage to ask, "Are you white or colored?" His manner and speech were polite. Obviously, he wanted me to laugh it off by saying I had a deep suntan.

"I am a French citizen," I replied. "But I am a Negro." Then I remained in my seat. I have never ridden with a more confused and shaken bus driver.

But I saw more than segregation. I saw the American Negro. I began to read every Negro newspaper and magazine I could find. A detailed account of the sit-in demonstrations filled me with more self-pride and race pride than I had ever felt before. I heard jazz not for the first time, but in its native setting. And I felt a response that could never express itself in France. These are my people; in spirit, mind and purpose I have found a sense of identity.

When Mother flew back to Paris, I remained in New York as secretary to one of the African delegations to the United Nations.

Strangely, it was not until I began to move among American Negroes that I fully realized what it means to be the child of an interracial marriage. Being the child of a mixed marriage is more than just being Negro. Luckily, I am now a grown woman; I can make my own way, and the fear of rejection by Negroes as well as whites does not haunt me. I know many children of American mixed marriages—and their experiences have not been pleasant.

Would I marry a white man? Yes, if I fell in love with one. If I married a white man, however, I would not live in the United States. Not that the race problem would concern *me*, but I honestly feel it would cripple my child forever. American Negroes are on the rise; their own desegregation victories and the African revolutions make them increasingly proud of being Negro. For the most part, however, they are not yet ready to accept interracial marriage. Needless to say, the masses of American whites are not ready to accept it, either.

I have dated both Negro and white men in New York. I look upon them as individuals rather than as racial types. Yet when I think of marriage, I think of children. I know children of mixed marriages will have a difficult time—regardless of where their parents live.

Yet interracial marriage will not only continue, it will increase. Mother was right: love knows no boundaries. And from the union of these brave lovers will come a generation of children that may well cure the racial pains that so contort our era.

lilliputian logic

My use of a liquid reducing diet is prompting some unexpected remarks.

Recently, my young niece and her five-year-old playmate were visiting. The playmate became curious about the seating arrangement in our breakfast room. The table was pushed in so that there was one chair in which no one could sit.

"Johnnie used to sit there," my niece explained, "but now he sits in Auntie's place."

"Where does your aunt sit now?" the friend asked.

"Oh, she doesn't eat any more," answered Sue. "She just drinks."

—MRS. LOUIS C. MORVANT (*Dixie Roto Magazine*)

Our eight-year-old son received an invitation to visit a classmate who lives in a charming ranch house. Being accustomed to our old three-story house, Jerry came home quite upset.

"It's such a *little* house!" he reported.

I tried to point out to him that it had perhaps as many rooms as ours and was much longer.

"Maybe so," he allowed, "but it's only one layer." —HELEN C. NAHSTOLL

A little girl suddenly announced she didn't want to eat in the school lunchroom any more. When asked why, she said, "Oh, because there's always a teacher in there yelling her head off."

"Why would she be doing that?" asked her mother.

"Oh," said the little girl, "I suppose that's so we won't miss our mothers." —GEORGE FISCHER

Our midwestern area had been recently plagued by unprecedented tornadoes. As a result, my ten-year-old daughter came home and informed me importantly, "We had a tornado drill at school today!"

"Oh, how did you go about that?" I queried.

"We kneeled along the corridor wall with our arms over our heads. I had to kneel between *two* boys!" Making a sour face she added grudgingly, "But I guess that's better than being *blown* away."

—MRS. NORENE FLYNN

DISCUSSING THE DIFFERENT types of taxes, students in a fifth-grade class were asked to name as many kinds as they could. They named the usual: gasoline, luxury, poll, amusement and income taxes. Then one youngster raised his hand and volunteered, "I've also heard my daddy talk about damn taxes!" —H. F. STOLTENBERG

A LITTLE FOUR-YEAR-OLD ahead of me in a neighborhood snack bar asked for a soda, then said politely, "Charge it to Daddy, please," and started to leave. Then she turned back and with a puzzled look asked, "Don't I get any change?" —MRS. LEONARD JARVIS

RETURNING SOME overdue books at the library, a small boy stood at the desk with his past-due notice in one hand and his fine in the other. After he'd paid the fine, he asked:

"Please, can I have the letter back? It's the first one I ever got."

—BARBARA REECE

ALTHOUGH SIX-YEAR-OLD TONY was fond of his baby brother, he was impatient for the time when he would be old enough to become his playmate. This was brought home forcibly when a visitor asked how old his little brother was.

He replied, "He'll be five in four years." —R. W. BOND

OUR SIX-YEAR-OLD first-garder was showing her first workbook to her uncle. He noticed that the grades at the front were better than the ones at the back, and asked why.

She thought a moment and said, "I guess I was smarter when I didn't know anything." —MRS. MILBURN LONGBRAKE

MY WIFE WAS PATIENTLY trying to teach our four-year-old daughter her address in preparation for her coming kindergarten debut. After repeatedly omitting or forgetting some portion of the correct address, my wife asked, "But what will you do when the teacher asks you where you live, Debbie?"

After a moment's hesitation, Debbie replied, "I'll let Michael answer first, then I'll tell my teacher that I live across the street."

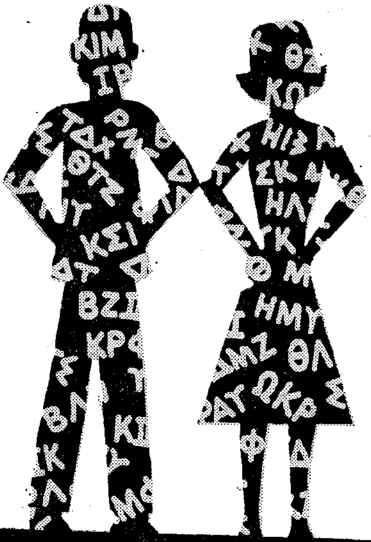
—ALLEN HAUSMAN

A DENVER FATHER was disturbed to learn, at a meeting with the kindergarten teacher, that his five-year-old daughter was the only one in the class who didn't know how to tie her shoelaces. He asked the youngster about it that evening.

"I don't tie my shoelaces," she replied brightly, "because the little boys tie them for me." —JEROME BEATTY, JR. *(Saturday Review)*

Our senseless high school

Fraternities and sororities—operating with snobbish codes and sadistic rites—are demoralizing our teenagers



ONE NIGHT NOT LONG AGO, a grim "ceremony" took place on an isolated parking lot in Birmingham, Alabama. The Tri-W fraternity at Woodlawn High School was initiating seven boys. Throughout most of the evening the members beat the initiates with paddles fashioned out of baseball bats. When it was all over, two boys landed in the hospital; most of the others needed medical attention. ■ If this were an isolated case, it would be shocking enough. But fraternities and sororities, operating as secret societies with "exclusive" memberships, secret oaths, passwords and initiation procedures, flourish in a large number of our high schools. In most places they operate either without official approval or illegally. Some 30 states and hundreds of local school boards have found it necessary to pass laws intended to eliminate or curb them. ■ Why? Ask any high school principal who has had to wrestle with such secret societies and he will tell you: they are undemocratic, they foster snobbishness, undermine school spirit and morale and have a bad effect on scholarship and discipline. They stir up strife and contention, lower ethical standards. They encourage drinking and immorality. Their initiations are vicious and senseless. ■ Membership in these societies is open to only a select few on a snob basis—those with money, athletic prominence, good looks, popularity with the other sex, social standing, the "right" race or religion. If your feet are too big, your skin is too dark or your father works in a factory, you may be blackballed or not even considered. Thus a self-chosen elite places you with the "nobodies," starts you wondering what's wrong. You have to go to school every day, facing those who have rejected you. With most of its students put in this position, the morale of a school can be ruined. ■ The psychological effect of being rejected is sometimes devastating. In one city a boy we'll call Joe S., who had been an excellent student in elementary and junior high, slumped badly in his first semester of senior high school. His counselor was mystified, but finally got at the reason. Several of Joe's close friends had received bids to join a fraternity, but he had not. They were spending more time with their new "brothers" and seeing very little of him. Brooding over his "loss of popularity," Joe went into a physical and emotional tailspin and was ill for almost a year. ■ In another community, a sorority girl committed suicide, unable to stand the "guilt" of having her younger sister blackballed by her own sorority. ■ On the surface, fraternities and sororities are non-school organizations. But they seem to get deeply involved in school affairs. And whenever they do, the fraternity always comes first—as required by the solemn oath it exacts. In one community, a girls' hockey game with a neighboring school had to be postponed because of bad weather. One of the girls told the coach she could not play on the new date because it would conflict with a sorority event. The coach—and the principal—insisted the game be played as scheduled. The 17 sorority members—of a squad of 40—failed to appear.

In another school a key member of the football team, initiated the night before a game, was so badly beaten up he couldn't play the next day. Though they knew this might happen, neither he nor the fraternity would forego the initiation.

Girls pledging for a sorority in one suburban community were told they would have to violate school rules when ordered to by sorority members. This might include such offenses as cutting a class, using the boys' entrance, smoking in the girls' bathroom, going to their lockers at a forbidden time.

Fraternities in many schools take over club and other activities by capturing elective offices. In one school of 1,300 students, for example, fraternity members managed to snare 20 of the 25 available offices. In some schools, fraternity members monopolize the teams.

Sometimes, fraternities and sororities get together to boycott school activities or functions. In a small northwestern town the two major fraternities refused to let their members join any school clubs. To do so would have been considered collaborating with authorities. Nonmembers, unwilling to antagonize the two powerful groups, steered clear of the clubs, too.

By confining all their contacts to a small group, fraternities and sororities tend to become narrow and clannish. In school they may barely speak to nonmembers, sit only with each other in the cafeteria, auditorium or the stands. At games they may cheer only for their own members on a team.

The fraternity usually becomes the absorbing interest of its members and, as a result, marks, attendance and behavior invariably suffer. In one western high school, a survey revealed 102 subject failures for fraternity boys as against 48 for nonmembers; 1,386 days absent against 1,085; 802 cases of tardiness against 412. In another school the number of discipline cases was three times higher among fraternity members.

Many fraternities have no qualms about practicing dishonesty or deceit. When, for example, a school asks students to sign statements that they do not belong to a secret society, members often "resign" just before signing and then "join" again afterward. Or the society will temporarily change its name or announce it is disbanding, then go "underground" until the heat is off.

Although the colleges' National Interfraternity Conference in 1959 and again in 1960 strongly denounced hazing—college fraternities are instead requiring pledges to perform useful chores—high school secret societies are still going at it with a vengeance.

The savagery even extends to the girls. At one sorority initiation, a girl was forced to drink a concoction of castor oil, cold cooking grease, coffee grounds and raw oysters; next her back was burned with cigarettes. Then came the inevitable paddling. The girl fainted, was revived and the initiation continued until she had received the full treatment.

NOT QUITE AS VICIOUS but just as degrading are some of the other ordeals these juvenile tormentors dream up. In a large eastern city, three girls had to walk through the main street wearing long underwear, carrying pails of fish, which they waved at passers-by. Their faces were hideously painted and raw eggs—shells and all—had been rubbed into their hair. Another girl had to propose marriage to a stranger, do a dance in pajamas and crawl on her hands and knees through a busy street.

Parties, dances, dinners are as a rule unchaperoned and all too often end up in trouble. Last summer, for example, St. Louis police had to break up a sorority party in one of the better residential areas, after neighbors complained it had deteriorated into a drunken brawl.

Real tragedy stalked a sorority open-house party in White Plains, New York, last year. One hundred and fifty boys and girls attended, some bringing their own wine and whisky. Two high school seniors got into a fight, grappled at the front door and began to roll down the stone steps. Suddenly one of them went limp after his head had apparently struck a step. Rushed to the hospital, he was pronounced dead on arrival.

In several New Jersey shore towns fraternity groups rent cottages and run marathon week-end parties which generally wind up on unlighted beaches. "Holy Hell, without morals and without restraint," the mayor of one seashore community called them.

College fraternities take a dim view of their high school imitators. The National Panhellenic Conference, composed of the country's leading college sororities, feels that secret societies have no place in a public high school. A White House Conference on Children and Youth called them "one of the most corroding influences in school life."

Why then, in the face of all this opposition, do they continue to thrive? Many authorities feel that the schools themselves are partly responsible. Where they fail to provide a broad and interesting extracurricular program students look for action elsewhere.

Parents must share the blame. Many feel that membership in a fraternity or sorority will bring prestige, good contacts and social success to their youngsters—and perhaps to themselves. Some parents feel such matters are not the school's business. In one midwestern town, a principal who opposed secret societies got nowhere for the practical reason that children of school board members belonged to them.

But probably the strongest reason for their survival is the tremendous emotional appeal these societies have for the youngsters. The restricted membership provides status. Rituals, passwords and meetings behind closed doors offer mystery and secrecy. The rings, pins and sweaters they wear proudly are public symbols that they belong to a select group. Initiations offer what they consider excitement and fun.

What can be done about ridding our schools of these unwholesome groups? State laws and school board regulations alone are not always enough. Many schools have fought secret societies for years and haven't licked them yet. Others have been more successful but only when they were backed up by strong community support.

Notable among these is Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, where more than 25 percent of all high school students formerly belonged to fraternities or sororities. The school authorities did not recognize them and their activities were banned on school property. But they continued anyway. Many parents objected to the rough initiations, the free-wheeling social functions and the snobbery, but did little about it.

Finally, after a series of severe hazings and police incidents, some 400 parents decided that they had had enough. They requested that the school board abolish secret societies. The board, now assured of parents' backing, decided to go into action. It made a thorough investigation and publicized the findings. It polled other civic groups. The fraternities and sororities, given a chance to present their case, put up a spirited defense—but convinced no one.

Although the board had legal authority to abolish them immediately, it allowed existing societies to continue until the members were graduated, if they would agree to take in no new members and refrain from activities in or near the school. Reluctantly they capitulated.

All new students and nonmembers were to sign statements, together with their parents, that they were not members now and would not join later. Those refusing or violating the agreement would be barred from athletic teams, clubs and honors of any kind. Parents were requested to forbid their children from joining.

A vigorous program of social and recreational activities was developed for all students. At the end of four years, fraternities and sororities in Lansdowne died a natural death.

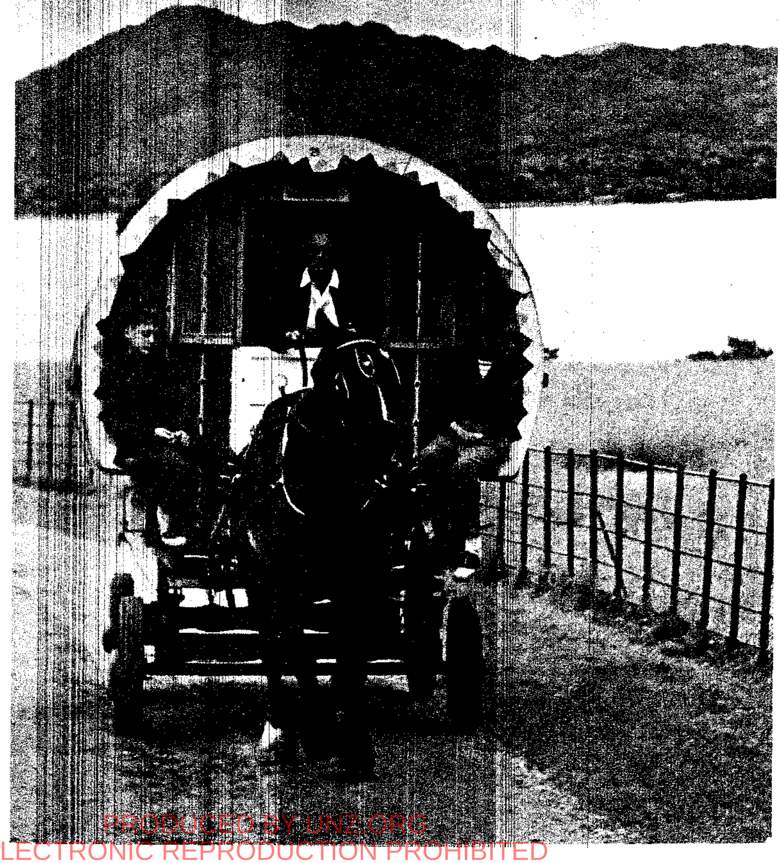
Your community can drive out secret societies, too. But it will take the combined and determined efforts of parents, schools and the community at large. Anything less will fail because the misguided kids in these organizations—and their parents—are too emotionally involved to surrender without a strenuous fight.

Backward, turn backward,
  Oh, time, in thy flight;
Just thought of a comeback
  I needed last night! —F. G. KERNAN (*Quote*)

Idyl in Ireland

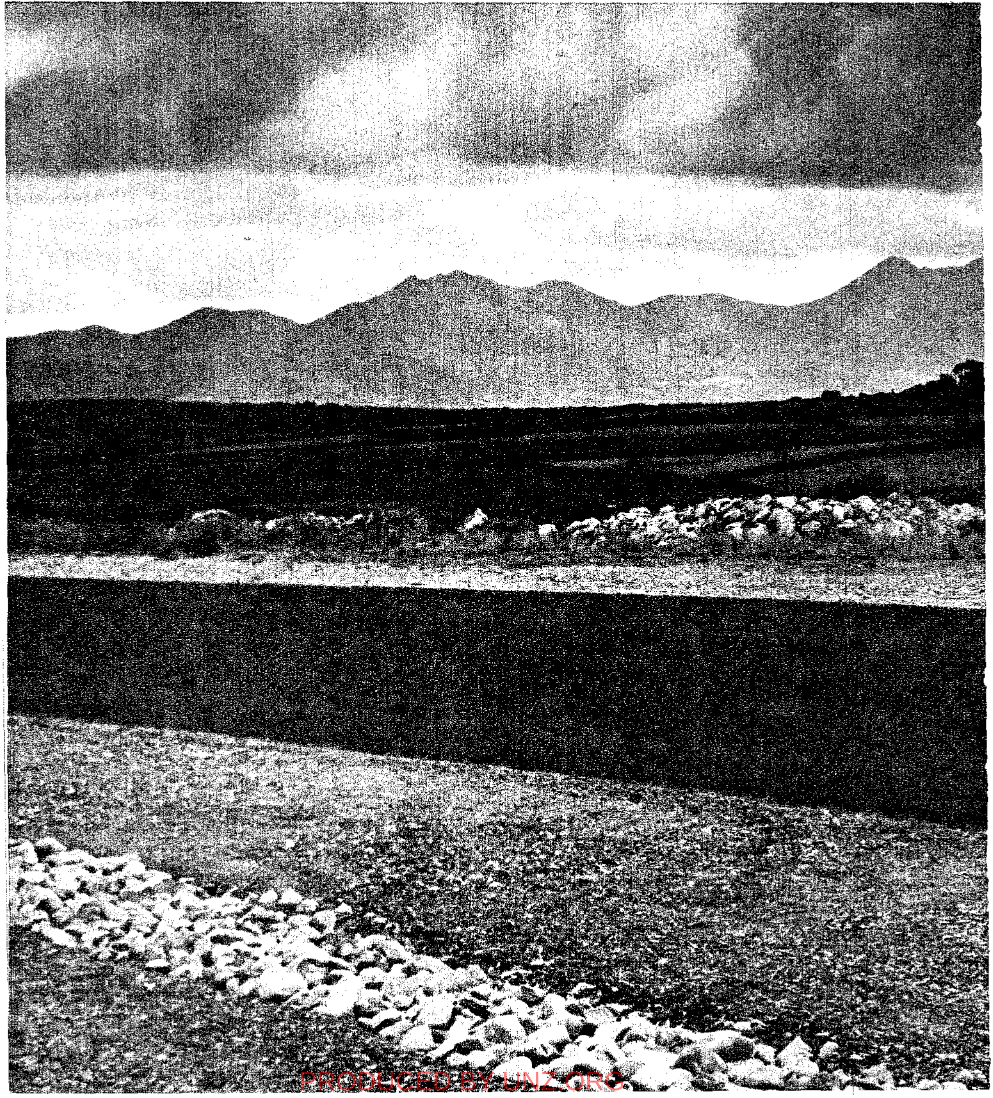
By one-horsepower caravan Eileen Darby (below, c.) took two of her children, Bobby (l.), ten years old, and Ginny (r.), 11, to see Ireland, from which her family emigrated.

Photographs by Eileen Darby and James McAnally
Text by Walter Ross

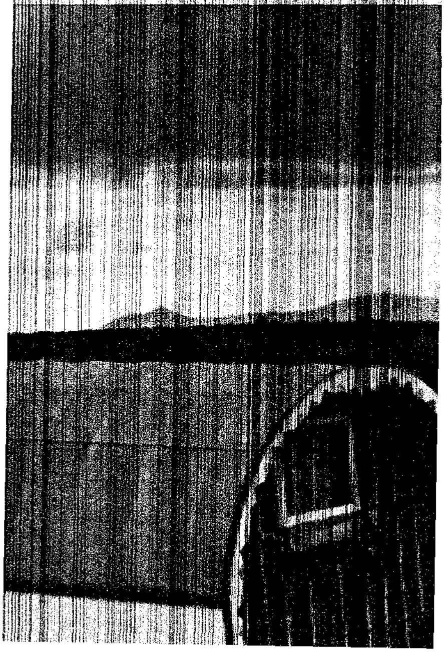


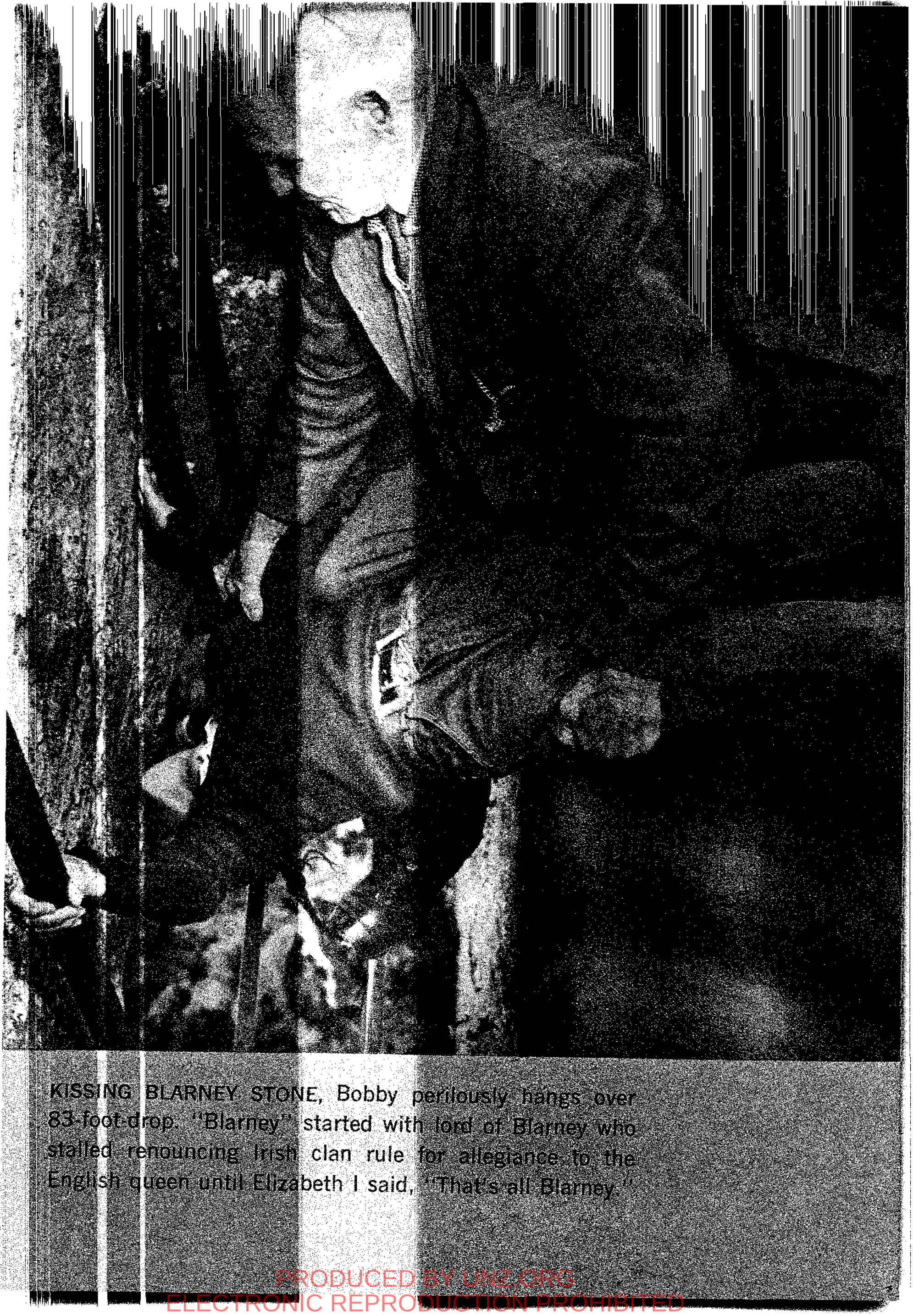
BOBBY AND GINNY leave Muckross House, part of 10,000-acre national park embracing most of the lake district of Killarney, which was presented to the Irish Government by a California family. Slow caravan made many such stops, giving the youngsters a good look at historic countryside.

THE KIDS URGE SPARKY on as he pulls 11-foot-long, five-foot-wide caravan past Killarney's lakes. They follow instructions by avoiding "steep hills; both up and down; they are unfair to the Horse." In background are Macgillycuddy's Reeks (Gaelic for mountains). The sight-seers jetted to Shannon via Irish International Airlines, then

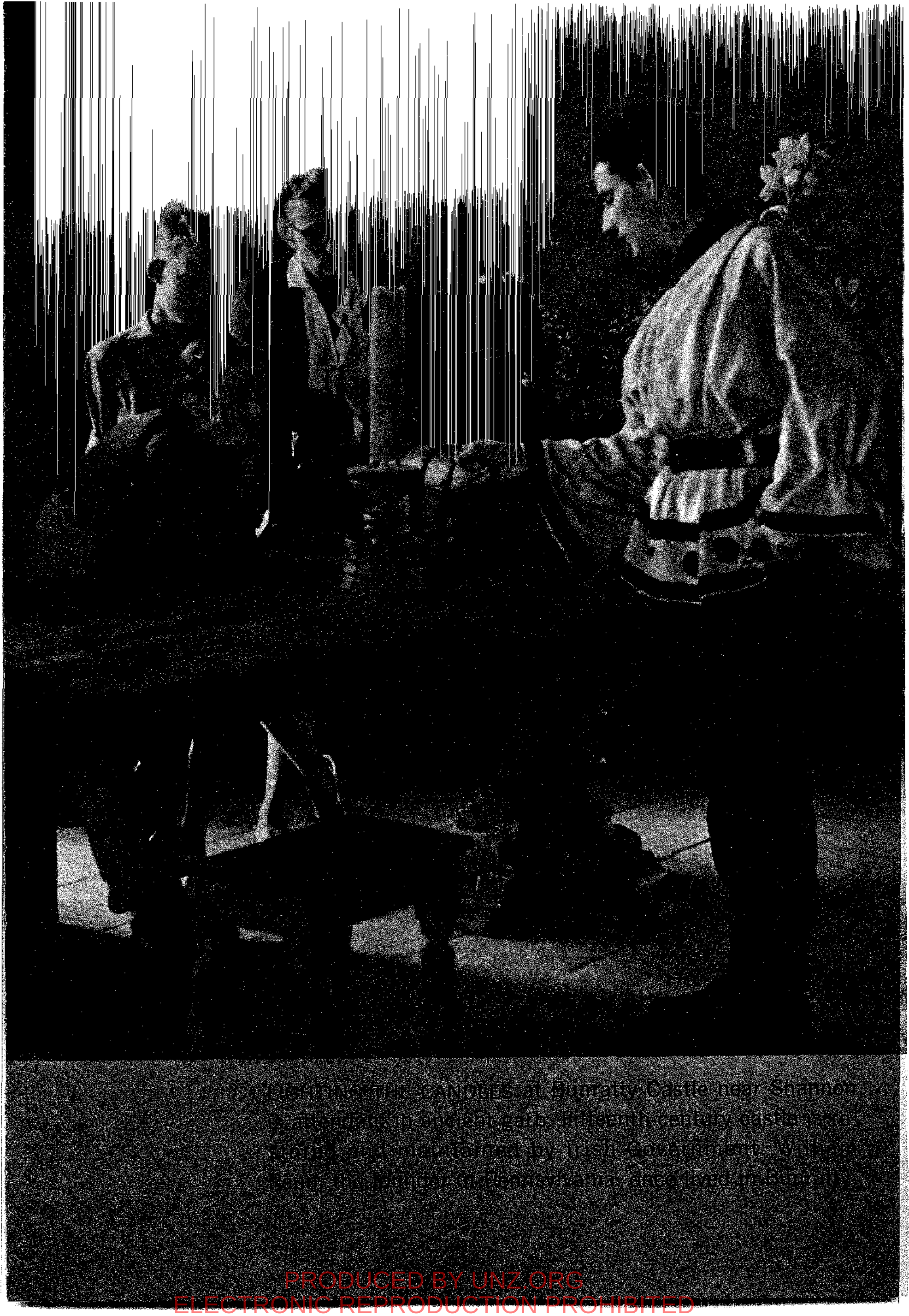


n days. Even on paved roads like otor traffic to bother them. Cara- bottle gas for cooking, rolls on *no running water* (they used about $43 per week, plus driver





KISSING BLARNEY STONE, Bobby perilously hangs over 83-foot drop. "Blarney" started with lord of Blarney who stalled renouncing Irish clan rule for allegiance to the English queen until Elizabeth I said, "That's all Blarney."



LIGHTING THE CANDLES at Bunratty Castle near Shannon is attendant in ancient garb. Fifteenth century castle, restored and maintained by Irish Government. Visitors [illegible] medieval [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible]

NIGHTS WERE SPENT (above) in nearby fields with farmers' permission. Field had to be level and dry to keep the caravan from getting stuck. Tom O'Brien (r.), 18-year-old driver hired with caravan—at $23 per week—shows Ginny and Bobby peat; one-third of Ireland is peat bog and wasteland. "You can run a train on this," O'Brien says. Children, in turn, taught him about leprechauns. All aboard and Sparky voted the trip a big boost to Irish-American friendship—and a great way to spend a vacation.

Ruth Lyons' $2,000,000 Christmas stocking

BY MARY WOOD

Dispensing
bottomless joy,
her famed
fund makes
sad children
happy and
sick children well

A SMALL BOY, badly burned and swathed in bandages, lay trembling with pain and fright in a Cincinnati hospital. It was very late at night and the doctors had little hope that he'd live until morning.

A nurse bent over the boy, asking, "Is there anything you want?"

"A Mickey Mouse wrist watch," the boy whispered.

Now most hospitals are equipped with the latest miracle drugs, but not with toys. This hospital—and 49 others in Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana—was different, however. It had a toy cupboard kept filled with gifts for child patients by a remarkable enterprise, the Ruth Lyons' Christmas Fund.

There was no Mickey Mouse wrist watch in that toy cupboard, so the nurse dipped into the hospital Fund's emergency cash reserve, slipped out of the hospital and, at an all-night drugstore, bought the watch.

"From the moment I put the watch on his wrist, he rallied," the nurse reported. "The doctors said that may have been the point when he began to recover."

In another hospital, Joey, a lively eight-year-old, had been blinded by trachoma for two years. As Christmas approached, the other children in the hospital ward chattered about what they hoped Santa would bring them at the Ruth Lyons' Christmas Party, but Joey was strangely quiet.

Finally, one of the nurses asked him what he wanted from Santa.

"I'm going to get a tool chest," he said confidently. "One with everything in it, a hammer and a saw and everything."

When the party came he got his wish and the small, smartly dressed blonde woman who sat with tears rolling down her cheeks putting tool after tool in Joey's hands, was Ruth Lyons herself.

Who is Ruth Lyons?

Ruth, or "Mother" as she is called by 8,000,000 devotees, is the dynamic, 50ish hostess of a noontime 90-minute radio-TV program, "The Fifty-Fifty Club," which originates weekdays on Cincinnati's WLW-TV and WLW-radio and is picked up by three other Crosley Broadcasting TV stations in Dayton and Columbus, Ohio, and Indianapolis, Indiana. Twenty-two years ago Miss Lyons asked her audience to create a fund for the comfort, amusement and entertainment of hospitalized children. Since 1939, when the Fund collected its first $1,000, $2,000,000 has been donated and distributed to hospitals in the area covered by Ruth's broadcasts. Last year's contributions totaled $316,310.98—the largest amount ever collected via local TV.

The Ruth Lyons Fund began when a guest on her radio program mentioned the great need for someone to entertain the youngsters at

Ruth Lyons (c.), powerhouse broadcasting personality, is also Mrs. Herman Newman, mother of Candy (r.). Others are actor Hugh O'Brian (l.) and friend.

Cincinnati's Children's Hospital.

A few weeks later, in the early autumn, Ruth went with some of the station's talent to the hospital to entertain the kids. Her audience was wildly appreciative, but the entertainers were shocked to find a bare, cold reception hall with only an out-of-tune piano and a few chairs. There were no books, toys or games.

"Ruth brooded about those kids for days," one of her friends recalls. "Then she began to think of Christmas—and wondered whether they would have a party with a tree, Santa Claus, presents and all the rest." She called the hospital and was told that it had no money for entertainment but the staff did try to provide a tree and give each patient some candy and an orange.

The next day, Ruth told her listeners about the problem and put it up to them: "Let's chip in and start a little fund to give them a real Christmas!"

The money began to pour in—nickels, dimes and quarters—$1,000 worth. The party was arranged for the afternoon of Christmas Eve. On the night before, Ruth and several of her co-workers persuaded a local toy shop to let them come in after hours and pick out the toys, books and games.

"I've never had as much fun," Ruth recalls. "Imagine a shop full of toys and $1,000 to spend!"

The children who attended that first party are grown now, some with youngsters of their own, and each year many send contributions to the Ruth Lyons Fund.

"We raised $10,000 the second year. I phoned Cincinnati's General Hospital to ask if they could use some toys and playroom equipment," Ruth says. "The shout of 'can we!' almost blasted my eardrum."

As the Fund grew, more hospitals were included and projects were broadened to serve sick children the year 'round. Today, outdoor playgrounds, as well as indoor playrooms, are equipped with recreational and therapeutic facilities to build damaged muscles; libraries on carts go from bed to bed; TV sets are rolled into the wards; radios, air conditioners, record players, games, toys and pianos are provided—all from the Fund. Birthdays and holidays are celebrated.

Children aren't the only ones to appreciate the Fund. "Not long ago I spent the afternoon in a very fine children's hospital, which is not in your viewing area," Donald R. Newkirk, associate executive director of the Ohio Hospital Association, wrote Ruth. "This institution is superb in every aspect, but . . . there was something missing . . . the things that the Ruth Lyons' Christmas Fund provides for your hospitals. I saw pitifully few toys, no playrooms, children in bed when they could have been up playing, too few television sets and so on. After all these years, I am more impressed than ever by the work of the Fund on behalf of these little folk. As someone who visits some 100 hospitals each year, I see its results."

Pauline Seymour, pediatric supervisor of Cincinnati's General Hospital, goes further: "An unhappy, fretful child does not respond well to medical efforts; but provided with adequate toys and guided play activities, a child often puts an adult to shame with his ability to take discomfort and undergo painful treatments. Finding out what a child might want is elementary, but placing that special thing in a child's hand at a critical time is the blessing of having the Ruth Lyons' Christmas Fund."

Quite often it is a contributor who discovers a hospital or institution in need of help from the Fund. Not long ago, a woman wrote to Ruth, telling of her visit to an Ohio state home for feeble-minded children. "It broke my heart to see those children playing on a bare area where their only activity was swinging on a rope suspended from the branch of a tree," she reported. Ruth Lyons immediately contacted the institution and today it has a beautifully equipped playground.

The handicapped children at Indianapolis' James Whitcomb Hospital for Children are no longer confined to the hospital in summer. A nearby camp provided by the Fund gives them the same outdoor fun other children enjoy, and there are station wagons, bought by the Fund, for transportation.

THE CLOSE BOND between Ruth and her audience inspires a sense of personal satisfaction in the success of the Fund each year. This vivacious, outspoken woman breaks all the established rules for running a TV show. She is neither young nor glamorous, nor does she speak in pear-shaped tones. She kids, flatters, bawls out, argues with and confides in her listeners by turns, always giving them a running account of her home life, her health, her marriage and her opinions.

"She's not like anyone else on TV," said one of her fans. "All I know is that watching her show is like visiting with your best friend."

Ruth's response to this devotion is emotional. "I'm an old, tired, sick woman," she is likely to sob, "and you've made me a very happy old, tired, sick woman."

When the Fund drive gets underway on Ruth's birthday, October 4, the audience rallies 'round. One woman puts aside baby-sitting earnings every week for her contribution. Another in a small Ohio town sells homemade jellies and preserves to earn her donation.

Ruth opens the Fund drive announcing that she knows she can never expect to come up to the previous year's figure and if she doesn't she will, of course, leap from the nearest bridge. Her nerves, she explains, are completely shattered by the mere thought of trying to collect that much money and before the final day she will undoubtedly be carried away in a strait jacket.

"I didn't sleep a wink last night and I'm beginning to itch again," she will report to her audience. "By Christmas, I'll probably have hives again and scratch for the entire day."

The day that the last year's total is topped, Ruth and her audience have a good cry.

Word of the tremendous popularity of "The Fifty-Fifty Club," and the charm of its hostess, has spread throughout the world of show business. The personalities who visit Ruth are immediately disarmed by her warm, down-to-earth manner, her humor and intelligence.

Milton Berle calls her "the greatest showwoman I've ever met." She put comedians Shelley Berman and Mort Sahl in stitches. When pianist Van Cliburn visited the show, he and Ruth played a duet of *Chop Sticks* on the piano and he enthusiastically declared he'd "never before been presented as a human being." Dr. Nelson Glueck, President of Hebrew Union College, calls her "the country's greatest humanitarian."

Each year the total collected sets a new record. Last year, however, an incident happened which might have caused a setback.

During his campaign tour of the Midwest, Henry Cabot Lodge, the Republican vice presidential candidate, stopped in Cincinnati and was invited to appear on Ruth's program. (She called him "Hank" to his delight.) A similar invitation had been extended to the Democratic candidate, Lyndon B. Johnson, who was unable to accept.

The day after Lodge's appearance, a viewer wrote Ruth, "You might as well give up on your Christmas Fund. I hope you don't expect any Democrats to donate money this year." Hopping mad, Ruth read the letter on the air.

"I have only one comment," Ruth said. "We have never asked a sick child how his parents voted."

That answer seemed to be the turning point in the 1960 Fund drive. Donations swamped the station and the total was the highest ever reached. "The Lord," said Ruth, quoting her favorite proverb, "will provide."

SPORTS CAR RALLY

A SPORTS CAR FAN bought a foreign-made car and after careful computation over a month's time decided he was not getting the high mileage he had been told he would get.

He took it to a local mechanic, who, after checking it thoroughly, pronounced the car in perfect condition.

"But isn't there something I can do to increase its mileage?" the driver asked.

"You can do the same as most foreign-car owners do," replied the mechanic. "Lie about it."

—MRS. JOHN R. PARSONS

A MAN IN CALIFORNIA has sold his small foreign car but kept one remembrance: he's wearing the hubcaps as cuff links.

—MRS. C. A. JAMES

Put it all together and it spells M-O-T-H-E-R

BY ESTHER WILKINSON CROSS

Translated into the jargon of a big-business title, the job of housewife can be awe-inspiring indeed!

A FEW MONTHS AGO, when I was picking up the children at school, another mother I know well rushed up to me. Emily was fuming with indignation.

"Do you know what *you* and *I* are?" she demanded.

Before I could answer—and I didn't really have one handy—she blurted out the reason for her question. It seemed she had just returned from renewing her driver's license at the County Clerk's office. Asked by the woman recorder to state her "occupation," Emily had hesitated, uncertain how to classify herself.

"What I mean," explained the recorder, "is—do you have a job or are you *just* a . . . ?"

"Of course I have a job," snapped Emily. "I'm a *mother*!"

The recorder smiled indulgently. Then she wrote: "Occupation: *housewife*."

"Oh no," protested Emily, "I'd rather be listed as a mother."

"We don't list mother as an occupation. 'Housewife' covers it," said the recorder emphatically.

I forgot all about her story until one day I found myself in the same situation, this time at our own Town Hall. The clerk was obviously a *career* woman, poised, efficient and possessed of a high-sounding title like "Official Interrogator" or "Town Registrar."

"And what is your occupation?" she probed.

What made me say it, I do not know. The words simply popped out. "I'm a Research Associate in the field of Child Development and Human Relations."

The clerk paused, ball-point pen frozen in mid-air, and looked up, as though she had not heard right. I repeated the title slowly, emphasizing the most significant words. Then I stared with wonder as my pompous pronouncement was written in bold, black ink on the official questionnaire.

"Might I ask," said the clerk with new interest, "just what you do in your field?"

Coolly, without any trace of fluster in my voice, I heard myself reply, "I have a continuing program of research (*What mother doesn't?*) in the laboratory and in the field (*normally I would have said 'indoors and out'*). I'm working for my Masters (*the whole darned family!*) and already have four credits (*all daughters*). Of course, the job is one of the most demanding in the humanities (*any mother care to disagree?*) and I often work a 14-hour day (*24-hour is more like it!*) But the job is more challenging than most run-of-the-mill careers and the rewards are in satisfaction rather than just money."

There was an increasing note of respect in the clerk's voice as she completed the form, stood up and personally ushered me to the door.

As I drove into our driveway, buoyed up by my glamorous new career, I was greeted by my "lab" assistants—age 13, seven and three. And upstairs, I could hear our new experimental model (six months) in the child-development program testing out a new vocal pattern.

I felt triumphant. I had scored a beat on bureaucracy. And I had gone down on the official records as someone more distinguished and indispensable to mankind than "just another. . . ."

Home—what a glorious career! Especially when there's a title on the door!

FRANKLY SPEAKING

A GOOD SERMON helps people in different ways. Some rise from it greatly strengthened. Others wake from it refreshed.

—*Quote*

THE PERSON WHO has a secondhand car knows how hard it is to drive a bargain.

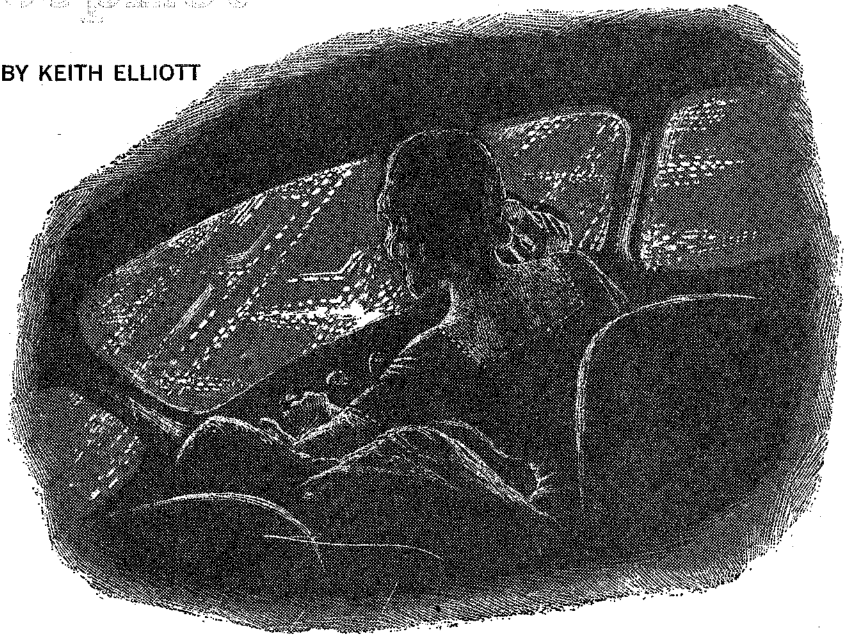
—*General Features Corporation*

WHEN A WOMAN REACHES her 40th birthday, it's just like launching a rocket. That's when they start their count-down.

—WILLIAM BAYNE

Death was her copilot

BY KEITH ELLIOTT



Her husband stricken, Beth fought desperately to land the plane

On the night of May 14, 1960, Donald C. Potter, a young air traffic controller in the tower at Love Field in Dallas, Texas, picked up a terror-stricken woman's voice on his radio receiver. "Help me," it cried. "Oh, God, won't somebody help me?" The frantic message was heard simultaneously by tower crewmen at two other airports in the Dallas-Fort Worth area—Amon Carter

Airport, and Carswell Air Force Base. "Identify, identify!" they radioed. But the distressed voice out of the night did not repeat its plea.

"There's something wrong up there," Potter told his supervisor, Lester Reece. "I just heard a distress signal. It sounded like a woman." Reece quickly dispatched a man to the radar room to get a "directional fix" on the mystery plane. If the pilot called again, and responded to instructions, the Love Field ground controllers could direct the plane to safety.

But no call came.

Meanwhile, 2,000 feet above, in the cabin of a 1955 Beechcraft Bonanza private plane, slender, red-haired Mrs. Beth Black sobbed with fright and despair. Beside her, her husband, Spencer Black, the pilot of the airplane, was slumped over the controls, unconscious but gasping for breath—the victim of a severe heart attack.

And Beth Black did not know how to fly a plane!

The hapless woman did not even know where she was—just that she was in an incredibly lonely, star-filled sky somewhere between Fort Worth and Dallas. Danger of a mid-air collision with an air liner was imminent, she knew, for she was flying through the most crowded air traffic pattern in the South.

Below her, the lights of the giant metropolitan area winked like the eyes of a million devils, confusing and frustrating.

Beth Black did not even know how to operate the plane's two-way radio. She could only press the button on the microphone (as she had seen her husband do), cry desperately for help—and pray. Pray that Spence, sprawled beside her, eyes half-open, staring, might revive. Pray for strength to reach across him to fly the plane (she had no idea how to switch the controls to her side). She could pray for a landing strip to appear, miraculously, in the twinkling mosaic below; for lights to land by, and for some Force to tell her how to land the plane.

Nor were the prayers for herself alone. Mrs. Black felt that her husband would recover if she could only get him to earth. Two years before, Spence had shaken off another heart attack. And, regardless, she *must* get down safely, for she and her husband had five small children at home in Dallas.

The Bonanza had been flying in circles at 2,000 feet since Spence first collapsed, clutching his chest. Now Mrs. Black reached across her prostrate husband and turned the wheel, pointing the nose of the $30,000 plane toward the brightest lights she could see. The lights of downtown Dallas were her beacon. . . .

THE DAY HAD dawned brightly, with no hint of disaster. She and Spence drove to a private airport where they kept their plane and took off for Lake Texoma, 75 miles to the north. Spence was a good pilot. An oilman, he had bought the Bonanza for business trips, but often used it for pleasure jaunts as well.

She and Spence had talked and joked with acquaintances at Lake

Texoma until mid-afternoon. Then they took off for Fort Worth, to visit with Spence's family until nightfall. At 9 P.M. they were at Meacham Field on the edge of Forth Worth, cleared to take off for home. "We're a little late," Spence said. "I'll call home so the children won't worry."

He telephoned the Black residence in Dallas, talked briefly with the maid and assured her that he and his wife would be home by 9:30. Then he returned to the plane and took off. Moments later, Beth Black's trial by terror began.

AFTER SPENCE suffered his heart spasm Mrs. Black reached over to try to make him more comfortable. His breathing was shallow and rasping. She felt his pulse and detected a slight tremor. Twenty-seven minutes passed, and Spence did not revive. Now the skyscrapers of Dallas poked up their lights ahead of Beth Black. Beneath and to her right she could make out brightly lit Love Field. Once more she picked up the microphone from its slot on the control panel.

"S.O.S. Love Field!" she cried, not knowing if her voice was being heard. "This is Nine-seven Charlie calling Love Field!"

Mrs. Black *was* heard. Supervisor Reece in the Love Field tower ordered young Don Potter to throw open all 16 radio frequencies. "I read you, Nine-seven Charlie," he said. "Go ahead."

But Beth Black heard only static. Afraid to release the wheel of the plane, she had dropped her husband's radio earphones into her lap instead of clamping them to her ears. One hand held the airplane's "steering wheel," the other its radio mike as she cried again: "S.O.S. to Ground Control! S.O.S. to Ground Control! Please *help*, somebody!"

From the tower, Don Potter again acknowledged the distress signal over his 16 radio channels. But his voice was unheard in the airplane aloft. Beth Black did not respond.

Supervisor Reece ordered the sky cleared of all traffic. Two air liners and a private plane, circling and awaiting landing instructions, quickly scattered to another holding pattern outside the Love Field area. All pilots in the vicinity were alerted to the crisis in the tower and maintained radio silence to keep confusion to a minimum.

Out of the night Beth Black's voice came again, clearly, futilely: "I need help, help, help, help. . . ."

Below, in the Love Field tower, Reece's men continued to scan the horizon with binoculars. He telephoned Battalion Fire Chief R. S. Carter and ordered the airfield's crash trucks to stand-by positions.

"Here she comes!" a towerman yelled. The Bonanza was wobbling in from the northwest, cross-wind, over Runway 31. But she was too high! Reece grabbed a microphone. "Aircraft at north end of Love Field. If you hear us, blink your landing lights!"

There was no answering blink. Near tears, Beth Black was trying to remember what her husband had told her about flying, and more particularly about landing technique. Her memory was a conglomeration of meaningless terms: flaps, landing gear, glide path, nose attitude, air speed, base leg, final approach. . . .

She could see the crash trucks scurrying below and spotted the parallel lights of a long, concrete landing strip. The earphones in her lap were still crackling. Resolutely, she pushed down on the wheel to lose altitude, aiming as best she could for the open path between the bright lights.

In the tower, seven men watched in horror. Dropping rapidly, the woman was passing *over* Runway 18, missing the field entirely. Beth Black had mistaken the lights of traffic-clogged Harry Hines Boulevard for a runway!

Don Potter shouted into his mike: "Aircraft south of Love Field. Pull up, pull up! You're going into the downtown area!"

For the first time, Beth Black heard a voice rip from the earphones in her lap. She heard the desperate command clearly—and acted instinctively. She wrenched back on the wheel, and the plane sliced upward, missing a freeway bridge by a hair. Mrs. Black took a deep breath, clutched the wheel tightly and clumsily turned the Beechcraft around to try again.

This time she saw an actual landing strip, Runway 31. She approached it from the south weaving erratically. *I'm going too fast,* she thought with sudden clarity. Scanning the control panel, she saw a button marked FLAPS and she punched it. The plane slowed to 100 miles an hour. She saw another button marked LANDING GEAR. Hopefully, she punched it, too. Through clenched teeth she breathed a final prayer, and pushed the wheel forward. The nose of the Bonanza tilted downward, irrevocably.

Towermen saw the plane waver between the Delta Airlines hangar and the tower.

"She's too steep," said one.

"She's too fast," said another.

Too steep and too fast—Beth Black sensed her peril. But she was afraid to touch the throttle, afraid of stalling the plane; if she did, the aircraft would plummet to earth like a stone.

As runway lights and crash truck beams blurred past her, she reached over and shut off her engine—a last resort to slow the zig-zagging plane as it hurtled groundward. The wind rushed by eerily, and in the quiet hush the earphones still crackled meaninglessly. In the moment before the Bonanza slammed to earth, Beth Black hurled herself across her husband's body and closed her eyes.

"It was the worst landing we've ever seen," recalls Jack J. Jobe, assistant chief of Love Field. The airplane chewed into the turf alongside Runway 31 at a 25-degree angle, bounced 40 feet into the air, then splattered down again 300 yards from its first point of impact. Momentum carried the plane's engine 100 yards further. "It was horrible," says Jobe. "It looked like she'd nosed it straight into the ground."

When Fire Chief Carter and the crash trucks reached the scene moments later, Beth Black was sitting in shock on the wing of the crumpled aircraft. Her left arm was broken and her jaw was fractured in three places—but she was alive. Her first words to the rescue crew were: "Somebody go tell the children we're home."

It required five minutes for rescuers to disentangle Spencer Black from the wreckage. They loaded him quickly onto a waiting ambulance, but he was pronounced dead on arrival at Parkland Hospital. It is almost certain that he was dead before the crash.

Ten days later, Beth Black was released from the hospital, but a bone graft in her shattered arm required her to wear a splint for eight more months.

Mrs. Black still lives in Dallas with her five children. "I'm beginning to forget the crash," she says. "The hardest thing is adjusting to the loss of my husband." Since the accident, she has flown in commercial air liners several times. "Soon I'm going up in a light plane again," she says, "but you can be sure I'll be checked out on landing procedures before I do. I think all women married to flying men should learn how to land an airplane. What happened to me could happen to anybody."

From her ordeal, Beth Black has evolved a personal philosophy. "I'm incredibly lucky," she admits. "I feel certain that God must have wanted me to live, to care for the children, or perhaps for another purpose. Of one thing I'm absolutely sure: when I prayed for help, Somebody up there read me loud and clear. Now it's my job to make the most of this wonderful gift of life."

DEFT DEFINITIONS

EGOTIST: One who is always me-deep in conversation. —MARILYN COHEN

BACHELOR: One who never Mrs. a girl. —ROY A. BRENNER

UNCLE SAM: A relative you never see but send money to regularly. —NYRA DOUGHERTY

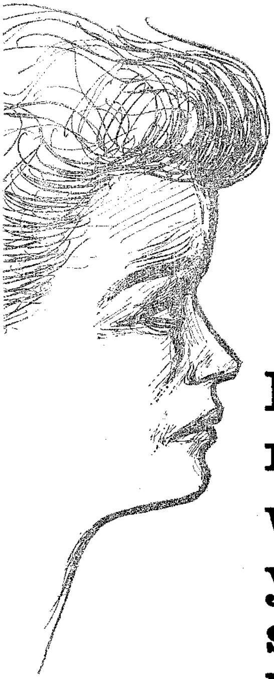
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: Taxes. —*General Features Corporation*

PORCUPINE: A portable cactus. —E. CARLSON

BEETNIK: A man who loves borsht. —S. L. CHANDLER

BORE: Someone who can't hold your attention even when he's talking about you. —EARL WILSON

TOOTHACHE: A pain that drives you to extraction. —CHRISTINE HANSON



How manly will your son be?

Will your boy turn into something less than a man? The experts tell you how to bring him safely through the blurred lines of sexuality in our society

BY MAX GUNTHER

THAT LITTLE BOY OF YOURS will—physically—be a man one day. Virtually nothing you do or don't do can alter this course of events. ■ But how *masculine* a man will he be? Will he be taunted as a sissy by his schoolmates and, later, by his adult friends? Or will he be a man among men? ■ Even physically, there is an ambivalence in all of us. Says Dr. Jacob de

Jong, psychiatrist and physician at Connecticut's Fairfield State Hospital: "There are certain tissues in the male that resemble those of the female, and vice versa. None of us seems to be totally male or female." ■ Thus, there was a feminine side to your boy's make-up even at birth. How heavily he leans toward that side psychologically as he grows up is a question which you, more than anybody else, can influence. Says New York psychoanalyst Dr. Avram Finger: "A person's childhood experiences and relationships with family members, particularly his parents, seem to play the major role in his sexual and social development." Most doctors feel that the critical period lies between about ages three to 12 or 14. ■ What is masculinity? This is a tricky question. Dr. Bernice Neugarten of the University of Chicago points out: "Every society formulates its own notions of what behavior is appropriate for men and for women." ■ In some societies, men do most of the cooking and sewing, and women do the fighting, hunting and dangerous work. Even among Western people, there are differences. In France, for instance, it's acceptable for a man to weep. In America, a man is supposed to have greater control over his emotions (he doesn't shriek and gasp at horror movies, for instance). He should be more aggressive than a woman, more interested in sports, more adept at carpentry and mechanics, less interested in domestic matters. ■ Such traits aren't inborn; a boy must learn these things by observing, listening, copying. If he isn't taught the masculine way of acting and thinking, he may grow up effeminate by society's standards—or homosexual. A book published this year, *The Sixth Man*, gets its title from the estimate that one out of every six American men today is homosexual. ■ Modern American society—life as we live it in our cities and suburbs—puts many roadblocks on a boy's route to manhood. It is boys not girls who most often have trouble "belonging" among others of their sex and need psychological counseling or therapy. ■ What are the things that might make a boy fail in his gropings toward masculinity? These are probably the biggest dangers:

Father isn't home enough. "This is a common problem in our commuting society," says psychiatrist Dr. Richard Gordon, who practices in a New Jersey suburb. The father teaches—not only by precept, but also as a model—the things a boy needs to shape himself to manhood.

Even the best-educated woman will have trouble instructing a boy how to throw a baseball, how to handle fear and anger, how to behave in a fight, how a man approaches sex.

An example: Jimmy's father left the house before Jimmy got up in the mornings and usually got home after the boy was in bed. Thus, Jimmy's mother handled most of his training. A college graduate, she encouraged Jimmy to spend his time with books instead of playing baseball and climbing trees.

She forgot one monumentally important fact: only someone who is confident of his own worth, can effectively buck the standards of the society he lives in.

Jimmy desperately wanted to belong with other boys. But they laughed at his awkward efforts to join their games. He was confused and miserable. Like most small boys he had almost unlimited faith in his mother's wisdom; he couldn't believe that her teachings were wrong, yet he was failing as a boy.

If Jimmy's father had been around more, he might have shown his son how to be accepted as a male among males. As it was, Jimmy became so unhappy that he couldn't study well, and his school grades plummeted. Unable to identify with his father or with other boys, he hung around his mother, copied her ways, her interests. Now entering his teens, he is two years behind his age group at school, has no friends of either sex, and is under the care of a psychiatrist.

Father is punitive. Danny's situation was like that of many boys today. His mother kept his behavior in line with the threat: "I'll tell your father." Danny's father was a reasonable man, but met at the door each evening with a list of domestic crises, he became harsh and irritable. This was the side of his nature that Danny most often saw.

Danny was also tormented by another problem. Psychoanalytic theory holds that children go through a stage during which they are strongly attracted to the parent of the other sex. Says analyst Dr. Finger, "The boy may be frightened by the intensity of his feelings toward his mother, feel he is competing with his father, be torn by fear of punishment. So he represses his feelings for his mother and possibly for all future women. Homosexuality can result."

Danny interpreted his father's harshness as jealousy over mother. He ended denying all feeling for women—denying his own maleness.

Effeminacy often starts as self-protection against other males, says psychiatrist Dr. de Jong. "Such a boy is telling his father and all other men: 'Look, I'm not male. I won't compete with you.' "

Mother resents men. Psychiatric

theory believes that many women resent or even hate men often unconsciously. This resentment may stem from the feeling of being trapped in household chores while men are out in the world enjoying challenging careers.

Such a mother may browbeat the father when he's home, diminish him in the boy's eyes when he's away. "The boy may think," says Dr. de Jong, "women have it better, that it pays to be a woman." He may relate more and more strongly to his mother, ending with womanish attitudes and mannerisms.

The mother may even try, unconsciously, to make her son into a girl. Dr. Milton I. Levine of Cornell University sounds a warning to mothers who dress their sons fussily or balk at cutting off their curls. "A little boy who is not permitted to look the part," says Dr. Levine, "is sure to encounter difficulty in feeling masculine."

Forced socializing. It's as much a mistake to be too worried about a youngster's sex identification as not to care enough. "Many children today are suffering from a lack of neglect," remarks Dr. de Jong. Parents often push youngsters into heterosexual activities—dating, dancing—long before the kids reach puberty. The idea is to help the youngsters learn how society expects each sex to behave with the other. But there are dangers in pushing too hard too early.

"What happens," questions Dr. Finger, "if a boy goes out for his first dating experience and falls flat on his face?"

Some boys would rebound and try again. But not all. Take 11-year-old Kevin, for instance. His mother, a divorcée, was worried about Kevin's fatherless upbringing—particularly about his sex education. She made it seem like a matter of life-or-death. Kevin wasn't quite sure what his mother was talking about, but it sounded frightening.

Came his first junior dance, he was terrified. He didn't want to go. She forced him. At the dance he was tense and tongue-tied, spilled punch on the girl's dress, generally made the evening a disaster. Already frightened of his mother, he began to fear all girls. When Kevin reached adolescence and needed a sexual outlet he turned to homosexuality.

Impatient teaching. Unlike Jimmy's father, who neglected him, other fathers sometimes go too far in the opposite direction. They try to train in too much ruggedness too fast. Some boys are more rugged than others. Science isn't certain how much of this is due to heredity and how much to environment. Whatever the foundations of this robust, physical kind of maleness, pushing a boy into it faster than he's ready to go can be a mistake.

Dr. Finger tells of one father who urged his unwilling youngster into a neighborhood baseball game. The boy didn't know how to play. His father had never given him the needed coaching. The youngster made a fool of himself, was jeered off the field. From then on he was even less willing to play boys' games than he had been before.

Another father, determined to

make a man of his son in one day, took the boy out on a long nature hike. He set a punishing pace that brought the boy home sobbing with weariness. From this and other painful experiences, the youngster concluded that manly sports are no fun, and that he had no aptitude for them anyway. These fathers gave their sons no real help in building self-confidence and, as a result, both boys became less masculine, tended toward so-called "sissy" pursuits.

A boy enjoys being a boy when he is successful at it, and he becomes successful through patient help and teaching. "Forcing a youngster into activities before he is ready, can lead to defeats," says Dr. Finger. "If a boy does poorly on the ball field, his self-doubts may spread."

Though a boy may be happy and successful among other boys, his father may consider him a failure because he isn't an outstanding athlete. He sees the boy as an extension of his own personality, and he desperately wants to show the world a picture of robust maleness. "Often," comments Dr. Finger, "when parents worry about a boy's masculinity, it is the parents, not the boy, who need treatment."

What can you do to help insure a confident masculinity in your son? Most psychiatrists seem to agree on these points:

A father should attempt to spend at least a little time each week in companionable activities with his youngster.

If the father must be away often, it's a good idea to get the boy into activities where he'll be under male guidance—Boy Scouts, the Little League. Boys benefit, too, by having male teachers in school to use as models in achieving masculinity. But let the parents meet the men with whom they entrust their sons —to see if these men are truly masculine.

A mother shouldn't leave all the reprimanding and punishing to the father when he comes home. A father's arrival home each evening should be a happy, not feared, occasion.

Don't nag or bully your youngster into becoming rugged. "Teach him patiently the skills he needs," says Dr. Gordon. "Learning of any kind proceeds best slowly, step by step. Mastering each step, the learner builds self-confidence to go on to the next step. This is how boys become men."

Don't expect him to act "masculine" all the time. After the Oedipal stage, in which he's strongly attracted to his mother, psychoanalysts say he goes through a period of latency and even (according to some) homosexuality, which ends with the start of puberty around age 12. You may find him, for a while, choosing girls as playmates, perhaps playing with dolls. Talk to a doctor about it if it keeps up; but if the youngster is under seven years old, the doctor will probably tell you it's nothing to worry about. The boy is still experimenting, feeling his way.

Don't make a federal case out of sex. Don't push your boy into boy-girl activities; let him find his way at his own speed. And don't make him tense about sex by forced indoctrination. His natural curiosity will bring up questions in time; when that happens, answer him calmly and straightforwardly.

And above all, most psychiatrists urge, don't worry. Long and difficult though the road to manhood seems, the majority of boys travel it successfully. As long as your youngster seems happy, he's probably doing all right; and any attempt at do-it-yourself psychotherapy may work more harm than good. "If you do have questions or worries," says Dr. Finger, "take them to a professional in the field of psychiatry."

Boys don't always act logically. They go through all kinds of phases, swing from one alarming direction to another. But all this is normal. A boy is a complex creature, not always understandable even to himself. Asked how worried parents can be sure they're doing the right things, Dr. de Jong begins his advice with a single word: "Relax."♛

CANDID COMMENTS

MIDDLE AGE IS when your narrow waist and broad mind begin to change places.

—*General Features Corporation*

FALL IS THE SEASON when you find out which won—the moths or the moth balls.

—HAL CHADWICK (*Family Weekly*)

A PESSIMIST IS one who complains of the noise when opportunity knocks. —MARIE VON ALLMEN

LIFE ISN'T A BOWL of cherries. It's a bunch of raisins—raisin' heck, raisin' kids and raisin' money.

—*The Weekly Star, Atlanta*

PEOPLE ARE OFTEN lonely because they build walls instead of bridges. —MRS. MARGARET M. ARNOTT

COURAGE ISN'T LACK of fear; it's standing your ground in spite of it. —*Quote*

A GOVERNMENT BUREAU is where the taxpayer's shirt is kept. —*Exhaust*

SUCCESS DEPENDS PARTLY on whether people like you wherever you go or whenever you go. —*Quote*

"I don't want to look like Jackie!"

BY ADELINE DALEY

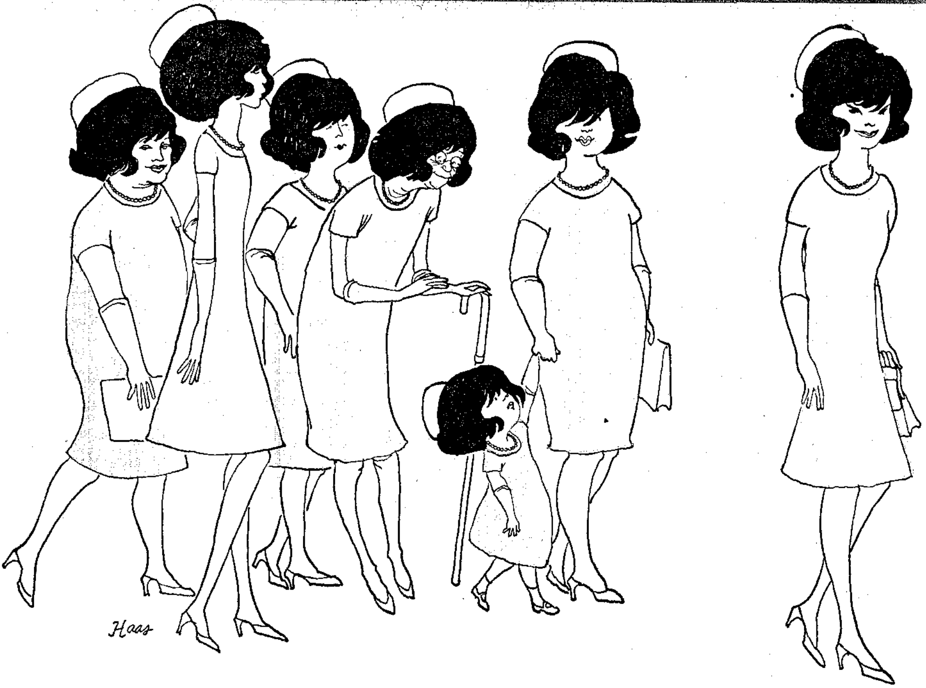
I AM ACCEPTING ALL OFFERS—including Confederate money—for my Jackie Kennedy wardrobe of sleeveless "avant-garde" dresses and pill-box hats. I'll even throw in a necklace or three of pearls. If you insist, and I hope you do, I'll also add my French cookbook and my water-color paint set.

I have had it. I just don't *want* to look like Jackie Kennedy. The competition is becoming far too keen. In fact it's even become a nightmare. The other night, for instance, I dreamed I was wandering through a museum and saw a painting of the "Mona Lisa." *But* she was wearing her hair bouffant with a fetching lock draped over her forehead and she was smiling broadly. She looked just like Jackie Kennedy.

Then I passed "Whistler's Mother." She was seated in her rocking-chair all right. *But* her knees were showing! She looked just like Jackie Kennedy.

And that famous Grant Wood painting of the "American Gothic" couple? The farm-wife was wearing an Oleg Cassini calico apron and, of course, she looked just like Jackie Kennedy.

Next morning when I went shopping, the girl at the bakery who asked if I wanted the cracked-wheat bread sliced also looked just like Jackie Kennedy. I'm not sure, but I thought I heard her say, "très chic," when I answered that I *did* want the cracked-wheat bread sliced.



Running into "Jackie Kennedy" everywhere I went that day—the bank, supermarket, drugstore, cleaners—made me feel I was going around in circles. The right circles, you might say, but *I* wanted *out.*

When a friend of mine phoned to say she had named the new family pet, "Mr. Kitten," (young Caroline Kennedy called her last year's cat Tom Kitten) it was the last straw. After all, my friend's pet is a parakeet.

At this point I started to yearn for the comfort and ease we enjoyed in the era of the "Bess Truman look." I suddenly realized what President Kennedy meant when he said "life in the Sixties is going to be a struggle." He probably had in mind the 387 rollers I've had to use every night putting up my hair to achieve the "Jackie hairdo." I never did quite master the bouffant-look the First Lady wears so well. Mine was "bouffant," all right, but so is a hay stack.

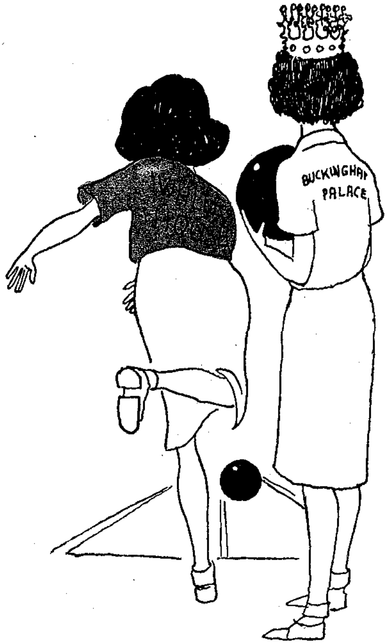
Flipping through magazine advertisements, I marveled at how busy "Jackie Kennedy" is. "She" is a super-saleswoman, whether selling accident insurance as she lies prone on a highway, painting the living room with fast-drying latex, flying the polar route to Europe, opening refrigerators or pushing a power lawn mower. No wonder she also is pictured taking a headache tablet at the end of the day.

They say that half the students

attending college look just like the former Jacqueline Bouvier. The other half are men.

I don't think we've even reached the peak of the Jackie Kennedy trend. It's probably only a rumor but I hear that Bud Collyer, master of ceremonies on *To Tell the Truth,* is planning a spectacular in which the TV screen will be filled with 3,000 "Jackie Kennedys." The climax of the show will be when he shouts, "Will the REAL Jackie Kennedy please stand up!"

I won't go so far as to predict that fox-hunting will replace baseball as the "national pastime," but it *has* been suggested that "Little League Fox-Hunting" be used to combat juvenile delinquency. Gophers and jack rabbits could replace foxes in hunts held in underprivileged sections of the country. Incidentally, included in the wardrobe I am unloading is my fox-hunting outfit.



The horsy set would race to go bowling if Jackie and Liz got the ball rolling.

But don't think for one moment that I resent Jackie's fox-hunting. There are those, I know, who think she should take up the more democratic sport of bowling.

If she belonged to a league, they maintain, she could preserve the dignity of her station by wearing a plain bowling shirt lettered simply, "The White House." I can't see it, any more than I can imagine Queen Elizabeth with a bowling shirt, lettered, "Buckingham Palace," or Princess Grace Kelly with "Monaco" on her back.

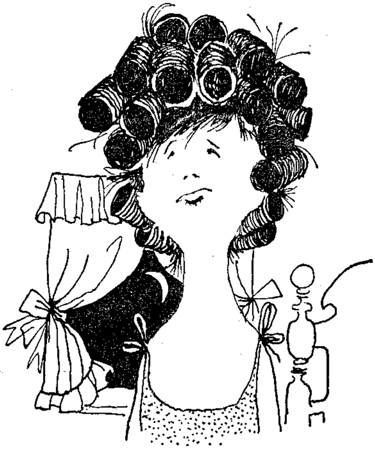
Following the Jackie image to the letter is too dangerous for me. I tried serving her favorite dish, "oeufs en gelée" (eggs in jellied consommé) instead of pot roast one night. My husband put it away. But then he asked "What's for dinner?" The next few minutes weren't the happiest of our marriage. Nor do I dare try dragging him to art galleries or foreign movies, when I'm not attending fashion shows. That's another reason I no longer want to look like Jackie Kennedy. I can't afford it. When I look at all those gorgeous dresses and suits I feel like the little Match Girl, out in the snow on Christmas Eve.

This compulsion to look, act and dress like Jackie Kennedy is, of course, a great tribute to our beautiful and intelligent First Lady. But isn't it making things a bit tough on the President? Will John F. Kennedy go down in history as Jackie Kennedy's husband? Did Millard Fillmore have to see hundreds of Mrs. Millard Fillmores everywhere he turned? Did Rutherford B. Hayes see his wife's hair braid copied by all the women of the 1870s?

Without being involved in partisan politics, it is true that Mamie Eisenhower's bangs never did catch on. And as relaxing as the "Bess Truman look" was, it never made much headway. In all fairness, however, it must be noted that most American women already *had* the "Bess Truman look."

It isn't going to be easy to stop trying to look like Jackie. If I tell the clerk at the hat counter I'm not interested in a pill-box hat, she will probably treat me with contempt. I'll have to avoid Woolworth's for a few months, for I never can resist buying those strands of pearls that are another Jackie trademark. I'll face my stiffest battle in the beauty salon, I know, when I try to insist on my pre-election permanent.

I can see myself, still blowing the forelock out of my eye, protesting, "BUT I DON'T WANT TO LOOK LIKE JACKIE KENNEDY!" ♛



No more going to bed with heavy head! Let Jackie use my hair curlers instead.

DEFT DEFINITIONS

ETIQUETTE: what makes a man say, "I beg your pardon," when he really means, "What's the big idea?" —*Wall Street Journal*

EXPERIENCE: the only thing most people get out of life. —*General Features Corporation*

CAREER GIRL: one who'd rather bring home the bacon than fry it. —MARIE H. BREWER

ALIMONY: a case of a man going from a co-starring spot to a supporting role. —EARL WILSON

Take a train to Paradise

BY ROBERT J. GUNDER

It's the only railroad in the world with 23 vice presidents—and no employees

IN A SMALL TOWN in Pennsylvania, two dozen railroad buffs—mostly prosperous business executives—have found a way to enjoy their hobby to the fullest: they operate a life-sized, shortline railroad along a stretch of track they call "The Road to Paradise." This hobby has grown into a successful business, thanks to their combined enterprise and imagination.

As a result, the men channel all their leisure into "working on the railroad"—they get up early, stay up late and take on every job from shoveling snow off the tracks to sweeping out the passenger coaches.

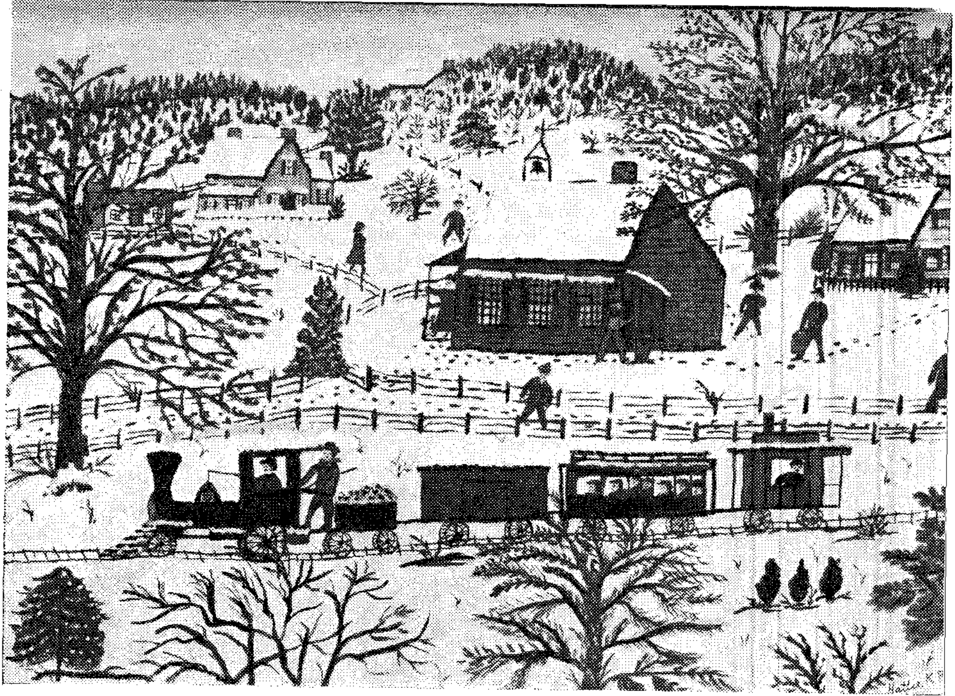
This much drain on their time and energy was perhaps more than the busy businessmen bargained for when they took over the tiny Strasburg Rail Road three years ago. Still, no one hears any complaints from these amateur operators. They are having the time of their lives.

Take, for example, last December, when a blizzard piled up snowdrifts along the four-and-a-half miles of track along which this unique railroad hauls freight and passengers. Henry K. Long—president, director and largest stockholder of the Strasburg Rail Road—bundled himself into a heavy work jacket, donned his boots and met his 23 vice presidents to help clear the tracks.

These men, more accustomed to giving orders than to taking them, cheerfully plunged into work normally relegated to the lowest section hands—because they are the entire staff of the railroad, except for a few volunteers who are also buffs.

On other days of the week Henry Long is president of a corporation employing several hundred people. His railroad partners also hold down full-time jobs in totally different worlds: they include six corporation presidents, an insurance broker, two attorneys, a veterinarian, a pharmacist, two industrial engineers, a department store executive and other assorted businessmen whose daily toil normally involves the head more than the hands. But on the Strasburg line, labor and management are one.

These train lovers advertise the Strasburg's run as "the Road to Paradise," because its colorful loco-



Painting from her early memories, in primitive style, 70-year-old Lancaster County artist Hattie Brunner captures the little railroad's make-believe quality.

motives haul freight and passengers from Strasburg across agriculturally rich and rolling Lancaster County to Paradise, a quiet little community four and a half miles away.

Setting out to revive the romance of early railroading, these nostalgic amateurs acquired and "freshened up" authentic old-time equipment for their line. Passengers ride in ancient wooden coaches resplendent with new paint, original brass lighting fixtures and potbellied stoves. Stepping aboard is like entering the world of yesterday.

Passenger trains operate on regular schedule daily in the summer, when tourists and residents swarm into Lancaster County for excursions into the picturesque countryside of the Pennsylvania Dutch "plain people." During the rest of the year trains run only on Saturday and Sunday—except for special charter trips. (You can set your own schedule.) The nine-mile round trip takes an hour, with six stops.

The Pennsylvania Utilities Commission in 1958 okayed a 400 percent increase in the Strasburg's passenger fares after its officials pointed out that the existing fare of 12½ cents had not been changed since 1908; it also approved a request to charge 15 cents extra for reserved seats on certain cars.

Tickets on the Strasburg carefully spell out certain "general conditions": the railroad is not responsible for delays caused by livestock on the track; "passengers must check their pistols and not spit tobacco on the stoves;" all are warned to be alert for card sharks (games of chance are permitted only in the baggage car); "watch your valuables and your children and keep heads and arms inside the windows in case of Indian attacks."

Conductor Don Hallock's tongue-in-cheek commentary along the route keeps passengers chuckling. He calls out the stations lustily and enthusiastically points out such scenic wonders as the longest bridge on the entire line (it is 14 feet long and the *only* bridge). He has everyone looking to the north for peacocks or to the south at the hobo jungle (which still harbors several hoboes). When someone asks how fast the train is traveling, VP Hallock takes a calculated look out the window and reports the speed at "something under 60" (as indeed it is—more likely a leisurely 15 miles per hour).

By changing both the names and the numbers of their trains on the return trip, the ingenious owners create the illusion of having twice as many trains. Number 106, for instance, leaves East Strasburg Junction on Sundays as "The Brass Bell"; it returns 60 minutes later as "The Blue Belle."

The Strasburg's "rolling stock" includes six passenger coaches; four freight cars; two bright-red cupola cabooses; a 1926 gasoline engine; a hybrid diesel locomotive (utilizing the engine from a Caterpillar tractor) and a steam-driven engine. There is also a gaily decorated and air-conditioned pullman, owned personally by President Long and VPs Max Solomon and Irl Daffin—which can be chartered for wedding parties, conventions and other special events.

The line's freight rates are pegged at $8 to $15 per full carload, with less-than-carload lots at 25 cents per 100 pounds. Strasburg officials claim they can show a profit with their low overhead, at present levels.

With switch #7 at Leaman Place as the contact point for the interchange of freight cars, the Strasburg timetable boasts that the railroad serves "the entire continent" (through connecting lines). The owners are now negotiating for interchange of passenger cars, also.

Their only year-'round train (freight only) leaves at 7 P.M., because by that time everybody will have had a chance to eat dinner, to change into railroading outfits and drive to the Strasburg station. Actually the train could be operated with two men, "but it's more fun to have a crowd," the Strasburgers say. Sometimes the crew gets so large they hook on an extra caboose or coach to accommodate them all.

Chartered in 1832, the Strasburg is America's oldest shortline railroad. Except for a few brief interludes, it was in continuous operation until November 1958, when all active rail service was discontinued and the meager freight was hauled by truck. The owners filed a petition of abandonment and offered to sell the few remaining assets at junk or salvage value. But the Interstate Commerce Commission protested the termination of a common carrier with such a long record of service to its area. When details of the Strasburg's dilemma appeared in the Lancaster newspapers, railroad fans rallied to the rescue.

In hastily organized meetings, plans were made and funds raised. Finally, on November 1, 1958, the present owners, 24 rail enthusiasists, assumed control of all outstanding corporation stock and the rolling stock: one badly battered gasoline locomotive, one freight car and four-and-a-half miles of neglected track. Each stockholder automatically achieved status as a vice president, director—and employee.

President Long is proud of the progress made in the three short years of his "administration." Meeting its challenge has meant endless hours of hard work, at no pay except the rich enjoyment of riding a hobby to the ultimate.

"So far," President Long points out a little wistfully, "we've been able to keep things going, with a few helpful volunteers. It's been fun—but sooner or later we'll have to stop being the only railroad in the world with 23 vice presidents and no employees."

Until that time comes—bringing new problems such as payrolls, social security, income taxes and unions—Long and his fellow buffs plan to keep chugging their trains to Paradise.

POSTAL PURSUIT

IN HEIDELBERG, GERMANY, a young clerk who handled General Delivery was amazed to see the same young girl every morning at the same hour. She'd come to his counter, her lovely face flushed, and ask, "Any mail for Fraulein Liesl Hoch?"

The clerk would automatically reach into the box with the "H". There was always one letter. One day, the young clerk couldn't bear it any longer. He sat down and wrote a love letter to Miss Liesl Hoch, and put that second letter, his, next to the first letter. "It's hopeless," he'd written, "but I must tell you that I have never seen such sweetness. I know you belong to another man. Please forgive me."

The next day, Liesl took her two letters, but the following day, there was no letter at all.

"What's the matter?" asked the young clerk.

"There won't be any more," said the girl.

"But the other man!"

"There is no other man. I wrote that letter every day. How *else* could I get acquainted with you?"

—CURTIS W. CASEWIT (*Pen Magazine*)

The strange case of the artful hoaxer

The roguish forger taunted the court experts with proof that he painted their "13th-century masterpieces"

BY RUTH IVOR

OF ALL THE GIFTED ROGUES in the annals of crime, the most lighthearted may be Lothar Malskat, a celebrated, self-confessed art forger who tinted scores of German faces red with embarrassment and finally hired a lawyer to get himself arrested. Malskat *wanted* to get arrested, but it wasn't easy. Each time he walked into the central police station in the North German city of Lübeck to give himself up the officers shooed him away as a crank. Even when he documented his confession with notarized depositions and photographs, proving himself the author of a masterful hoax, Lübeck's officialdom wouldn't lock Malskat up.

Church authorities and town officials, in fact, had good reason to oppose the button-eyed little painter's stubborn campaign of self-incrimination. They knew that by acknowledging his guilt, they'd automatically expose themselves as guilty too—of the colossal gullibility that would make them the laughingstock of Europe. Furthermore, they'd ruin Lübeck's prize tourist attraction: the rediscovered 13th-century murals in ancient St. Mary's Church.

Called by critics "The Greatest Art Find of the Century," these medieval wall paintings had come to light during repair of the bomb-damaged church, hidden under a centuries-old coat of white paint. They had been carefully cleaned and restored to their original beauty by the well-known art expert, Dr. Dietrich Fey.

Sketched in glowing colors on the grey walls, stately gothic kings and saints, surrounded by garlands of flowers, stood beside heraldic animals, lions and eagles. Not only the German press hailed the frescoes; a Swedish critic called them "unique" and a Swiss magazine devoted an issue of color photographs to the paintings.

The official unveiling in September 1951 had been a key point in Lübeck's 700th anniversary celebrations. West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer himself had officiated. The West German Government had issued 2,000,000 commemorative stamps bearing details of the restored murals.

The gifted restorer, Dr. Fey, was the hero of the celebrations. He was given an honorary award and a gift of cash. He personally escorted visiting dignitaries and reporters to view the masterworks.

"Nothing is known about the genius who painted these frescoes," he told his audience, "except that he must have been active around 1280. Nor do we know who were the models for his remarkable figures."

"Professor," an American correspondent interrupted, "how about the turkey? How come a native American bird was painted here 200 years before we were discovered?"

"I'm glad you asked me that," replied the restorer. "This represents one of the most important aspects of these paintings. Some of my colleagues consider it to be proof the Vikings discovered America long before Columbus. Those Vikings brought the turkey to Europe. . . .

"I might add," continued the imperturbable Dr. Fey, "that scientific investigations comparing brush strokes have proved conclusively that the murals could not have been done later than the 13th century."

The rediscovered murals made everybody happy—experts, city fathers, and not least the Lübeck burghers who reaped a profitable trade from droves of sight-seers. Such was the state of affairs when on May 9, 1952, Lothar Malskat walked into Lübeck's police station, took a deep breath and said:

"The murals in St. Mary's Church are a fake. Dr. Dietrich Fey is a criminal. I painted at Fey's orders. He paid me 1.25 Marks (22 cents) per hour for my work. . . ."

The desk officer had Malskat thrown out. But he came back—and kept coming back, finally with evidence that had to be taken seriously.

"Here's the picture I took of the walls before I started painting on them," Malskat said, triumphantly. "Just dirty fire-blackened stone with a few smudges of paint from murals long since destroyed. I completely cleaned and smoothed the walls with a steel brush. Then I painted on my pictures of kings and saints, in the old style.

"And here," he went on, "is a picture of the frescoes after I finished with my signature on the ceiling above the main figures—'All paintings in this church are the works of Lothar Malskat.' The signatures were painted over when he found it."

It was very awkward. The Police Commissioner wiped his face with a handkerchief:

"Anything else?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said Malskat cheerfully. "Fey also sold about 600 paintings I forged in the style of old and new masters."

To the incredulous officer, Malskat revealed that Dietrich Fey and he had sold hundreds of Malskat forged paintings to German art dealers under the names of 61 different artists, ranging from Rembrandt to Picasso. While Malskat turned out bogus Renoirs and Corots at a one-a-day clip, Fey, he claimed, faked the signatures, certified the paintings as originals and then, with his connections, got them onto the art market at bargain prices with no questions asked.

This startling confession put Lübeck officials in a most embarrassing position. Doctor Fey, when discreetly queried, dismissed Malskat as a disgruntled, unbalanced employee who had been fired. Contemplating the mare's nest of problems that would follow, should Malskat be proven a forger, the town fathers were happy to side with the eminent art critic over the shabbily dressed artist. And when news of the confession leaked out, the public, too, reacted with pitying smiles. "This is the lamentable case of a painter gone crazy," wrote one of Lübeck's newspapers.

THIS ONLY SERVED to harden Malskat's determination. He gave interviews to the press, radio and television. *Die Welt*, one of the mass-circulated German papers, published photographs of a 9th-century portrait next to details from the Lübeck frescoes. The close resemblance aroused widespread attention all over Germany—except in Lübeck, where civic officials maintained in a statement: "rumors and accusations against the renowned art expert Doctor Fey are of no consequence and purely malicious gossip."

But by now the matter had become an issue, and one that tickled—or chagrined Germany. A Frankfurt art dealer reported he had bought a Chagall painting through Fey's intervention, then sent it for authentication to Chagall, who tore it up saying: "This is a miserable forgery." Many a newly rich German art collector took an uneasy second look at his recently acquired paintings and wondered whether they were one of the 600-odd "genuine" Malskat forgeries. Most decided to follow the lead of the Lübeck officials and dismiss the whole thing as lunacy.

But they had not reckoned with Malskat. He seemed possessed with the one aim of putting Doctor Fey in jail, at the same time ridiculing Lübeck's most respected citizens and the German art world. When the authorities still refused to listen, Malskat hired an attorney, gave him the file of evidence and had him institute criminal proceedings against Doctor Fey and himself. The charge was persistent fraud and forgery.

That got things moving. A special forgery squad of the German Federal Police swooped on Doctor Fey's luxurious villa where they found a stockpile of forged "French impressionist" paintings just as Malskat had predicted. Now Doctor Fey exchanged his comfortably appointed home for a prison cell. Malskat remained free, eager to testify at his former employer's trial.

The trial finally took place in Lübeck at the end of 1954. It gave the explanation to the question that had often been asked during the scandal: why had Malskat given the game away, at risk to himself?

"It doesn't matter any more what happens to me," the painter cried on the witness stand, "as long as Fey is punished. Everybody raved about *my* beautiful murals— yet Fey got all the credit. Nobody even knew my name. . . ."

Doctor Fey's defense was dignified. His first witness was a professor who explained in minute, esoteric detail why the Lübeck frescoes *had* to be from the 13th century. "Moreover," he concluded, "they bear remarkable likeness to the gothic wall paintings in the Schleswig cathedral which an eminent colleague has described as 'the greatest expression of Teutonic art.' As the Lübeck and the Schleswig murals show identical brush marks, there is no doubt they were both done by the same inspired genius."

The Judge was visibly impressed. In Germany the words of a professor carry much weight. Coldly he turned to Malskat.

"You heard the expert's opinion. What can you say to that?"

"I entirely agree with the professor, Your Honor," Malskat grinned. "After all, I did the ones in the Schleswig cathedral too!"

After the ensuing uproar among the delighted spectators had been brought under control, the Judge said sharply:

"You had better start from the beginning." Malskat then told his story. He had been born in the East Prussian town of Koenigsberg, the son of a second-hand clothes peddler. He was trained as a house-painter, then turned art student and soon worked as apprentice for the art restoring firm of Fey and Son. In 1937, while cleaning murals in the Schleswig cathedral, he bungled the job and scrubbed all but a colored spot from the walls. To avoid conviction for criminal neglect, Fey ordered Malskat to "recreate" the gothic masterpieces. The gifted copyist did a superb job.

When Malskat returned from a British prisoner-of-war camp in 1945 he tried to sell some of his own paintings. But dealers would not even look at his works. One day, he ran into Doctor Fey, now art expert, and also in search of an easy living.

The two men agreed on one fundamental premise: art collectors want only famous names. They decided to supply the demand by forgery. Malskat painted while Doctor Fey sponsored the output in the art market.

In the aftermath of war, few buyers asked where a painting came from. All a dealer required was a guarantee that the masterpiece was genuine. Doctor Fey's certificates provided that. Just when such shady deals were becoming suspect, the windfall of the Lübeck restoration job dropped into their laps.

"But how could you carry out such an elaborate hoax in our own church, right under our noses?"

"Easy," Malskat replied. "We posted signs outside the church: Danger! Collapsing Walls! Keep Out! I worked behind movable panels on a high scaffold. No one saw the cleaned walls."

Malskat gleefully told of the malicious satisfaction he got from hearing experts praise the high quality of the paintings. "One art critic raved about the 'prophet with the magic eyes.' It was modeled on my father, and he sure could have used a pair of magic eyes with his pushcart. Another gushed about the 'spiritual beauty of the splendid figure of Mary, so far removed from our present day image of womanhood.' For that painting I used a photograph of Hansi Knoteck, a film actress."

"Of course, the best was the turkey story," Malskat added with obvious glee. "How was I to know that those birds were not introduced to Europe till more than 200 years after my murals were supposed to have been painted? But then, an expert writes a book and says my turkey proves the Viking theory!"

The Germans were not amused. After sentencing Doctor Fey to 20 months in prison they now put Malskat on trial. In vain his defense counsel pleaded that Malskat had no intent to cheat, as evidenced by his inscription: "All paintings in this church are Lothar Malskats." It hadn't been his fault that this had been painted over.

Notwithstanding, Malskat was sentenced in 1956 to 16 months in jail. But by that time the painter had skipped to Sweden.

He had gotten what he wanted: Fey was behind bars, his reputation destroyed. Meanwhile Malskat, who now has a flourishing clientele for his work, had received all the publicity he craved.

As for the scarlet-faced Lübeckers, they now have a nice, whitewashed church. ♛

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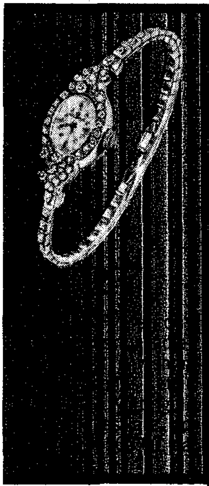

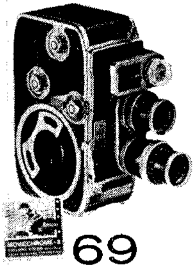

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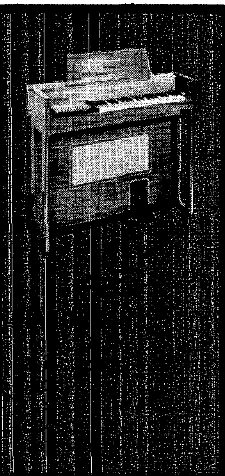

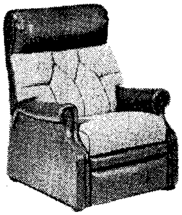

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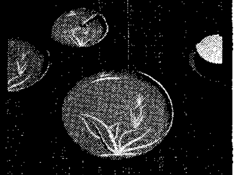

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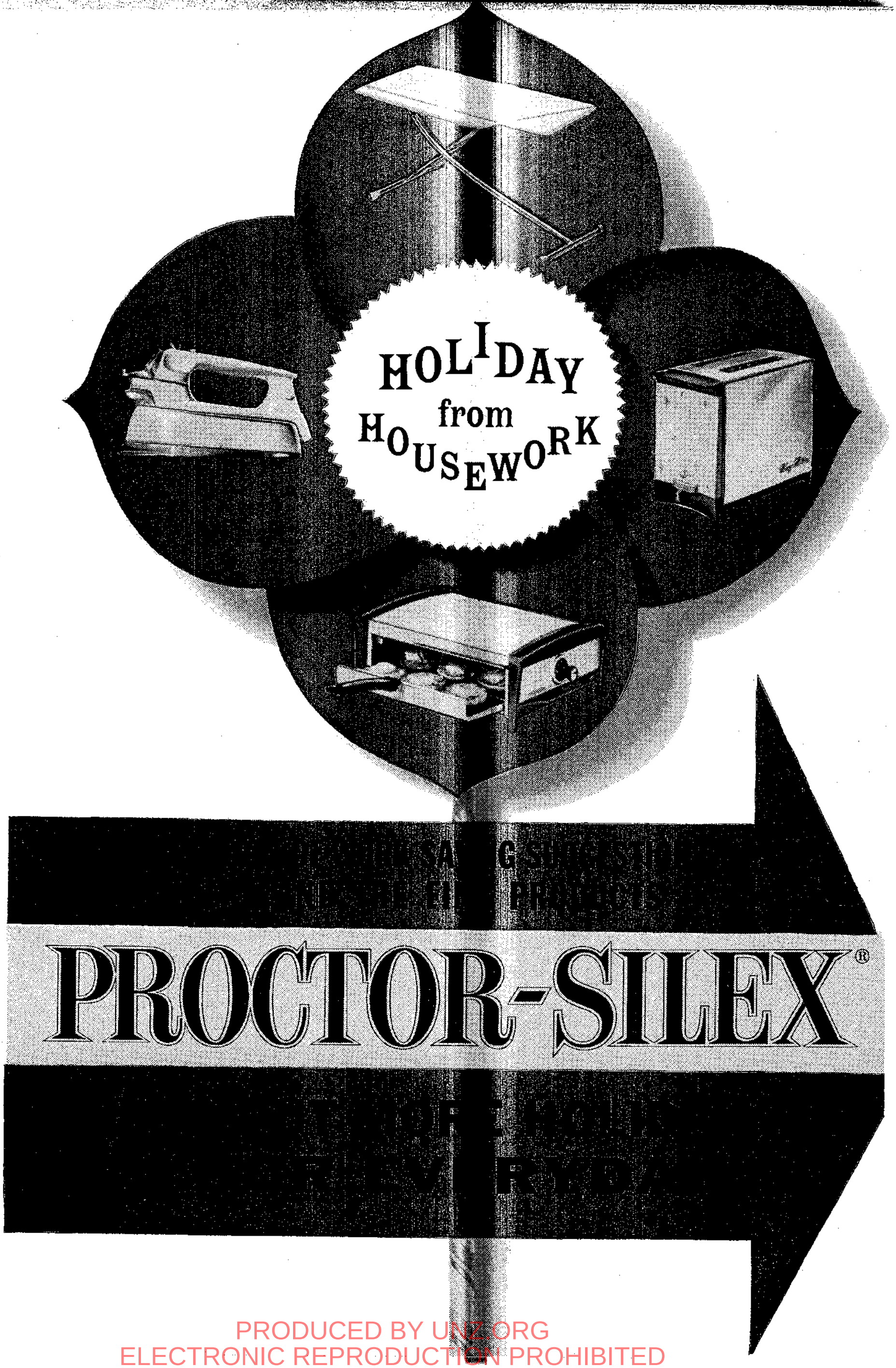
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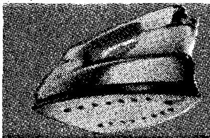
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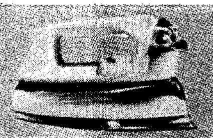
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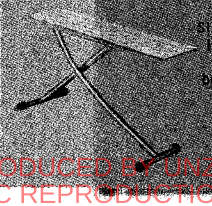
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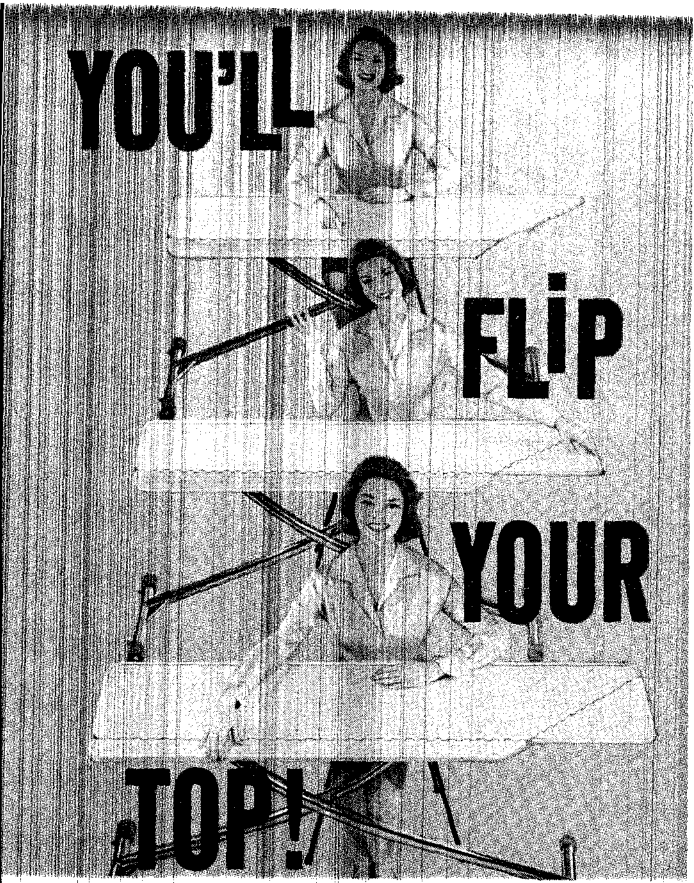

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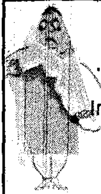
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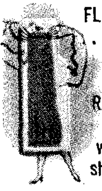
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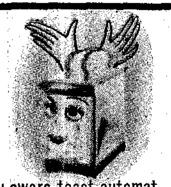
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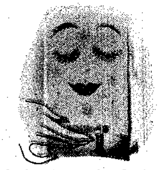
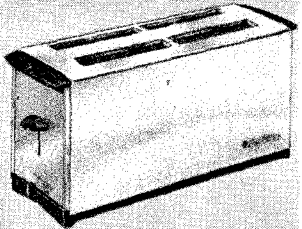
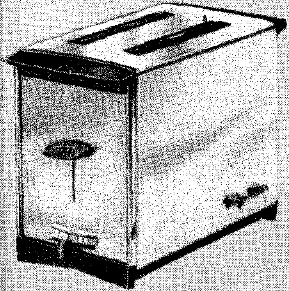

Select-ronic Color Beam lights up. Automatically adjusts toasting time to taste.

Jet-speed element produces twice the amount of perfect toast in half the time.



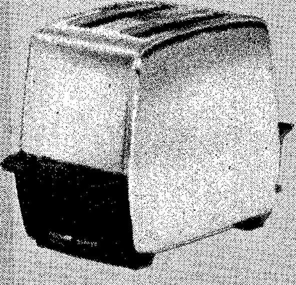
MARY PROCTOR "FOURSOME"

Toast 1, 2, 3 or 4 slices at a time. Select-ronic Color Beam insures exact shade of toast.



MARY PROCTOR "MASTERPIECE"

Two slice toaster with contrasting end panels . . . Select-ronic Color Beam . . . jet-speed element. Extra-easy to clean.



MARY PROCTOR "CUSTOM"

Low in price, high in quality. Glistening chrome, ebony trim. Fully automatic. Thermostatic control. Toasts all kinds of bread, even reheats cold toast.

Cook with coffee*

Until recently coffee-making presented a dilemma. Glass coffeemakers could brew the best-tasting coffee — but were difficult to control. Automatic percs took the guesswork out of coffee-making — but there was always something metallic to the taste. Now, with an automatic percolator *made of glass,* the problem no longer exists. Results? Coffee so perfect you can even use it for perfect — and perfectly wonderful — desserts.

Nothing is more impressive than a soufflé . . . and no soufflé is more impressive than *Soufflé au Café.* Just follow the recipe for a vanilla soufflé but substitute ½ cup strong coffee for the ½ cup milk. Or serve *Coffee Mousse.* To the usual chocolate mousse recipe add 10 tablespoons of very strong coffee. Freeze . . . serve . . . accept compliments graciously.

For a change enjoy *Iced Mocha Coffee* — double-strength coffee blended with bitter-sweet chocolate, sugar, cream and ice.

Cook with ice cream*

Want to do something different with ice cream? With the new electric ice cream freezer, you can. You're not limited to just a few flavors. Any flavor combination you desire is as close as your electric ice cream freezer!

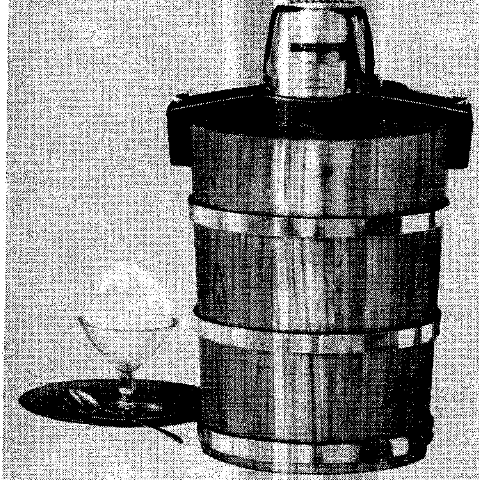
Serve awe-inspiring ice cream desserts with a flaming sauce. Homemade ice cream makes it easy. The frozen crystals are heavier, "stand-up" to heat far better! Make a dramatic *Baked Alaska* — sponge cake, topped by ice cream, topped by meringue. Place in oven to quickly brown meringue, put in tray, pour rum around cake, set ablaze, serve immediately. Spectacular!

Make *French Custard Ice Cream.* Like frozen custard — only better!

Try *Ice Cream Meringues, Baked Ice Cream Pies.* Fabulous!

*For complete recipes, write Mary Proctor Kitchen, 700 W. Tabor Road, Phila., Pa.

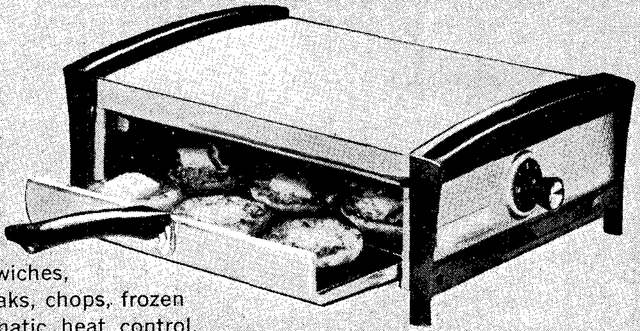
SILEX **AUTOMATIC GLAS**
PERCOLATOR. Coffee tastes best made
glass — and Silex is the only electric perc
lator made of glass. Heat-proof glass. Con
pletely automatic. Lights in base add tast
tempting radiance. Brews 2 to 9 cups of coffe



SILEX **ELECTRIC ICE CREA**
FREEZER. Old-fashioned fun for the whol
family coupled with modern convenience
electricity does all the work. Makes 1-4 quart

SILEX TOASTER-BROILER

...so beautiful you'll toast, broil, grill meals right at the table! Ideal for open sandwiches, English muffins, steaks, chops, frozen dinners. With automatic heat control.



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Enjoy fresh orange juice in seconds! Magic-motion oscillating strainer extracts up to 20% more juice. With special lemon reamer.

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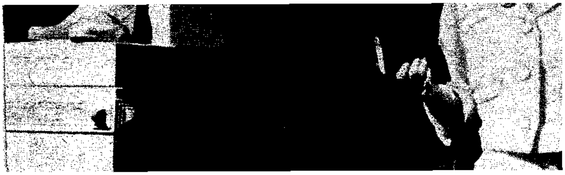
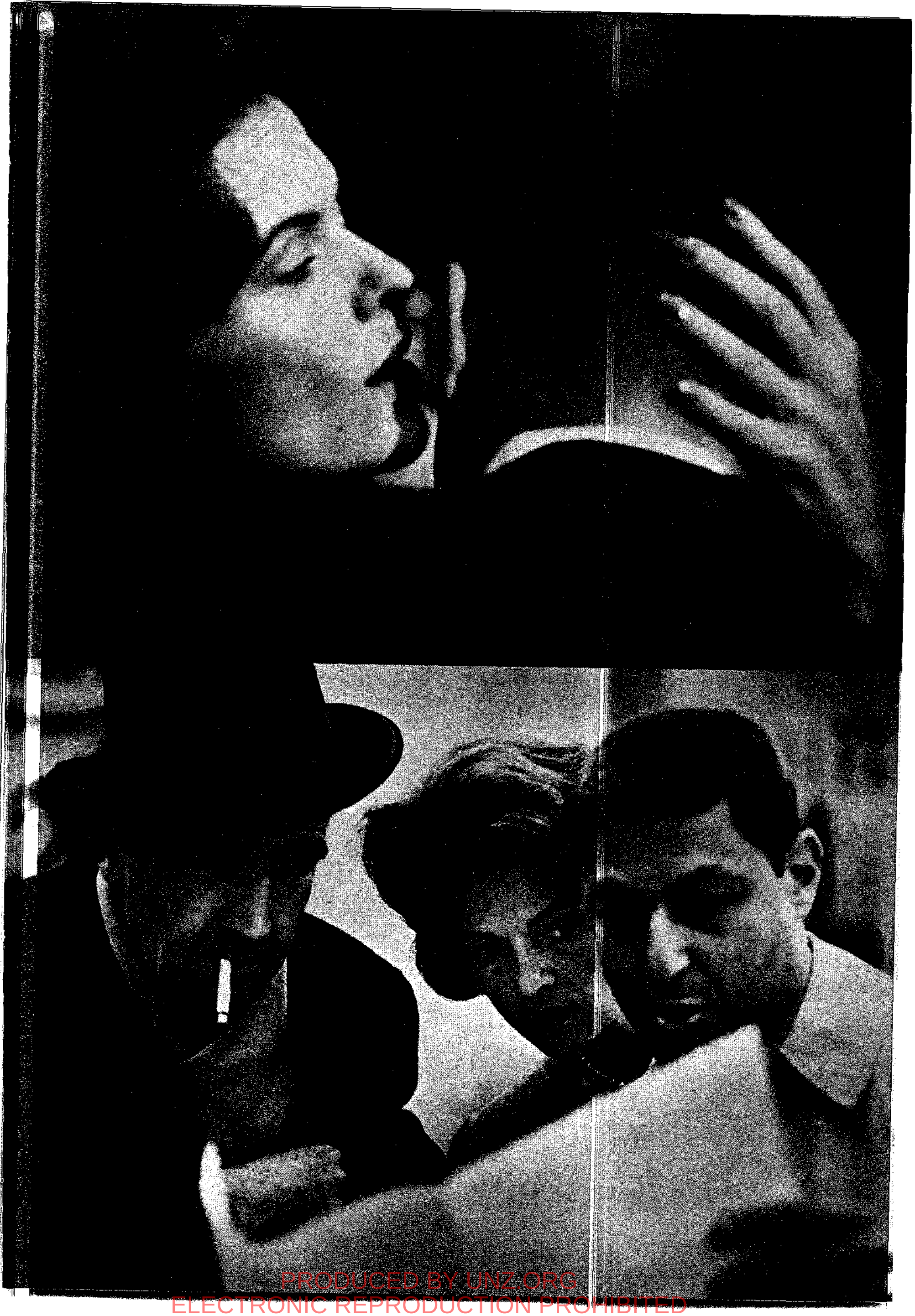


ALL DOORS ARE OPEN TO NANCY,
even the White House. Her acquaintance with
the President dates from 1951, when
fresh out of the University of Wisconsin,
she came to Washington as a Senate
committee staff member. But despite success
in a man's world, Nancy remains all woman.
"My hobby is clothes," she admits.
"If I have to choose between style and comfort,
style usually wins." For Inaugural Ball
she tried on sparkly Dior-New York gown.

"ONE WOMAN'S WASHINGTON" show--plus her other work--pays her five-figure salary. Knowledgeable Nancy can discuss legislation with New York's Senator Keating or mix with party-going politicos with equal ease. She traveled 40,000 miles during 1960 campaign, keeps bag packed to leave at moment's notice.

IN ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE PRESS CONFERENCES Nancy holds her own with men, who accept her on equal terms. But she's conscious too of her assets as a pretty young woman. "There's very little line between work and play," she says. "My beaux are usually in official life. Though I go out almost every night, everyone at parties talks shop." Before broadcasting, Nancy produced TV shows. A big thrill was working with veteran newsman Ed Murrow.



NANCY WORKS HARD TO STAY ON TOP. Four daily papers and several magazines are required reading. She lives alone in a Georgetown house, rises at 6 a.m. and cooks own breakfast. A country girl from Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, Nancy enjoys a walk by the canal, where boy-meets-career-girl on Sundays. She expects to marry someday, but is in no hurry. "Right now," says Nancy, "I'm head over heels in love with Washington." ♛

Life without Clark

BY VERNON SCOTT

At his death he left her with a baby he never saw and joyful memories she will never forget

"WAKE UP, MRS. GABLE, wake up!" The nurse's voice quavered with emotion as she shook Kay Gable to alertness in her bed at Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital. It was a few minutes before 11 P.M. last November 16. The hospital room was one Kay had occupied for 11 days while keeping a vigil for her famous husband, Clark Gable, who was in a larger room across the hall, slowly recovering from a severe heart attack. ■ "Please hurry, Mrs. Gable!" ■ Her blue eyes wide with fear, Kay Gable rushed the half-dozen steps to Clark's bed. But she was seconds too late. Clark Gable, 59-year-old "King of the Movies," lay dead of a coronary thrombosis. He had been sitting in bed reading a magazine, a private nurse watching him attentively. Casually, he looked up with a smile and turned a page. Then he fell back on the pillow dead. ■ Kay Gable remained alone in the room, sobbing near her husband. Finally, a member of the hospital staff led her to a waiting car for the achingly lonely ride back to the Gables' San Fernando Valley home. Waiting to meet the stricken widow at the door of her home was the maid, Louisa. "You're going to have his baby," Louisa whispered, choking back her own tears. "Don't you worry, Mrs. Gable." But Dr. Richard Clark, Kay's obstetrician, was not so sure. A five-months-old pregnancy could spell danger, when viewed against such anguish as Kay Gable was suffering. Also, earlier in her marriage to Gable, Kay had lost a baby. But the physician needn't have worried. Gable's death had only sharpened his widow's resolve to present him, even in death, with the precious gift of life. ■ In the hours following Gable's death, there were friends to share Kay's loss. There were her children by a previous marriage—Bunker, 11, and Joan, ten; old enough to understand, but too young to call upon for solace. ■ And everywhere she turned there were memories. Like one of her famous husband's movies, the reel of their life unfolded. ■ Kay Gable is a beautiful woman, blessed with vitality, courage and a touch of German stubbornness inherited from parents who brought her into the world in Erie, Pennsylvania, 43 years ago. Even in repose, her face radiates warmth and vigor. These were the qualities that attracted Clark Gable when he returned to Hollywood in 1944, after two years in the Army Air Corps. The two met at a party, Gable still resplendent in his major's uniform. "They liked one another on sight," says producer John Lee Mahin, a close friend of Gable's. "They used to come to my house for dinner, dating like a couple of youngsters. But it was one of those things. After a couple goes together for a while they either get married or go their separate ways. Kay was very much in love with him, but Clark was afraid of marrying again." ■ Gable had gone through three marriages when he met Kay. He wasn't ready to settle down again. Perhaps if they had married then, when their romance was the talk of Hollywood, it would have saved them each a matrimonial catastrophe. In 1945, in what amounted to a double rebound, Kay became the fifth wife of sugar heir Adolph Spreckels II, while Gable, in what proved to be an astonishing mismatch, married socialite, Lady Sylvia Ashley.

Kay's marriage to Spreckels was her third. After a brief teen-age marriage to Parker Capps, she left Pennsylvania to become a model in New York City under her maiden name, Kay Williams. Then she went to Hollywood and a movie contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"I acted in a few pictures, but very badly," she admits. "I remember getting screen credit in only one movie. But I never liked acting very much. I just wasn't interested in it."

Disinterest in her career found Kay at loose ends, and on November 25, 1942, in Santa Monica, California, the beautiful cover girl married millionaire Argentine sportsman Martin de Alzaga Unzue—"Macoco," as the café society set called him. It was a stormy union which ended in divorce ten months later. Subsequently, she eloped to Arizona with Spreckels. This marriage didn't work, either, although Kay did bring Adolph III (Bunker) and little Joan into the world. In 1951, she divorced Spreckels.

Meanwhile, Clark had fared no better matrimonially. He and Lady Sylvia were divorced in April of 1952, following a front-page court battle. Thus, Clark and Kay were free again, both hurt and confused by their marital failures. But old memories of happy times together were a basis for renewing their friendship. Clark was kind and considerate. Kay did everything possible to share his interests—hunting, fishing, relaxing with old friends and an occasional night on the town. Gradually, the old flame was rekindled. Friends said Clark recaptured his youth in Kay's company.

These were just a few of the memories flooding Kay's mind after she returned to their Encino ranch from the hospital where Clark had died. On Gable's birthday last February 1, when she was in the eighth month of her pregnancy, Kay attended a Roman Catholic mass—alone. "I feel Clark is still with us," she said. "It is still impossible for me to believe he is gone. It's like losing one half of yourself. But Clark didn't marry me because I was a weak woman. He sustains me. The baby will be along in a few weeks and I have the nursery all completed. Clark and I used the room as a summer bedroom. We have many memories in this house. They are all dear to us. You'll have to excuse me if I talk about Clark as if he were still alive. I can't help feeling that somehow, he is looking down on us."

More than any memory etched in Kay's mind was that of the day Clark proposed to her. "He kept me on needles and pins for quite a few months," she recalls wistfully. "But I knew the chances for a wedding were pretty good when I heard him tell a friend, 'She has some good stuff in her. She can even run a tractor.' He liked independent women, and I guess I qualified."

In the spring of 1955, by a wishing well in the rose garden of his Encino ranch, Clark popped the question. "I was walking on clouds," Kay said later. "All I remember saying is, 'I think it's a good idea.' "

On July 10, 1955, they secretly drove to Gardnerville, Nevada, in Clark's station wagon, accompanied by Kay's sister, Elizabeth, and picked up Gable's long-time friend, Al Menasco. Then all proceeded to Minden, Nevada, where a startled justice of the peace performed the wedding ceremony.

"I knew it was a good omen when I saw the rambling roses on the judge's cottage," Kay says. "They were Clark's favorite flower." Like all brides, Kay remembers exactly what she wore during the ceremony:

"It was a blue-gray suit, not a tan one like the judge told everyone."

After the wedding, Clark asked Kay where she wanted to honeymoon.

"Back at the ranch, Pa," she answered. "That's home."

It *had* been Clark's home for 17 years. Also, it harbored the bittersweet memories of his joyous marriage to actress Carole Lombard. In deference to the sensibilities of his new bride, he suggested that they build a new house. But Kay, knowing Clark's great love for the ranch, assured him that it was an ideal place for Joan and Bunker to grow up. Strangely, Kay has never resented her husband's "perfect marriage" to Carole. It was not a part of her life with Clark and never an obstacle. Her feelings were dramatically evidenced when she buried her husband in a grave next to Carole's at Forest Lawn Memorial Park. There is a third crypt adjacent to those of Carole and Clark. It will be Kay's final resting place.

But Gable's reluctance to bring Kay to Encino was understandable. He had brought Carole there when they were "King and Queen" of Hollywood and a gay, festive air swirled about its 22 acres of orchards and gardens. It terminated abruptly in January of 1942. Three years after her marriage, Carole and 21 other passengers were killed when their airliner crashed into Table Rock Mountain near Las Vegas, Nevada. Gable, waiting in Los Angeles, immediately chartered a plane and sped to Las Vegas. Red-eyed and unshaven, he rushed out to the foothills, desperately hoping to hear that his wife had miraculously survived. He found no miracle; Carole was dead.

For seven months Gable was a brooding, broken man. He shunned the parties and the gay companions he and Carole had known, spending the days alone at his ranch. Then, in the summer of 1942 he quietly enlisted in the Army and flew with the U.S. Eighth Air Force in Europe, making occasional bomber sorties over Nazi territory.

No sooner had Clark married Kay than the scars left by the Lombard tragedy began to fade. Most of the Gables' friends still marvel at the interests Kay and Clark shared, and their easy, bantering relationship. "They always looked like newlyweds," says British society publicist Lee Anderson. "They had a happiness few of us are fortunate to know. In their home, love filled every room, and we all were warmed in the glow."

They entertained few close friends: the Robert Taylors, the John Lee Mahins—a contrast to the parties Carole Lombard had hosted.

In 1956, when Kay suffered an attack of angina pectoris, an extremely painful heart disease, Clark moved into a hospital room next to hers for three weeks, never leaving her side. She convalesced in their white brick home, surrounded with fine antiques, most of which were selected by Carole Lombard. The rooms are clearly designed for comfort, with sturdy, masculine furniture set off by bronze lamps, pewter mugs and pictures of the wildlife Gable loved to hunt.

Those closest to the Gables credit Kay with finding the key to their happiness. Howard Strickling, head of publicity for M-G-M and who was perhaps Clark's closest friend, says: "Kay made up her mind to be a part of his life. And she was. Whatever Clark wanted to do was fine with Kay. She learned to hunt and ride horseback, and like it. She was more than a wife. She was Clark's favorite companion and friend."

Another thing they shared was humor, and such recollections still made Kay smile. "One time Clark couldn't get into a formal suit," she recalls. "And I remember exactly what he had to say: 'I think I've eaten my way out of the picture business!' "

With that the "King" and his wife began a diet. "Mr. G. had put on 32 pounds of beef," Kay smiled, "and I was 12 pounds for the worse —right around the middle. So we went on a diet. And, by golly, it wasn't long before Clark could get back into that suit."

Kay loved to twit Clark about his fame as a great screen lover, a reputation which embarrassed him no end. "Pa, please show me that famous Gable sex appeal," she would say—and Clark would respond with a broad grimace, as if overcome with an attack of indigestion.

Strange women pursued Gable wherever he went, but their attempts to entice him only amused Kay. "One high light of our trip to Europe in 1959," she remembers, "was a darling Austrian maid who served us apple strudel while dressed in a red Bikini. Our cook went into shock, and I threw a lap robe over the girl. She was only 16 and I think she wanted to go to Hollywood. Instead, we packed her back to Mama. Clark thought the whole thing was hilarious."

Kay's sense of humor also was the instrument she used for telling Clark that he would be a father. Throughout their marriage, they had a routine when Clark returned at the end of the day. It went like this:

Clark: "Ma, I'm home."

Kay: "Okay, Pa. I'm here, too."

On the day Kay discovered she was pregnant, Clark shouted his routine greeting. But this time Kay responded:

"Okay, Pa. WE'RE here, too!"

News of the expected baby filled Gable with pride and a sense of fulfillment. The announcement was made in Reno, Nevada, where the Gables had set up housekeeping for his last picture—*The Misfits.* This time they were sure there would be no heartbreak as there had been in 1955, when Kay had miscarried.

"This is a wonderful dividend I hadn't expected so late in life," Clark proclaimed proudly.

Kay scurried around Reno buying baby clothes and nursery items. Her favorite purchase was an antique 1815 wooden cradle for a brand new Gable. "My wife and I spent a week with Clark and Kay up there," John Mahin remembers. "Boy, were they excited. They bought a book and we spent hours looking up names for the baby. Clark changed his mind every few minutes."

In Reno, as was the case whenever they lived on location while Clark was making a movie, the Gables became part of the community—at Kay's instigation. Basically, Clark was shy and introverted, and enjoyed the private "Ma and Pa" solitude that was so much a part of their relationship.

For *The Misfits,* however, they transplanted their Encino ranch life to Reno, shipping some of their furnishings to a large rented house on the outskirts of the city. Bunker and Joan joined them there. Clark liked to sit around talking to the townspeople. He rarely discussed the picture business, deftly maneuvering conversation around to his favorite subject, automobiles.

Kay's effervescence loosened some of Gable's shyness with strangers—something even Carole Lombard had not been able to accomplish. As a result, Clark never failed to pose for a camera-toting fan. But Bunker refused flatly when asked to pose for a snapshot with his famous father. "It's my fault," Clark told the crestfallen photographer. "I told him never to have his picture taken with an actor."

GABLE MARVELED at the companionship he found with young Bunker and Joan. When he was seriously considering proposing to Kay, his greatest doubts involved becoming a stepfather. He had never spent much time around children and was uneasy with them. Mahin recalls Gable's qualms about inheriting two children, then four and five years old: "He always said he would make a lousy father because he was impatient and selfish. But if there were two things Clark wasn't, it was impatient and selfish. He was a very gentle man. And after he married Kay, he treated Bunker and Joan as if they were his very own. He talked about the kids like any father brags about his children."

"I love them both very much," Gable told me shortly before his death. "Of course I've come to think of them as my own. And it's fun raising youngsters at this stage in my life. Everything is new to them. Seeing things through their eyes gives me a fresh outlook on life, too. I couldn't be more pleased."

The youngsters and their maid shared one of two guest cottages on the ranch, but every night was family night when Clark wasn't away making a picture. Evenings were spent in the den, where they all watched TV. Only when Kay pleaded often and compellingly would Clark run off one of his old movies. Earlier, when Clark returned from the studio—or 18 holes of golf—Kay invariably had two before-dinner vodka and grapefruit cocktails waiting—along with popcorn, peanuts and sliced pickles.

It was an ideal life, a dream come true for both Clark and Kay. Five full years of contentment, the riches of marriage and a serene future. Again, the script should have read, "And they lived happily ever after."

But last November 6, Clark suffered the first of two heart attacks that were to bring this dream world crashing down. After Gable's death, friends vainly implored Kay to leave the ranch, where everything reminded her of her loss. "I could never think of leaving this place," she said. "Sitting here seeing the things that were ours, I have the feeling Clark knows what we are doing and that he wants us to stay."

Last March, Kay returned to Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital to give birth to her child, checking into Room 411, two floors directly above the one in which Clark had died. "I'm happy, but a little bit sad," she told me then. "It's awfully lonesome here without Clark. I'd been counting on him being here."

On March 20, Kay Gable was wheeled into the delivery room. Watching the Caesarean operation reflected in the surgical lamp above her, she saw her eight-pound son come into the world. Subsequently, the boy was named John Clark Gable. "Movie fans all wanted a Clark Jr.," Kay says, "but Pa felt that would have been too much of a handicap for the child to bear."

Now that the furor has abated, Kay has turned to answering personally the thousands of condolence letters sent to her from all parts of the world. Her future plans are not yet formulated, but Clark left her well provided for. She receives $6,000 a month from an estate in excess of $1,000,000.

"All I have to remember is how blessed I am to have three beautiful children and a lovely home," she says. "And I've started attorneys working on a plan for a Clark Gable Heart Fund, something like the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. I know Clark would have approved."

As summer approached Kay also supervised the construction of a new wing of the Encino ranch. "Clark and I had planned for a long time to add another wing to the house for the children," she said. "Clark worked on the plans himself. It's one of the few things in his life that he ever started and didn't complete. Watching it take form is another priceless link with Pa."

Kay Gable paused and stared at a portrait of Clark Gable. "If he could have held the baby just five minutes. Just five minutes, so he could have seen his dream come true. My son, Bunker, helped me so much the other day when I told him how wonderful it would have been if Clark had had a few moments with John in his arms. He said, 'Mother, who do you think John is smiling at when he looks up at the sky and grins? He's smiling at Pa!' "

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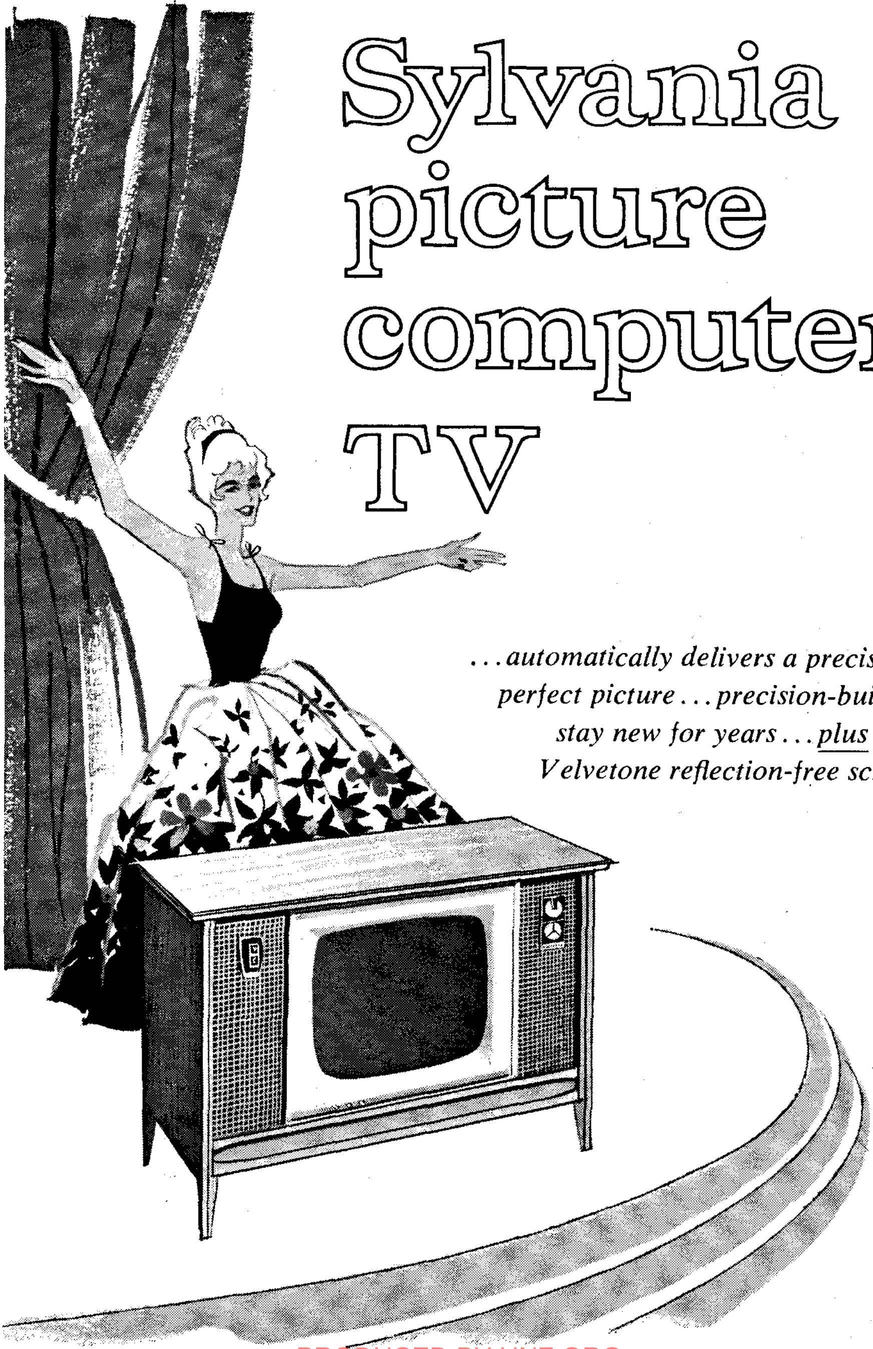
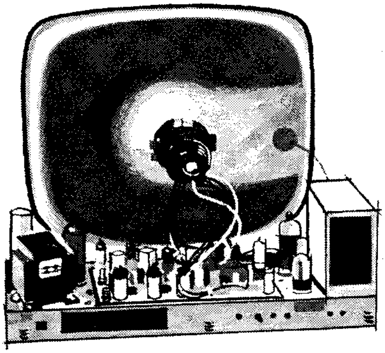


. . . automatically delivers a precision-perfect picture . . . precision-built to stay new for years . . . plus new Velvetone reflection-free screen

Why picture-computer TV delivers precision performance every time

First, Sylvania puts a full complement of fine-tuning controls at your finger tips—including TV's best horizontal-linearity control and all other controls you need to accurately maintain a perfectly proportioned picture.

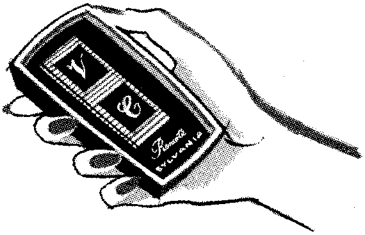


Then, once you "program" your set by adjusting to the exact tuning, brilliance, contrast and focus you want, the new Sylvania TV *remembers*—and doesn't forget—to deliver precisely the picture that is just right for you.

Built in is an automatic signal selector that rejects interference from adjacent channels — even in heavily overlapping broadcast areas. Every picture tube contains the precision automatic Accura-tronic Focus Gun that gives more detail to every inch of the picture; focus stays sharp and clear.

This superb new Sylvania picture is easier to watch on the new Velvetone reflection-free screen, that minimizes distracting reflections from lamps, windows and floors.

The new remote control—containing computer-type components — turns the set on, off, changes channels, and adjusts volume to your taste (an optional extra on many models).

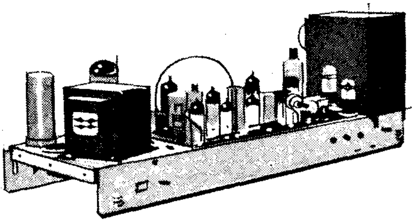


In short, here is performance that cannot be surpassed — in picture quality and in the unprecedented pleasure and convenience of TV that virtually "thinks" for itself!

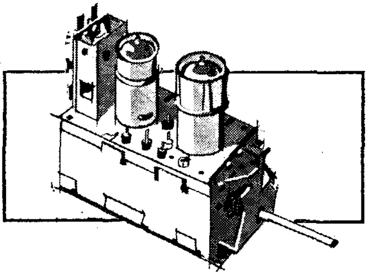
How picture-computer TV is built to deliver new-set performance for years

Right from the start, every Sylvania set is designed with simplicity, tested in depth and assembled with quality components specially constructed for long life.

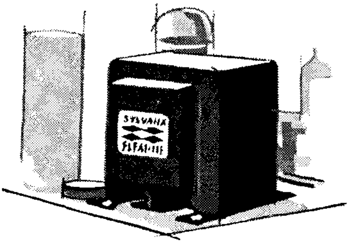
Here are just a few of the many examples of engineering ingenuity and painstaking effort that go into making Sylvania TV truly trouble-free:



- The new GT-555 Chassis that "cruises" at only 60% to 75% of the rated capacity of critical tubes and components. Result: maximum performance with minimum strain and heat on vital parts for longer life.



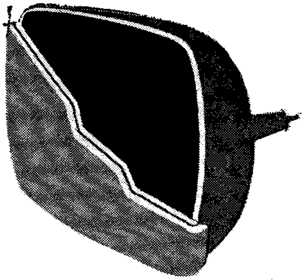
- A tuner that automatically cleans its own contact points. Result: tuner stays free of dirt and corrosion, a major cause of tuner failure.



- A new exclusive Sylvania-designed power transformer that is smaller, more efficient – welded rather than bolted together, and sealed in Epoxy. Result: it is more reliable, minimizes annoying transformer hum.

- A high voltage transformer specially insulated with Mylar. Result: it prevents picture arcing and failure in high humidity areas.

- An etched circuit board—of the same type used in virtually all high-speed computers—that is 100% circuit-tested with every connection doubled-sealed for assured performance. Result: more efficiency and reliability than hand-wired circuits. Human error is virtually eliminated.

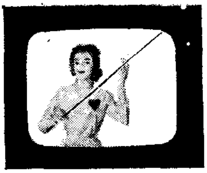


- A shatterproof safety shield that is bonded right to the face of the picture tube. Result: dust that can dim picture brightness is locked out, contrast is improved, and you enjoy extra safety in your home.

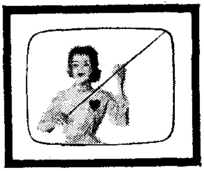
Without question, your new Sylvania TV is built the right way to give you the rich rewards of quality and craftsmanship now and for years to come. It is another quality product of Sylvania, a subsidiary of General Telephone & Electronics Corporation, a world leader in communications.

All this and exclusive HaloLight® too

Sylvania Woodblend HaloLight surround-lighting makes the picture more pleasant to see, sets off words and pictures in a cool, white frame of light. When the picture is off, HaloLight changes color, matches the wood finish of the cabinet.



Ordinary TV



Sylvania TV with HaloLight

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Every Picture-Computer TV console and table model comes to you with this factory-backed proof of quality:

- full 90-day warranty on parts and tubes
- full year warranty on famous Sylvania Silver Screen 85 Picture tube
- five-year warranty on power transformer
- five-year warranty on deep-etched circuit board
- lifetime warranty on exclusive HaloLight surround-lighting

All this, plus the Good Housekeeping Guaranty Seal.

Sylvania written warranty covers free replacement through selling dealer of any new part shown defective in normal use. Shipping and labor extra.

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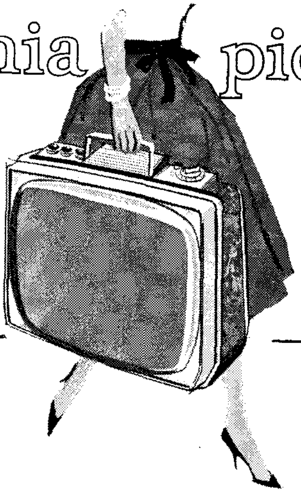
SEE NEXT PAGE FOR EXCITING PREVIEW OF MODELS

New for '62 Sylvania picture



PORTABLES

The Rio *19"* squared de luxe portable.* Reflection-free screen. Super-Distance tuner. 25-tube performance. Shatterproof screen for extra safety. Choice of 4 color combinations. Model 19P11.

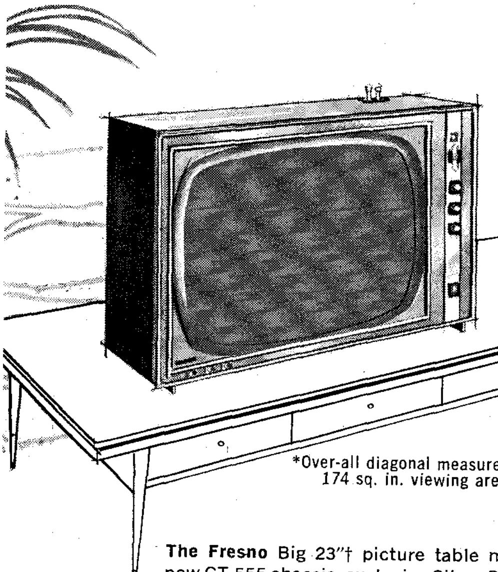
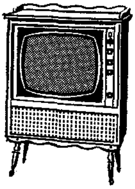


TABLE MODELS

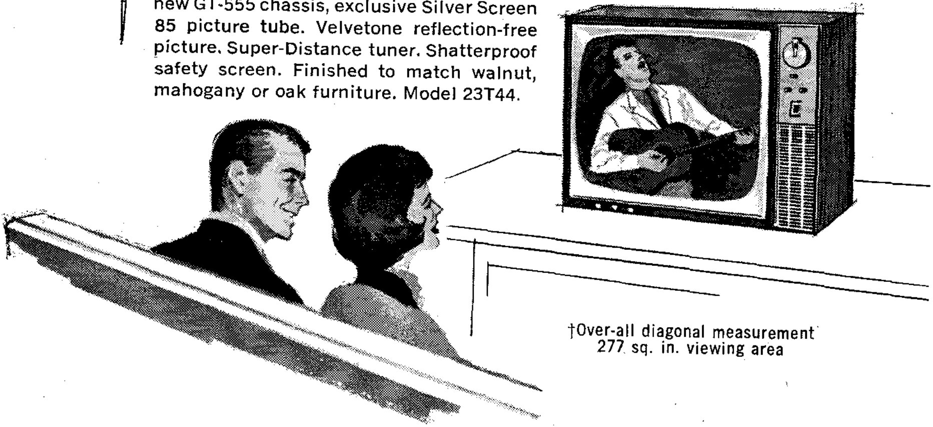
The Riviera Smart new 19"* table model. Only 8½" deep, fits almost anywhere. Reflection-free picture. Super-Distance tuner. Shatterproof safety screen. Illuminated channel indicator. Finished to match mahogany, blonde, walnut furniture. Model 19T19.

*Over-all diagonal measurement
174 sq. in. viewing area



Model 19T19 converts to Console with slide-in cabinet, in choice of furniture-matching styles.

The Fresno Big 23"† picture table model, new GT-555 chassis, exclusive Silver Screen 85 picture tube. Velvetone reflection-free picture. Super-Distance tuner. Shatterproof safety screen. Finished to match walnut, mahogany or oak furniture. Model 23T44.



†Over-all diagonal measurement
277 sq. in. viewing area

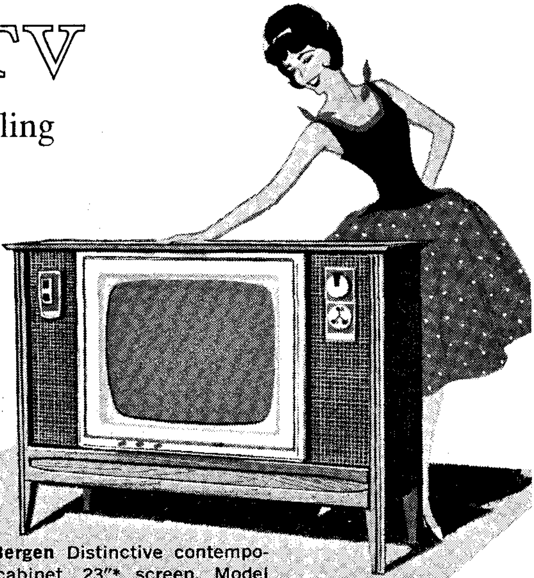
computer TV

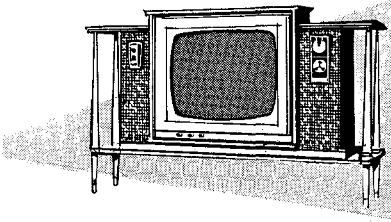
with International set styling

CONSOLES

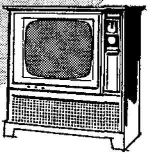
The Stockholm Big 23"* screen, sculptured Woodblend HaloLight. Exclusive Silver Screen 85 picture tube. Super-Distance tuner. New GT-555 chassis. Shatterproof safety screen. Illuminated channel selector. Furniture-fashioned cabinet of walnut veneer. Remote control. Model 23L51.

*Over-all diagonal measurement
275 sq. in. viewing area



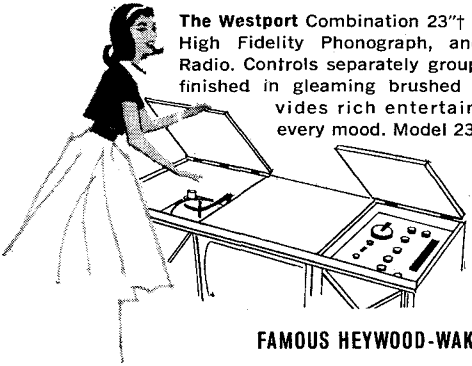


The Bergen Distinctive contemporary cabinet. 23"* screen. Model 23L52.

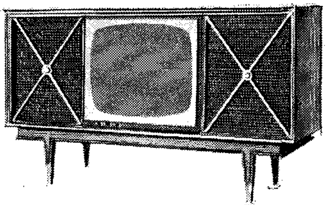


The Ann Arbor Fine furniture styling. Casters. 23"* screen. Woodblend HaloLight. Model 23V50.

HOME ENTERTAINMENT CENTERS

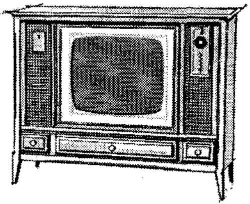


The Westport Combination 23"† TV, Stereo High Fidelity Phonograph, and AM/FM Radio. Controls separately grouped, panel finished in gleaming brushed gold. Provides rich entertainment for every mood. Model 23H54.



†Over-all diagonal measurement
277 sq. in. viewing area

FAMOUS HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD STYLING



The Fascination 23"* Reflection-free picture. Remote Control. Woodblend HaloLight. Magnificent transitional cabinetry: solid birch hardwood finished in topaz or walnut. Tambour doors, pewter trim. Model 23C38.

See these and other models of the new Picture-Computer TV at your Sylvania dealer's. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages. For folders of the complete Sylvania TV, Radio, Phono or Hi-Fi lines write Dept. "CO," Sylvania Home Electronics Corp., Batavia, N.Y.

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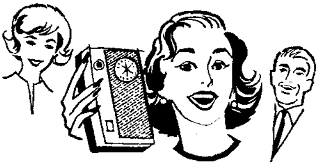

THE PLAYMASTER

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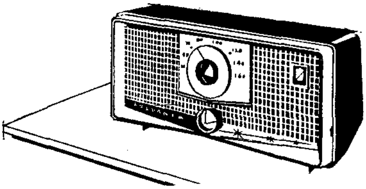

THE SYMPHONETTE 1

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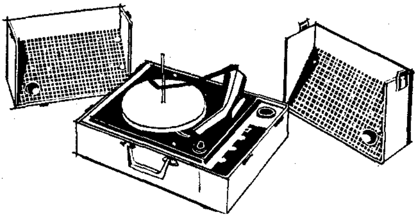

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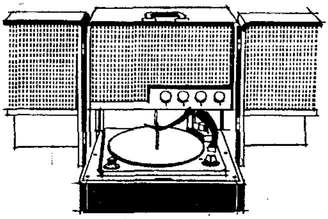
4-speed automatic stereo phonograph. Compact, light, easy to carry. Two 5" speakers in detachable lid enclosures. 18-ft. audio cable for that wall-to-wall sound. Ultrasmart two-tone color combinations. Tough vinyl finish. Model 45P21.



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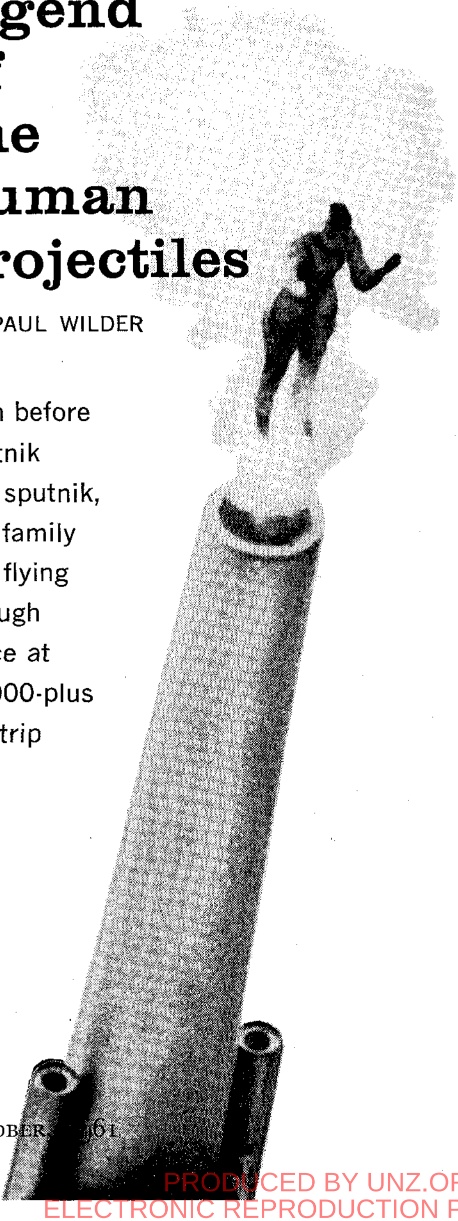
GENERAL SYSTEM

The incredible legend of the human projectiles

BY PAUL WILDER

Even before muttnik and sputnik, this family was flying through space at $1,000-plus per trip



When the Russians shot their first "muttnik" into the skies, a Chicago reporter telephoned a member of the Zacchini family—the human cannon balls of circus fame—to ask if any of them would volunteer to be the first man into outer space.

Egizio Zacchini, son of Edmondo Zacchini, the first cannon projectile, answered the phone. "Oh, no," he gasped, "it's too dangerous." (Egizio, or Eddie as he's known professionally, has been shot out of a cannon hundreds of times.)

"But," he added thoughtfully, "you might ask my Uncle Hugo."

Uncle Hugo, second eldest of the original seven projectiles, is regarded by the family as the most daring of all the Zacchinis. He's been shot out of a cannon by his own estimate, 11,000 times. At the age of 61 he is contemplating more shots—after he recuperates from last year's shoulder injury, suffered when he hit a trapeze guy wire in Washington, D.C.

Hugo told the Chicago interviewer he would be glad indeed to make the first jump into outer space. Then he proceeded to give the U.S. a lecture on how it should handle its missile program.

"If they would use the principle of our cannon," said Hugo, graduate in engineering from Milano University in Italy, "they could get their missiles eight miles into the air without wasting all that precious fuel for take-off."

The secret of the Zacchini cannon's propulsion of human missiles is not the flash of fire and loud boom that accompany the emergence of a Zacchini from the 23-foot barrel. Nor is it a spring, which characterized many of the earlier cannon acts.

The boom and the flash are just showmanship. What really makes the cannon work is a device constructed by Edmondo Zacchini and improved through the years. A Zacchini won't let you look inside a cannon because the secret of their machinery is what's kept them in the top rank of show business for nearly a third of a century.

But inventor Edmondo, 63, graduate in engineering from Turin Polytechnic Institute in Italy, doesn't mind telling the principle.

"Inside the cannon is a piston," he says, "and a tube that the human body just fits into. A man climbs into that piston tube, a trigger-man presses the button and the piston begins moving at a gradually accelerated speed.

"After it has moved one foot, it is traveling at 50 miles an hour. At seven feet, the Zacchini is moving at 100 miles an hour. When the piston reaches the mouth of the cannon it is stopped by a shock absorber. The Zacchini is traveling at 150 miles an hour."

It is this controlled acceleration that accounts for the fact that no Zacchini has ever been killed in the cannon. More than 23 other circus performers have died in other types of cannon mishaps—but never a Zacchini. The power that makes this gradual propulsion possible is compressed air at 225 pounds pressure per square inch.

So far as anybody knows, none of the rocket experts at Cape Canaveral paid any attention to Hugo's lectures. But it is interesting to note that today's Polaris missiles are fired from submarines by the same power which propels the Zacchinis into the compressed air.

Accounts of the origin of the Zacchini cannon vary, but it is generally agreed that the idea came from Jules Verne's book, *A Trip To The Moon*. In the book, a man was shot to the moon in a rocket from a location near Tampa, Florida. Oddly, or perhaps logically, part of the huge Zacchini family today lives in Tampa and the rest in Sarasota, both on the Florida West Coast.

The father of the seven original cannoneering brothers was Hildebrando Zacchini, a skillful Italian artist who once found himself stranded in Argentina. The only painting job he could get was in a circus—decorating wagons, tent poles and the like.

Hildebrando was observant, learned the circus business, returned to Italy and formed his own show. It was a small circus, with every member of the family working as aerialists, clowns, horseback riders, everything. It prospered, and under the name of "The Olympic" finally reached the huge proportions of 80 performers and 40 horses.

During World War I, Hugo joined an infantry corps. He says he was shot down twice over Austria and Hungary, and after that he was never afraid of death again.

"The fear of death is a sickness to some," he says. "With Zacchinis, the fear of failure is a hundred times stronger than the fear of death." This perhaps explains the mental attitude of the Zacchinis, who seem so reckless and daring to other performers.

After reading Jules Verne's rocket book, Edmondo, the engineer, toyed with the idea that soldiers might be fired over enemy lines. He finally hit upon the idea of compressed air propulsion with gradually advanced speed.

He built an experimental cannon in Malta, and tried it out one day in 1922 when the family circus reached Cairo. Since he invented it, he insisted on being first to risk his life in the device. He was spewed out 20 feet, but his leg was splintered. As he lay in a Cairo hospital, Edmondo kept trying to figure out what went wrong. When he could hobble again, he redesigned the cannon. Brother Hugo went 30 feet farther—safely—in the second machine.

All in all, Edmondo broke the same leg five times, until he was permanently crippled. He then became a trigger-man to aim and set off the gun, while Hugo took over as the cannon ball.

The first public jump, of some 40 feet, was made in Cairo in 1922. It was a huge success. The crowds were amazed and awed. Fame of the act spread as the brothers took it to Damascus, Beirut, Jerusalem; then London and Paris and Rome; then Africa, India and South America.

In 1929 the American circus king, John Ringling, was in Germany looking for new talent for his "Greatest Show on Earth"—the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows.

Ringling saw Hugo perform in Copenhagen and offered him $750 a week to go to America. So Hugo, with brother Brundo as trigger-man, came to the U.S. to become the featured star of the Ringling show.

From that time to this, the Zacchini cannon act has climaxed every show in which it appeared. No other act is so daring, so brief (only three seconds) or so spectacular. No other act is able to follow it. It has to be a closer.

What women want in the men they marry—

Just what do women look for in a husband? A recent study has turned up some interesting—and surprising—answers.

Read what qualities are most in demand—and why—in October Reader's Digest. See how you (or your man) measure up. Don't miss "7 Virtues of a Perfect Husband," just one of more than 40 features in October Reader's Digest—now on sale!

While no Zacchini has been killed by the cannon, injury is regarded as a routine part of the business. "A Zacchini isn't a true Zacchini unless he's had five bones broken," Hugo declares.

What counts in a Zacchini flight, besides accuracy of the cannon's angle and expulsion power, is the ability of the man to "keep form" and, if need be, twist and turn in the air so that he will hit the 21′ x 50′ net. Once Hugo actually missed the net altogether. That was in Italy, when a change in climate caused him to miscalculate his speed and distance. He hit the edge of the net first and then the ground, but managed to fall like a tumbler. His leather suit protected him somewhat. But he suffered dislocations and terrible sprains, and was in a hospital for four weeks.

Once, in West Chester, Pennsylvania, Hugo missed the net with his body but managed to grasp the rope edge and break his fall. The flesh was ripped from the palms of his hands, the wrist ligaments were torn and his left knee was broken. He was back in the cannon after eight weeks.

In Beirut, Hugo suffered a spinal dislocation when he landed awkwardly on his back. In Lyons, France, he hit the net feet-first and shattered bones in both feet. Other Zacchinis have suffered similar injuries from all the various hazards of cannoneering.

In 1934, John Ringling wanted an even more spectacular cannon act. Hugo was flying through the air 150 to 175 feet, but that still wasn't enough for Ringling. He wanted *two* men to come out of the cannon. Hugo told him that would be easy. Then he went to see brother Edmondo in Florida. Edmondo came up with the idea of putting two pistons inside a single barrel. Brother Mario became the second bullet in the double act.

Mario was fired first, traveling at 100 miles an hour. A second later, Hugo emerged from the other side of the barrel, traveling at 150 miles an hour so he would overtake the slower-soaring Mario and pass him in mid-air. They landed on the net almost simultaneously.

This, of course, became by far the most dangerous act in show business, and once the two brothers actually collided in the air. But they managed to hit the net and survive, even though the Ringling show was

(*Continued on page* 130)

How to tap your energy reserves

The next time you feel "too tired to go on," try this famed doctor's practical suggestions for renewing your strength!

Hidden beneath normal fatigue is an amazing store of energy which can make your work easier—if you know how to use it!

In October Reader's Digest, you will find the key to this reserve power, as explained by the famous psychologist, William James. Read October Reader's Digest—now on sale!

Beauty consultant answers questions on skin care

Can face creams iron out wrinkles?

BY HELEN F. PORTER

IF I HAD A DIME for each time I've been asked if face creams really help wrinkles, I'd have salted away a pretty penny by now. For if there's one thing I've heard as a beauty consultant it's troubled questions about wrinkles. It seems that women of all ages are disappointed in the way face creams fail to solve this problem.

Well, from long experience, I can tell you that no cream is going to iron out wrinkles. But I can also tell you there is a cream that is just what women have been hoping for. It's light, greaseless and *poly-unsaturated*. It smooths-in in seconds and goes right to work on wrinkles . . . helping to soften the crevices, smooth facial lines and stave off the appearance of new wrinkles. Especially if you give yourself a nightly facial as I do.

Just cleanse your face with a warm cloth to open the pores to the full benefits of this poly-unsaturated cream. Next, smooth the cream on with your finger tips, circling up and out from your chin around your eyes. Then give special attention to wrinkles. Take a bit of cream, and use your finger like an iron—gently pressing and releasing. This contraction and relaxation works on the fatty layer below the skin and stimulates circulation.

Later, while you sleep (when skin cell renewal is at its peak), this new poly-unsaturated cream supplies the skin with *poly-unsaturates*. These natural elements are about 50% more abundant in skin at 20 than at 40. And this cream's unique formula contains *all 3* essential poly-unsaturates in totally fresh, *potent* form.

The name of this cream, in case you're wondering, is Polyderm, and it's made by Prince Matchabelli. I wish you'd give it a try, because I'm sure you'll be dedicated to Polyderm once you use it regularly. For if what happened to me happens to you, you'll be taking a second look in the mirror in no time, delighted to see how much softer, smoother and younger-looking your skin is.

But before you go out and buy a jar of Polyderm, here's a chance to try a week's supply, trial-size jar. Just send 25¢, your name and address to Polyderm, P. O. Box 59, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. If you can't wait to get started, Polyderm is at leading U.S. and Canadian stores for $2, $3.50, $5 plus tax.

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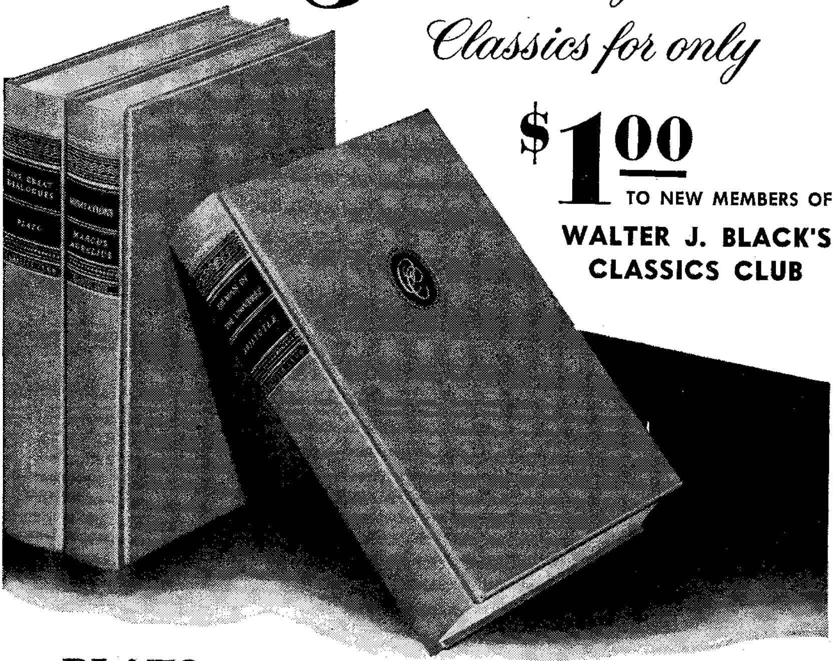

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—*Continued on Next Page*

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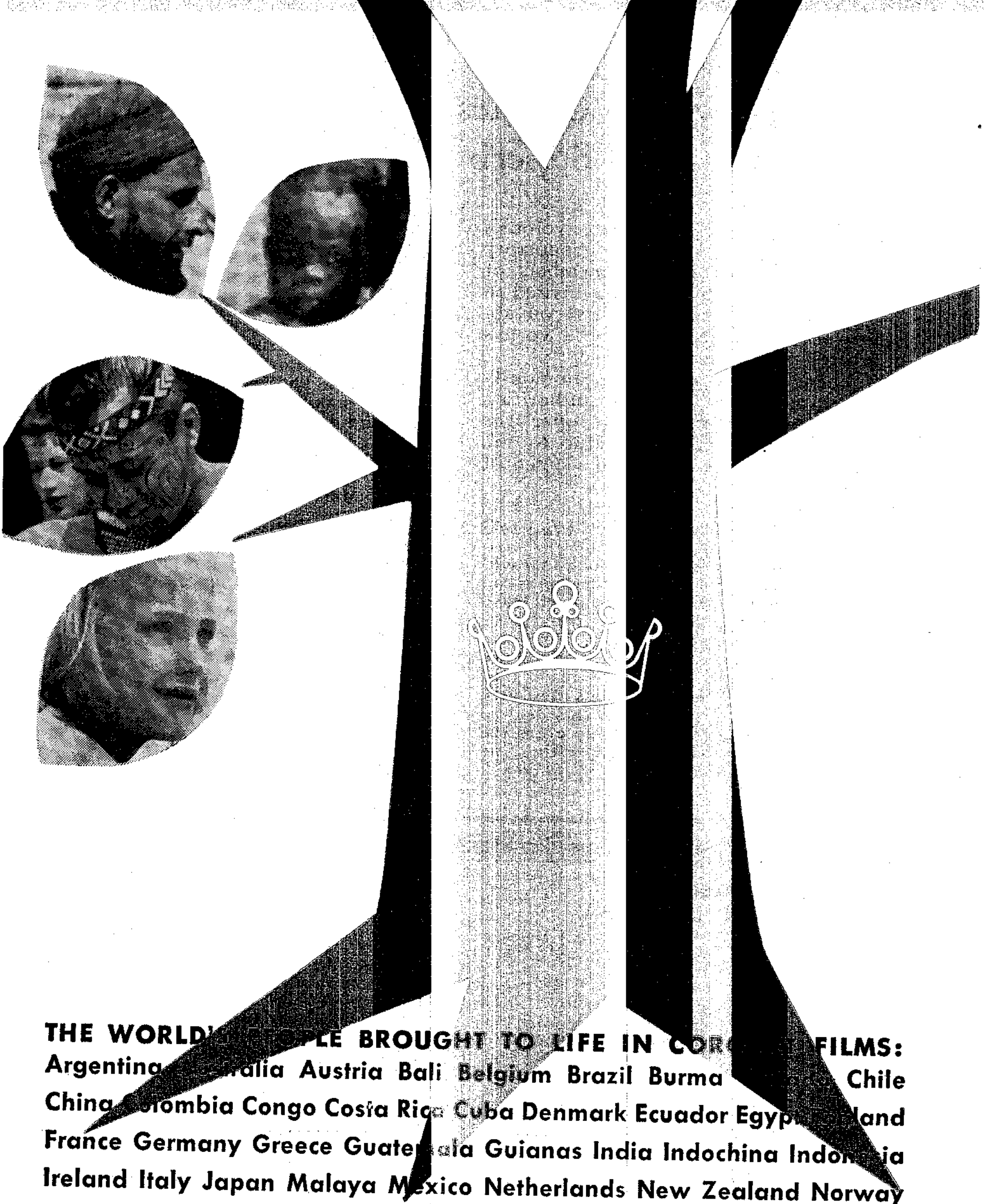

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(*Continued from page* 124)

out of "bullets" for two weeks.

Although Mario and Hugo were fired from the cannon from 1934 to 1939, they were constantly in trouble. Once Hugo was almost asphyxiated by fumes from the exploding gunpowder. He was dragged from the cannon unconscious, despite the danger of the piston going off during the rescue. Constant mishaps finally forced the abandonment of that double cannon.

Meanwhile, inventor Edmondo was busy building other cannons. Altogether, he has built 13. Each one cost from $20,000 to $25,000. Each is mounted on a huge truck, and is driven forward (the muzzle pointed toward the front). A Zacchini cannon may travel as much as 30,000 miles in a year.

Brother Vittorio became Edmondo's bullet and was fired twice daily for 14 years, until he went into defense work during World War II. Edmondo was seemingly out of ammunition as all the other brothers and inlaws went into service or defense work. Then Edmondo's two teenage daughters, Egle and Duina, almost literally "stepped into the breech."

They had been brought up in the family circus tradition and were accomplished aerialists, trapeze artists and trampoline acrobats. They wanted to become bullets. Edmondo at first hesitated, but the girls were Zacchinis, so he finally agreed to let them try. The girls found they could work interchangeably under the name of "Miss Victoria." If one suffered an injury, the other was ready to step in.

Demand for the lady cannon ball act grew. In 1948 Edmondo decided to build another double cannon, developing safety features from experience with the dangerous first double cannon. He tried it out one day in the back yard of his home, using sandbags as dummies. The gun worked perfectly.

Neighbors and friends gathered as the girls climbed into the double pistons. Their father shouted "Ready?" Back from the cavernous cannon mouth came two feminine voices: "Ready." Edmondo pressed the button, the cannon roared and belched smoke and then soaring into space was first Duina, then Egle. They landed perfectly—and thus launched the world's first sister cannon ball act.

For ten years, Egle was a star lady

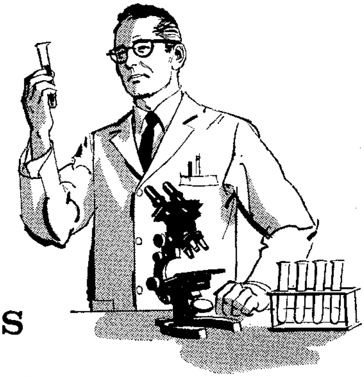
(*Continued on page* 132)

The Breast and its Mysteries

For ages, the female breast has been glorified by painters and poets. Yet its remarkable milk-producing abilities still remain a major mystery.

Medical science has learned amazing facts, however, about the breast's highly complex mechanism—as you'll discover in an absorbing article in October Reader's Digest. Don't miss this new issue—with its more than 40 absorbing articles and features—now on sale!

Now Possible to Shrink and Heal Hemorrhoids Without Surgery



Science Finds New Healing Substance That Stops Itch, Relieves Pain In Minutes As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids

By John E. Knight

A WORLD-FAMOUS institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief *in minutes* from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of the injured tissues all while it reduces painful swelling.

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Advertisement

(*Continued from page* 130)

cannon ball until she got married—to the co-owner of Royal American Shows, the nation's largest carnival midway—and is now the mother of a two-and-a-half-year-old girl.

Her sister Duina married a Nashville, Tennessee, attorney, and is now the mother of three children. However, she still performs occasionally. In 1957 she took part in the biggest act in Zacchini history when three human cannon balls were fired simultaneously in St. Louis, Missouri. Two were fired from the double cannon and one from the single cannon in the space of split seconds.

As the original seven brothers retired from cannon balling, their children took over. Of Edmondo's five children, four have been or are cannon balls. Bruno, on the road with a single cannon, used his daughter as human ammunition. Hugo has a son, 15, who is training to become a cannon man. Distances are being increased all the time. The Zacchinis go higher into the air, sometimes soaring over as many as three Ferris wheels at one time, to land on a net that can scarcely be seen from the cannon. Four cannons now roam the U.S. and Europe. America, which first imported the Zacchinis, now is exporting them as all have become citizens.

Still the highest-priced act in outdoor show business, it costs about $1,000 a shot for the single cannon act if you want to hire a Zacchini to perform. Biggest price paid for a single Zacchini shot was $3,000—on a Jack Bailey—*Truth or Consequences* TV show in California.

Kings of Italy, Denmark, England and Spain have decorated Zacchinis for their feats. One cannon was blessed by a cardinal at the doors of Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. Somebody was figuring the other day that the 16 Zacchini cannon balls in the last 38 years have been fired a total of some 22,000 times. At an average flight of 150 feet, that figures to more than 3,300,000 feet or 625 miles.

Not very far up, mind you, and not very far at a time. But with all the hazards of weather, wet nets, guy wires, tragedy on the circus lot preceding the act and other wreckers of the nervous system, it takes just about as much nerve for a Zacchini to make that cannon jump as it would for a space man to rocket into the ionosphere.

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The prowess of Prowse

by Cindy Adams

A question intriguing Hollywood these days is "Can Success Spoil Juliet Prowse?"

continued

The leggy redhead Frank Sinatra calls America's "sexiest dancer" has certainly achieved success, as it is measured in Hollywood. Within two years she has zoomed from a $300-a-week salary for her first film, *Can-Can*, to a $10,000 fee for appearing on *The Perry Como Show*. After Juliet's 36-24-37 proportions were on view in *Can-Can*, she was swiftly signed to co-star with Elvis Presley in *G.I. Blues*. Assignment to a second picture followed. For anyone else this would have been confirmation of success and cause for rejoicing. Not for Juliet.

She refused the role, earning an immediate suspension from her studio. One movieland executive summed up the annoyance of many in the film capital when he fumed, "Prowse is a cocky, arrogant kid who's been bumming around this business since she was 12 years old. Nothing is going to stand in her way."

Star-making producer Hal Wallis agrees. "She'll be buying Rolls Royces before long, and not through a finance company, either," he predicts. Show-business seers from Hollywood to New York concede that 25-year-old Juliet Ann Prowse (rhymes with browse) will be a big star. Juliet doesn't just *think* she'll reach the top—she *knows* it.

"Of course I'm ambitious," she admits. "I have possibilities to be great, and people who haven't got ambition never make the grade."

Prowse has more than ambition—she is powered with persistence and what she calls "the superhuman guts" to overcome all obstacles. For example, there was her spectacular recovery from a serious motor scooter accident in Paris a few years ago. The doctors who put her back together doubted she'd ever walk again, much less dance—one leg wouldn't bend at the knee. The pain was terrific. But six weeks of daily exercises, ironbound determination and her own instant pep-pill of "Give-me-dancing-or-give-me-death" put "Man O' War," as she's called by her agent, Eddie Goldstone, back in the running.

To directors who tag her temperamental, independent and demanding, she retorts airily, "Since my suspension I've heard I'm supposed to be 'difficult.' Just after this happened I was sitting in a restaurant with some friends when a well-known producer came by. He glared at me for a while then started shouting, 'Just who do you think you are in this business? You're nobody. You're a big nothing. What is it you've ever done? One lousy film and you think you're somebody. You and everybody connected with you are morons.'

"Well, I'm used to hard knocks. An incident like this angers me at the moment, but let's put it this way: it didn't ruin my day."

The "School of Hard Knocks," rather than Actors Studio has indeed been Juliet's alma mater. She was born in India. Her father died when she was a child and the family returned to his birthplace in South Africa. Her stepfather, a building contractor, mother and only brother, a doctor live there still.

She showed a performer's promise

in her early years: at four, dancing lessons; by nine, a multiple prizewinner; at 11, a producer, director and ballerina in ballets for the Red Cross. She even got Mama Prowse to prepare the toffee apples they sold for refreshments. By her 12th birthday she felt worldly enough to journey to Johannesburg for professional dancing instruction twice a week. This took an hour-and-a-half by bus. There were three hours of ballet in the afternoon and evening, then another bus ride and a walk in the pitch dark to friends where she'd stay overnight. Did this frighten her? Juliet's blue eyes widen in surprise at the question. "Afraid? Why should I be afraid? I've never been afraid of anything in my life."

At 17 the fearless redhead quit school over her mother's protests and left home permanently for Johannesburg, and a year later, London. That was eight years ago and she's only been home twice since.

There have been no backward glances. Not even at the handsome London medical student who, bewitched by Juliet, left his own sweetheart. "I was wild about him, crazy about him," sighs Juliet, "but I couldn't marry him and stay there. Not for anything in the world would I give up my career."

In London, Juliet weathered the first waves of defeat with characteristic confidence. The ballet companies clucked sadly over her five-feet-seven-and-one-half inches and 135 pounds. They pronounced her too tall. Shrugs Juliet, "I'd have cut my legs off if it would have helped. But if something's impossible to

(Continued on page 138)

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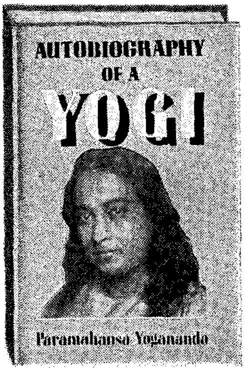

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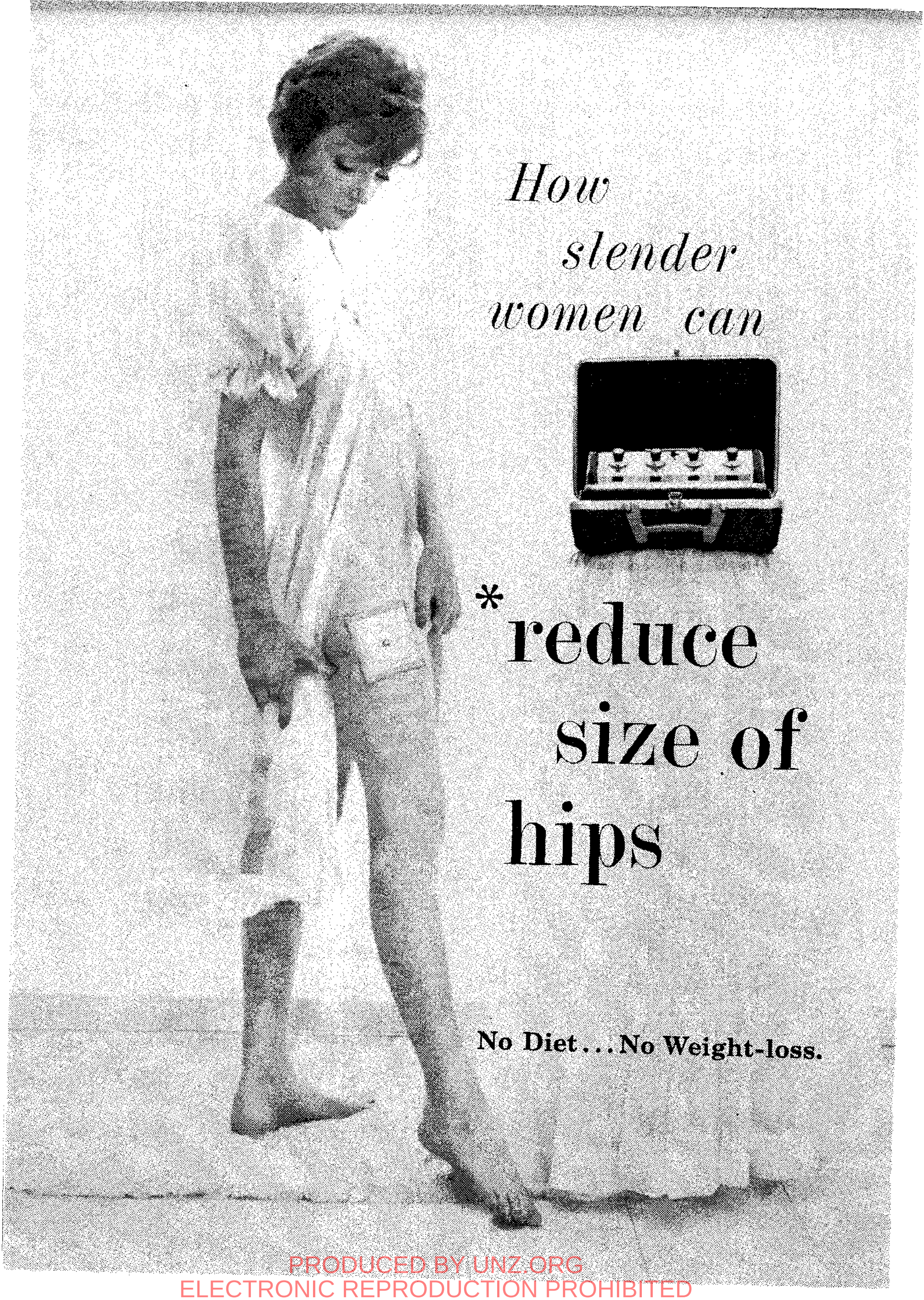

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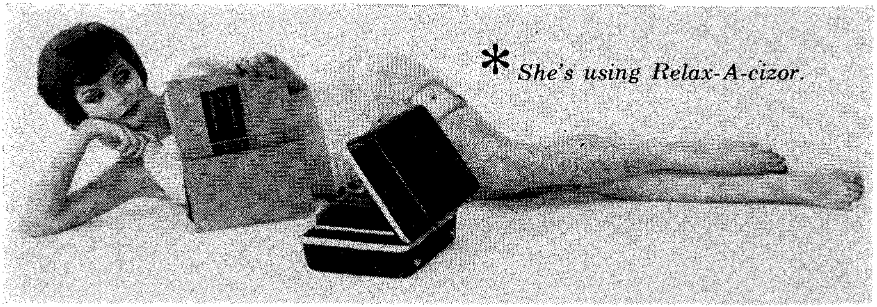

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STATE ____________________ PHONE ________ work out—forget it!"

Juliet believes the pattern of her life is preordained. "I believe in God, but don't pray for help," she says. "I wouldn't like to be disappointed. I feel if I get what I want I was right for it. If not, I don't cry over it. I don't believe in fighting World War III."

Her first steady job was as a chorine in a London musical revue. Unfamiliar with modern jazz, she studied the other dancers until the lead dancer fell ill. Juliet was named to fill the role. She worked until 3:30 A.M., returned for more the next morning at nine. When the curtain opened Juliet was ready. "I wasn't at all nervous," she recalls. "They wouldn't have picked me if I weren't capable."

Offers for a revue in Spain followed. Though she didn't know one syllable of Spanish, a minor difficulty like a foreign language was nothing to stand in her way. In two days she learned it phonetically. As she puts it, "I'll try anything and give it a good go. If they ask can you ski? I'd say sure! Horseback? Sure! Then I'd run around wildly and get lessons somewhere, but I'd always give it a good bash and try my best." And the girl who is accused of "throwing words around like a longshoreman when she wants to" added, "I couldn't even curse in Spanish. Fortunately I solved the problem by swearing in Italian."

In Rome, dance director Hermes Pan caught her act and filed her name for future reference. Two years later Pan was staging *Can-Can* for 20th Century-Fox when his star

(Continued on page 142)

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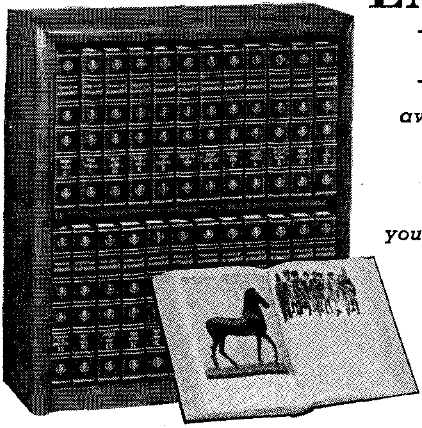

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dancer, Barrie Chase, went on suspension. Coincidentally, Juliet had sent him a note enclosing her return address, and quickly got the job.

The *Can-Can* contract called for her to report immediately. Unfortunately, she was under a long-term obligation to her Spanish employer. When she told him of her great good fortune he rejoiced with her, but explained he had no intention of releasing her. In response, Juliet coolly packed a bag, grabbed a plane and went AWOL on the booking in Spain.

Today she dismisses this with an airy, "I knew I'd make it here. But I'll tell you one thing. I'll never let myself slide. Before that happens I'll quit and voom! Back to Europe. I'll jump this contract like I did the one in Spain."

Juliet arrived in New York all alone, was met by nobody, changed planes for California, again was met by nobody and reported for work Monday.

On the first day of *Can-Can* shooting she met the man who has changed her luck and backed her career—Frank Sinatra. No one on the set knew who she was. To Frank, she recalls, she was just "some South African dame." That situation quickly became remedied. Before long Sinatra was playing Romeo to Juliet.

Sinatra booked her on his TV show and on dozens of dates, including the Inaugural Ball. Juliet is prompt to admit Sinatra helped her a great deal: "He's such a big name that anybody he dates automatically becomes famous."

Chummy with Elvis Presley during the filming of *G.I. Blues*, she developed the habit of dropping into his dressing room between scenes. For a gag, the cast would invariably hiss, "Hey Juliet, Frankie's coming." One day she ignored the signal thinking it was another false alarm, when sure enough, around the bend came Frankie.

"It was a big joke. We all laughed about it," says Juliet. "There was really nothing between Elvis and me. Reporters, naturally, made up triangle stories about the three of us. It was good publicity for my career. I wouldn't have gone so fast without Frank. Somebody else would have come later, but he gave me the boost."

Few dancers work as hard as Juliet Prowse. In a state of Yoga-like concentration, she logged 70 hours practice time for her four-minute appearance on this year's Academy Award telecast. Choreographer Roland Dupree admiringly swears, "She has the strength of two women. Why, if you tell Juliet, 'Go out and do 20,000 pirouettes on Hollywood and Vine because it's good for your career,' she'll do it."

Aside from work, Juliet's pleasures are her Beverly Hill duplex apartment, her pedigreed boxer, "Lady," and fattening foods. Outwardly garrulous and gay, "Big Red" (another nickname) has only a handful of friends, all business associates; and predominantly male. "I don't confide entirely in anyone, not even those who think themselves my confidantes," declares "Big Red." "This way mistakes lie on *my* shoulder. Nobody makes mistakes for Juliet Ann Prowse."

A prime preoccupation these days is self-education via a set of encyclopedias and a self-expression which could never come from book learning alone.

"One thing bugging me about L.A. is it has no culture a-tall," she drawls in her half-British, half-Yankee slang. "Here, you're like a piece of flesh in a market. Twenty shanks are hanging up and nobody's tearing their hair out about one 'cause there are always 19 more. It's a real rat race. It's hysteriaville. And after one makes it there's the struggle to stay up there . . . why do I want to go through it? What makes a man want to conquer Mount Everest? What makes anyone want to fly around the moon in a rocket? Same thing!"

Suspensions notwithstanding, future commitments will net her about $1,000,000 by 1965. If someone should ask in a year or two, "Wherefore art thou, Juliet?" it seems a reasonably safe assumption she'll be able to answer, "On top, Daddio, on top."

ALL TOO TRUE

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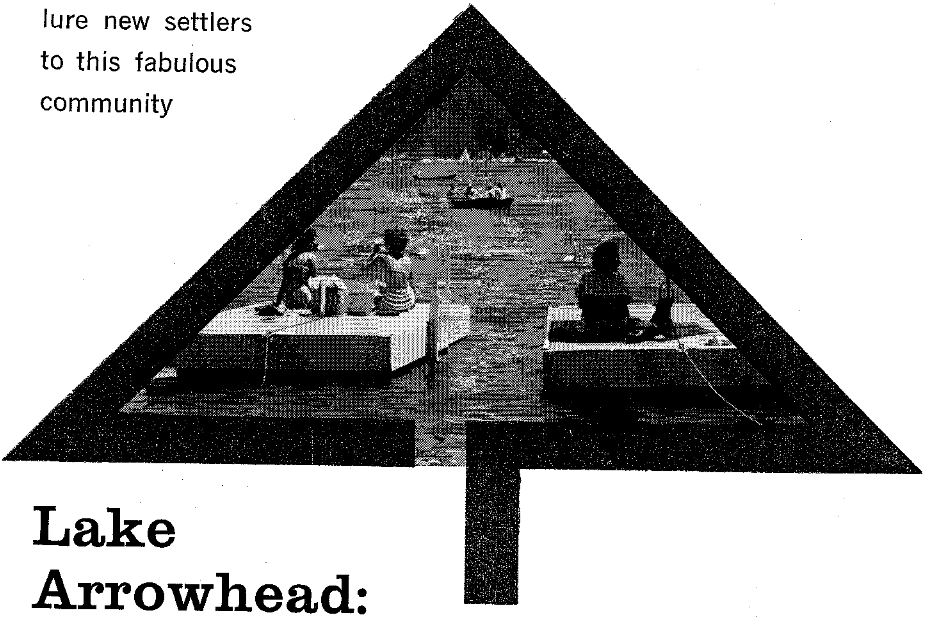

Lake Arrowhead: Eden in the clouds

BY JOHN CARLOVA

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN, according to one definition, is someone bored by sunshine and bedeviled by smog. Loyal natives, of course, refute the charge as a slur by envious outlanders. Yet there is enough truth in it to cause more and more residents to look hopefully into a fabulous new development at

Lake Arrowhead in the highlands above Los Angeles.

Lake Arrowhead is a mile-high wonderland, long famed for spectacular mountain scenery, majestic forests, sparkling clear air and colorful, dramatically shifting seasons. Until recently, however, it has largely been a private domain, reserved for those wealthy, fortunate or farsighted enough to have long ago acquired land there. Between 1946 and 1960, the area was withdrawn from the market and, as far as the average property seeker was concerned, became a "lost world."

It has now not only been restored to the market, but is on the verge of becoming a prime residential area with unusual recreational and cultural facilities. Yet, until 1907, Lake Arrowhead wasn't even a lake at all!

The first known white man to penetrate the area was Jedediah S. Smith, a Yankee fur trader. In 1827 he clambered over the towering peaks of the San Bernardino Mountains, surveyed with awe a vast, wooded valley where Lake Arrowhead now lies, and promptly became its first booster.

"It's a wondrous place," he poetically reported, "—like heaven with pine forests!"

Like heaven, it was also difficult to reach. It was not until 1852 that a colony of Mormons settled on the approaches to the San Bernardino Mountains. As other settlers flocked in, this territory expanded into the rich ranching, fruit-growing and industrial district surrounding the city of San Bernardino. A rugged, precipitous wagon track was carved out of the mountainsides and over the crest into the "wondrous" valley that Jedediah had discovered.

In 1893 it was decided to dam the high, well-watered valley. Fed by the springs and streams of the upper slopes, the valley soon became a breathtaking blue waterway in the pines. Eventually it was named after a nearby natural phenomenon, a giant arrowhead that is outlined on a hillside by outcroppings of quartz and granite.

The value of the lake as a vacation resort was obvious. Stretching finger-like in many directions, it measured two-and-one-half miles at its longest point, one mile at its widest and had 14 miles of shoreline. In 1921 a group of Los Angeles financiers bought the entire lake and the woods around it. Their aim was to make the resort exclusive, an intention which was furthered by the tortuous, ill-kept roads leading to it in those days. Only the wealthy or determined could enjoy the splendors of Arrowhead.

Then, in 1946, the Los Angeles Turf Club purchased the lake and surrounding property and took it off the market. The Turf Club, which operates Santa Anita Race Track, has its fingers in many financial pies. Its purpose in buying Lake Arrowhead, it has variously been suggested, was to keep it private for members who had homes there, and as a long-term investment. Whatever the reason, the idyllic retreat remained out of reach of land buyers.

It took a dynamic former Navy man, Jules Berman, to break the deadlock. Berman, a successful Los

In 3,200-acre tract, available to public for first time in years, architecture ranges from Tudor post office on the left, to modernistic chalet on the right.

Angeles businessman, had acquired a great love of ships, boats and sailing during service in World War II. When he first visited Arrowhead, he was impressed by the tremendous possibilities of the lake as a sky-high water sports center. One day an aide walked into Berman's office and was startled to see Berman, pencil in hand, vigorously circling a section of a huge map he had spread out on the floor.

"What's that?" the aide asked.

"That's Lake Arrowhead," Berman declared, "and I'm going to buy it!"

And buy it he did. In 1960, Los Angeles financial and real estate circles were surprised to hear that Berman's company had purchased Lake Arrowhead, Lake Arrowhead Village and 3,200 surrounding acres. The price: $6,500,000. Soon afterward Berman's outfit, the Lake Arrowhead Development Company, announced it was converting the area into "The Resort of the Four Seasons" and making land available for the first time in 15 years.

Those years had made drastic changes in the relationship of the once-remote resort to the outside world. High-speed freeways and well-paved mountain roads had placed it only 70 miles from Los Angeles—but well above the smog level. San Bernardino city was "just at the bottom of the hill"—within reach of workers who might want to commute. Like spokes of a wheel, highways led to the lake from San Francisco, San Diego, Mexico, Palm Springs, Las Vegas and Reno. Regular bus service was provided and a helicopter link between Arrowhead and Los Angeles was planned. University of California experts were brought in to work on a far-reaching plan to make Arrowhead a model community. The basic idea is to preserve the best of the past and build imaginatively for the future, avoiding the mistakes of other boom areas which mushroomed into directionless bad taste and inefficiency during the years that Lake Arrowhead was lying dormant.

Architecturally, for instance, the developers intend to expand on the charming Alpine aspect of the village and the homes already situated around the lake. With their steeply-sloping roofs and chalet-like décor, these have a distinctive but strangely indefinable style. Visitors have been heard to exclaim, "Why, it's just like the Alps!"—or Austria, or Italy, or the Canadian Northwest, or Alaska, or the mountains of New England, or any of a dozen other picturesque localities.

Other newcomers have been known to gaze at the unforgettable scenery and murmur, "I have the strangest feeling I've been here before." They probably have—in the movies. The lake and its photogenic background have "doubled" in scores of motion pictures for international settings.

The stars and executives of Hollywood, in fact, were among the first to discover Arrowhead. Today they still favor the area, and the faces of Dan Duryea, Loretta Young and many others are familiar in the village; along with Tom Harmon, former football great and now a sportscaster, and Los Angeles Dodger chief, Walter O'Malley.

The privacy of such celebrities—and, for that matter, of any home-

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owner seeking the quiet life—is not likely to be endangered by the new deal at Arrowhead. The lake and village are still private and under control of the developing company. The clubhouse itself will contain bowling alleys, card rooms, steam rooms and an Olympic-sized swimming pool. The bridle paths of the area, winding through the pungent pine forest, are already in use—as are summer and winter ice-skating rinks, beaches and the myriad activities on the lake itself.

The yacht club caters to both sailing and power-boat fans. Sailing enthusiasts say the mountain breezes gives added zing to their pleasure, and water skiers claim the smooth surface of the lake is among the best in the world for their sport. Skin diving in the crystal-clear depths of the lake is also a popular recreation. A ski run is now being built, and just in case nature doesn't always cooperate in California, Berman is importing a "snow-making" machine. Dancing and social activities in Arrowhead Village will center on a lakeside pavilion now being built. There is already a movie house in the village, and the rich talents of Hollywood will be drawn on for a proposed Workshop Theater.

Probably the most ambitious and potentially rewarding project of all is planned by designer Sheldon Marks, who will head the Lake Arrowhead Center of Living Arts. Internationally known artists, craftsmen and teachers will participate on a year-round basis. Regular classes, exhibitions and seminars will be conducted and a yearly festival held. Musical concerts—jazz as well as classical—are also planned.

Nor will the small fry be forgotten. Nipo Strongheart, an American Indian chief of the Yakima tribe of Washington, who is an expert on crafts and folklore, is being brought to Lake Arrowhead to set up a program for youngsters.

All these educational ventures will be carried out in cooperation with the University of California, which already has established a conference center at Arrowhead. Company officials are currently discussing a long-range community development program with university experts in city planning, business administration, industrial relations, physical education, political science, engineering and sociology. At the conference center, meetings of great minds in science, literature, medicine and philosophy have already been held and many more are scheduled.

In this regard, the atmosphere of Arrowhead has proved as inspiring mentally as it is invigorating physically. After a recent conference, a poet exuberantly went water skiing, while on a chalet balcony overlooking the lake, an engineer pensively composed a sonnet.

This stimulating combination of thought and action is rapidly permeating the new Arrowhead. A strong community spirit, long held in leash by property restrictions, is now making itself felt.

Walter O'Malley, a newcomer but a fervent booster of the area, is donating thousands of tickets to Dodger games to finance teen-age recreational facilities. Bill Shuss, the bank manager, has organized a Dixieland band—"The Hi-Altitude Five"—to play at local events. Fay Boileau, proprietor of a sportswear shop and long-time resident, is an ardent advocate of Arrowhead for year-round living—an idea which is not hard to sell. Winters in the mountains are cold but bracing, and the snow-mantled peaks take on an aura of enchantment.

The cycle and contrast of seasons at Arrowhead, in many instances, lure residents from "down the hill" —the local lingo for the heavily populated flatlands.

One such convert, Carl Webster, explained: "My wife and I lived in a nice enough neighborhood. Typically Southern California, you might call it—a few thin palm trees poking up into the bare sky and, overall, that perpetual hazy sunshine. Spring, summer, autumn, winter—it was all the same. We got sick of sunshine and tired of the monotony. Then we began coming up to Arrowhead. We saw the leaves turning red and brown in autumn; we learned the delight again of snowflakes fluttering down in winter; we saw nature unfold and blossom in the spring. Believe me, just as soon as I retired and property became available at Arrowhead, that's where we headed!"

The Websters are by no means the only ones who have taken to year-round living in the high mountains. A recent census shows that 6,691 persons are living permanently in the Crest Forest District, including Arrowhead ele-

(Continued on page 152)

Can We Afford Ulcers?

How's your ulcer? That was the question on everybody's mind when doctors attending World Congress of Gastroenterology in Washington, D. C., indicated one out of ten men in the world today suffer from ulcers. Rich and poor alike pay a mounting bill of enormous cost for this common stomach ailment.

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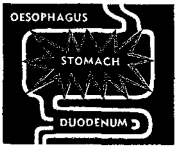

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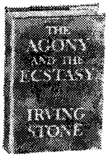
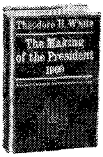

THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY
IRVING STONE

☐ **455. THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY** *by* IRVING STONE (Retail price $5.95)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The Making of the President 1960

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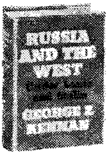
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GEORGE F. KENNAN

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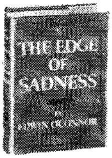
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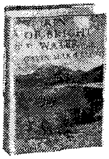

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TIMES THREE

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HARPER LEE

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Profiles IN Courage

☐ **465. PROFILES IN COURAGE** *by* JOHN F. KENNEDY. (Retail price $3.95)

JAPANESE INN

☐ **458. JAPANESE INN** *by* OLIVER STATLER Illustrated. (Retail price $6.50)

The MOST of P.G. Wodehouse

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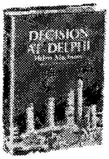
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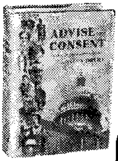
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THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

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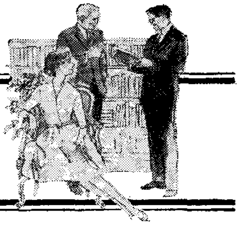

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GOOD SENSE FOR EVERY READING FAMILY

IF YOUR SELF-CHECK reveals that you have been missing the books you promise yourself to read because of irritating busyness, there is a simple way to break this bad habit: membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club. During the coming year, at least 200 books—which will surely be as interesting and important as those shown on these pages—will be made available to members. The members' prices for these Club choices are, on the average, 20% below the publishers' regular retail prices.

Your only obligation in the trial membership suggested here is to buy as few as three of these two hundred books, in addition to the three you choose from these pages. The latter will be sent to you immediately, and you will be billed one dollar for each of them (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

If you continue after the trial membership, with every second Club choice you buy you will receive a valuable Book-Dividend averaging more than $7 in retail value. Since the inauguration of this profit-sharing plan, $255,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned as Book-Dividends. Isn't it good sense, for the year ahead, at least to make this trial, and get back into the habit of book reading?

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Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club* and send the three books whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $3.00 (plus postage and handling). I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections—or alternates—during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying three Club choices (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). The price will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. After my third purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend* with every second Selection—or alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.) **PLEASE NOTE:** A Double Selection—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a *single book* in reckoning Book-Dividend credit and in fulfilling the membership obligation to buy three Club choices.

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Selections and alternates for Canadian members are usually priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto *duty free*, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

**Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada* mentary schools in the area—run by the San Bernardino County School District—have a total of 1,120 pupils. Complete police and fire protection is provided by the county. In addition, a hospital and clinic are located at Arrowhead, and telephone, power, water and natural gas facilities are available.

To preserve the natural grandeur of the region, a supervisory committee keeps close watch on all building activities. Although new and improved access roads are being bulldozed into the subdivided sections, not one tree has been destroyed unnecessarily. The hiking trails, both scenic and challenging, are similarly conserved.

Efforts also are being made to keep wild life from fleeing from Arrowhead. The woods abound with squirrels, deer, raccoons, beavers, blue jays and chickadees. Some residents have followed the lead of the John E. Winns and set up "squirrel cafeterias"—trays fixed to trees and loaded with goodies. The lake is stocked with large trout by the California Fish and Game Commission.

Not far from the lake is Santa's Village, a tiny community simulating the headquarters of jolly old Saint Nick. One of the high lights of the Christmas season at Arrowhead is a visit from the patron saint of the season. One year, while a festive crowd waited, Santa put through a phone call from his starting point higher up in the mountains.

"I can't make it," sheepishly admitted the figure so often pictured soaring through storms and over rooftops. "I'm snowed in." ♛

TRAVEL TALK

ASSUMING THEY WERE ready to take off, a perky stewardess on a commercial airlines plane in Memphis, Tennessee, glanced into the pilot's cabin, then ran red-faced to the entrance door which she had just closed, leaving the pilot outside and all the passengers carefully locked in.

—MRS. JAMES ALBERS

TRAVELERS AT A Western airport were startled to hear this extremely loud announcement blast forth from the public-address system: "Will the person who left his hearing aid on Flight 721 please report to the ticket counter!"

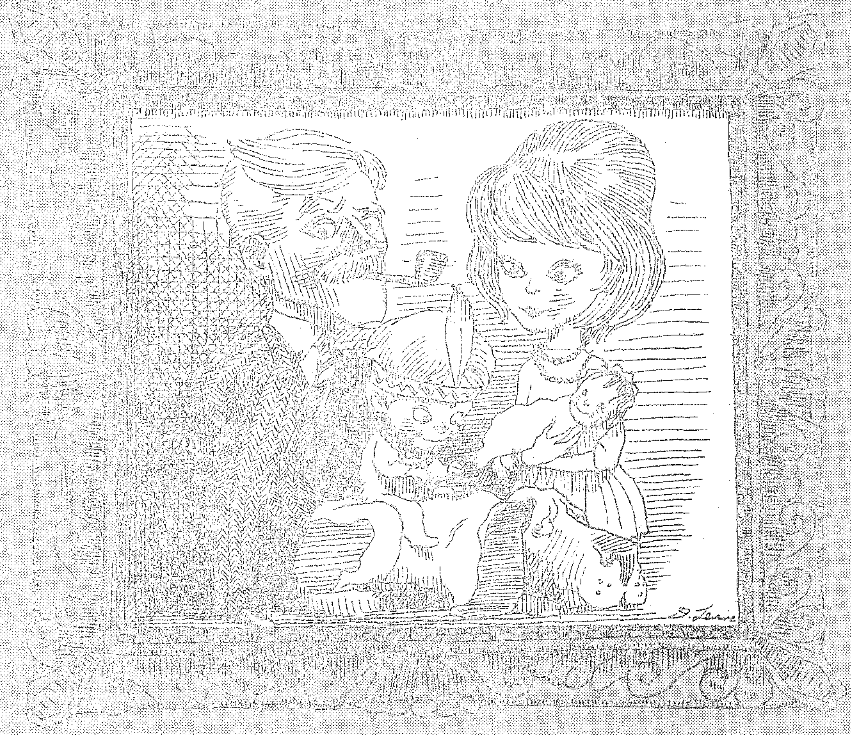
—MORRIS BENDER

IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, a man rushed into the railroad station and, grasping the arm of the porter standing by the train, cried, "My wife is on that train. Will I have time to go in the car and kiss her good-by?"

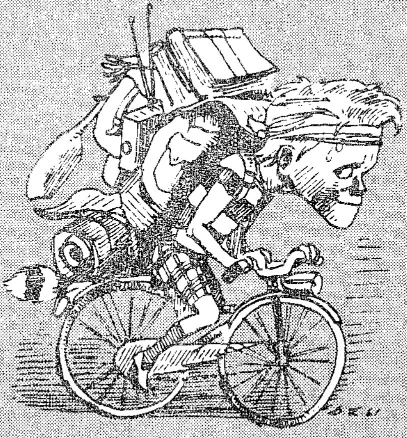
The porter pondered the question. "That depends, sir," he finally answered, "on how long you've been married."

—SALLY NITA

FACTS FOR FAMILIES section



Things you should know about: transportation of college students abroad; pooling bad debts; real cost of funerals; new pleasures of painless dental bills—and much more



MONEY-WISE

STUDENT TRAVEL ABROAD: it's cheap

Now is the time for a student who plans to travel abroad next year to start to take advantage of reduced rates in transportation, accommodations, entrance fees and inexpensive student holiday centers located in high-priced tourist areas. (A "student" is anyone enrolled in or just graduated from a college or university; proof of status must be shown by registration cards or bursar's receipts or International Student ID Card, available for 50 cents from the U. S. National Student Association, 20 W. 38th Street, New York 18, N. Y.).

Low cost transatlantic student sailings in summer are sponsored by the Netherlands Office for Foreign Student Relations (N.B.B.S.), and, year-round, by the Council on Student Travel. N.B.B.S. rates for the 18-day round trip run from $340 to $370, with dormitory space costing the least; C.S.T. charges start at about $300 round-trip in the "off-season" months of autumn and winter. Both N.B.B.S. and C.S.T. ships feature free lectures on European life, language lessons, sports and entertainment. The C.S.T. also assists groups in arranging charter flights to Europe. (N.B.B.S.—29 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.; C.S.T.—179 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.)

European national student unions sponsor flights between most major cities at about half commercial rates. Sample tariffs: Paris-London, $9.80; London-Barcelona, $28. Other student transportation discounts amount to approximately one-third off on train and bus tickets. Moreover, several offer low rates on steamships in Northern European waters and the Mediterranean. Details are available from each student union, whose names and addresses are provided by the U.S.N.S.A. (These addresses are included in the U.S.N.S.A. handbook, *Work, Study, Travel Abroad,* an invaluable reference book for student wanderers that costs $1.)

European student hostels, hotels and restaurants, usually run by student unions or universities, offer a night's lodging from 40 cents to $2; breakfasts run between ten cents and 28 cents, and dinners 30 cents to 84 cents.

One de luxe Copenhagen hostel has a washing machine on the premises, plus television and ironing rooms, charges 42 cents for a night's stay and 42 cents for dinner. For a list of these accommodations, *Handbook on Student Travel* is available here through U.S.N.S.A. for $1.

Ask national student unions about free or reduced admissions to museums, theaters and other cultural attractions. And many run holiday camps during the summer. The French Cité-Club Universitaire's Riviera bungalow camp, for example; charges a little over $2 a day for room and full board.

You don't have to be a student to use European youth hostels. Some French hostels are in converted châteaux and former villas; cost from 25 cents to 40 cents per night, sometimes offer equally modestly priced meals; most have cooking facilities. According to the American Youth Hostels, Inc. (14 W. 8th Street, New York 11, N. Y.), it is possible to live on $3 a day in youth hostels.

DEBT POOLING: how NOT to get out of debt

By the end of this year an estimated 125,000 U. S. families will probably go bankrupt because they could not meet time payments. Thousands of others will call on debt adjustors or poolers—only to find themselves deeper in debt. In theory a debt pooler helps the harassed installment buyer get out of debt. The debtor lists all his debts plus his income. With the pooler, he plans a budget to support his family while paying his creditors.

Meanwhile, the pooler asks creditors to go along with an easier payment schedule. He puts up no money; payments are made to him by the debtor. He is supposed to turn them over to the creditors.

All debt poolers charge a fee, often as high as 25 percent of the total debt on top of finance and interest charges.

The entire arrangement can collapse if one or two large creditors refuse to go along with the plan. The debtor's wage may then be attached by a creditor. A wage attachment or garnishee can be a cause for firing an employee.

Further, some debt poolers do not turn over the debtor's payments to his creditors. One man, whose bills were not being paid by the debt pooler, requested that the plan be canceled. The debt pooler agreed—provided he was paid his $500 fee.

In more than three out of five

states the debtor has no protection against the unscrupulous debt pooler. Thirteen states have outlawed debt pooling: Florida, Georgia, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia and Wyoming. But California, Illinois, Michigan and Oregon have laws that attempt to provide regulation and licensing of debt poolers to prevent unethical activities.

In Illinois, for example, if a debtor drops a plan, he must pay 40 percent of the debt adjustor's charge. Some debt adjustors charge equitable fees and help their clients. But the debtor must seek one whose good reputation is well established.

Another way out for the harassed debtor is the Federal wage-earners plan—Chapter XIII of the Bankruptcy Act. Under the plan a court-appointed trustee works out a schedule to pay off creditors systematically, usually over three years. The debtor pays attorney fees, court costs and trustee expenses. The charges may run as high as 15 percent of his debt. The debtor begins by contacting the referee-in-bankruptcy usually located in his nearest Federal courthouse.

The advantages of the plan are: 1. The wage earner is usually assured of fair treatment. 2. Once under the plan, his wages cannot be attached or garnisheed. 3. Because he pays his debts he is known as a "debtor," not a "bankrupt." Thus he preserves a better credit standing as well as his self-respect.

NEW CAMERA FILMS: faster, sharper, easier

For camera enthusiasts there are several new films now or soon to be on the market that will make picture-taking easier and more satisfactory.

Eastman Kodak has a new color film, Kodachrome II, which is 1.5 times faster than regular Kodachrome; is sharper and has more shadow detail. The film is available for still cameras in 135 and 828 sizes and for movie cameras.

Such faster film permits smaller lens openings for increased depth of field (objects both near and far show up clearly); or faster shutter speeds, which can catch action sequences and eliminate fuzziness caused by movement.

Agfa has a new "week-end pak" 12-exposure, 35 mm. color film. This is for those who take weeks to finish a normal 20 or 36 exposure roll. Both color and black and white enlargements can be made equally well from the new film.

Ansco will soon have out a new color film—Ultra-Speed Ansco-chrome—with a speed of over ASA 200, much faster than anything now on the market. Currently, production of this film goes to the Government. This new film makes it much easier to take color pictures under poor lighting conditions.

Polaroid's new film gives finished pictures in ten seconds, instead of the previous 60 seconds. The new film also has 50 to 100 percent greater resolving power, which means sharper pictures.

The same company will soon market a new 4 x 5 film packet that will produce both a quality print and a fine-grain negative. The negative is developed in the camera in 15 seconds and permits making additional prints or blowups. The packet is pulled out of the camera where the picture develops. After ten seconds a print is available, and soon afterward the negative is ready.

"WORTHLESS" FOREIGN BONDS: they may be cashed

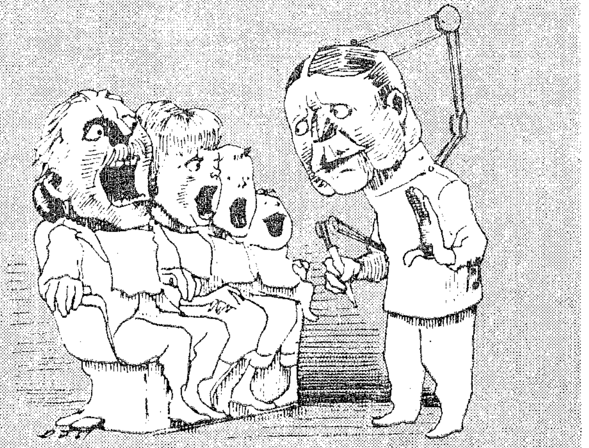
Foreign dollar bonds bought during the 1920s and later—which may have seemed worthless because of defaulting governments—may be worth $1,000 each, plus interest.

The Foreign Bondholders' Protective Council, formed in 1933 at the behest of the U. S. Government, has already collected more than $1,200,000,000 in cash for "worthless" bonds.

Foreign governments which once defaulted on their dollar bonds are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Bulgaria, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Danzig, the Dominican Republic (continued interest payments but abandoned the fund to pay back principal), Ecuador, El Salvador, Germany, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Hungary, Mexico, Panama, Peru, Poland, Rumania, Uruguay, Yugoslavia. Russia had defaulted in 1917.

At present only three non-Communist countries are in default: Bolivia, Greece and the Republic of the Congo. Thus, if you know anyone who owns bonds which are direct-issue bonds guaranteed by foreign governments, you would be doing him a favor to tell him to get in touch with the Foreign Bondholders' Protective Council, 90 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y. Tell him not to send bonds—which are payable to "bearer," hence are like cash—but to copy and send the information on the face of the bond. The Council will record the bond and tell how to redeem it. Their only fee: $25 of the first $1,000 collected.

Bonds of Communist countries (with the exception of Yugoslavia) are currently in default—but there's hope even for these. Not long ago the Polish Government indicated that it might undertake negotiations concerning defaulted government bonds—although to date this has not happened.



PAINLESS DENTAL BILLS

BY MORTON YARMON

Now you may be able to handle dental bills in much the same way as 130,000,000 of us handle medical bills: through insurance. An estimated 1,000,000 American families have dental insurance of one sort or another.

You may not be able to join them now—because dental insurance is sold almost exclusively to groups, and only in certain states. (Only a few small insurance companies offer individual dental insurance. The American National Insurance Co. in St. Louis, Missouri, is one.)

All this may soon change. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. is presently experimenting with group dental insurance plans. Since the Metropolitan is a leader in insurance, other large companies may be expected to follow it into the dental insurance field. Then it will be only a matter of time until individual policies are sold.

Plans already in operation break down into three large groupings:

1. INDEPENDENT PLANS.

Four such plans exist on a local level: Group Health Dental Insurance, Inc., 221 Park Avenue South, New York 3, N. Y.; Dental Insurance Plan, Inc., 125 Maiden Lane, New York 38, N. Y.; Group Health Dental Cooperative, 115 15th Street North, Seattle 2, Washington; Group Health Association, 1025 Vermont Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C.

One of the largest is Group Health Dental Insurance, which covers more than 21,000 persons in New York and New Jersey. It can be joined only through one's place of employment or union. Costs vary with type of employment. Costs are anywhere from 80 cents to $5.50 a month for individuals; $1.82 to $11 for couples; $4 to

$16.20 for families. This covers a checkup twice a year, and all necessary cleaning, fillings, inlays, cast gold crowns, extractions, denture repairs, X rays, gum treatments and palliative treatments.

Members can choose their own dentist or one of the 4,800 participating dentists listed with the plan. If a plan dentist is used, and the family income is $6,500 or less, or a single person's income is $5,000 or less, the plan gives full benefits.

However, if incomes are above these figures, or if a dentist is used who is not on the participating list, policy holders receive standard allowances toward dentist's bills. If there is a difference between these allowances and the dentist's charges, they pay the difference.

Here are some typical allowances:

Full X rays and cleaning	$10
Fillings (depending on number of surfaces)	4 to 10
Extractions (by a general practitioner)	4
(by oral surgeon)	5 to 35
Gum treatments (maximum per year by specialist)	45
(maximum per year by general practitioner)	12
Denture repairs	up to 20

After the work is done, patient and the dentist fill out a claim form. This is sent to the plan's headquarters for payment. If the dentist is nonparticipating, the payment is made directly to the patient. But if a participating dentist is used the payment check is sent to him.

2. INSURANCE COMPANY PLANS.

The pioneer in the field is the Continental Casualty Company, 310 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.

A typical Continental group plan costs an average family about $100 a year. In a minimum deduction policy during the first year they must pay the first $25 of all dental expenses; after the first year this deduction goes down to $10. The insurance company pays 80 percent of the remainder of the bill except for two types of work: orthodontia and full denture-replacement. On these the company pays 60 percent.

Maximum coverage for each individual is $200 for the first year, $500 for the family; $300 and $750 for the second year; $400 and $1,000 for the third and all subsequent years.

A plan with the deductible clause has a lower premium. Aside from this benefit to the policy holder, such a plan is economically feasible for the insurance company.

3. DENTIST-OPERATED PLANS.

These are service corporations, much like Blue Shield. Such corporations are operating in the following states: California, Michigan, Oregon and Washington. Legislation authorizing creation of others has been passed in Arkansas, Colorado, Missouri, New

York and the District of Columbia.

Their procedures vary substantially. In Oregon, the dental society has an agreement with a maritime union. The union pays an annual deposit for each eligible dependent child up to age 15 who sees the dentist once a year, plus cost of dental work. The dentist may not charge more than the scale set by the corporation. The average yearly cost for a child is just under $30, and just $48 for each new child.

(Blue Cross and Blue Shield, incidentally, often cover serious dental work, particularly that requiring hospitalization or confinement, under their own medical-care plans.)

If one or another of these plans is operating in your state, you may persuade your employer to join. Officials of any of the plans will be glad to discuss details with him.

If there is no plan in your state, you might discuss the idea with your own dentist and others in the local dental society. This may spur the state dental association to set up a dental service corporation.

Why dental insurance?

Although dental troubles rarely stagger the family budget as does a lingering illness or a serious accident, they do cost the American family—yours included—plenty. Dental costs are said to amount to 11 percent of the nation's health bill. According to latest U. S. Government figures, 72,000,000 Americans see their dentist every year, spending $2,000,000,000 for a total of 275,000,000 visits—an average of just over $7 a visit. One person in seven sees his dentist two or three times a year, and one in eleven—about 16,000,000 persons—pays him four or more visits.

While these figures compare favorably with dental care in other countries, they point up a glaring omission: that more than 100,000,000 Americans *don't* see the dentist at all over a period of a year. The American Dental Association estimates that 90 percent of the population suffers from tooth decay, in part the result of this inattention.

Fear of pain is a major reason for failure to see the dentist, and the dental profession spends much time trying to develop procedures and instruments that will remove most of this pain. But cost certainly is another reason, particularly when it is so easy to put off going to the dentist.

Dental insurance is one important way to insure that more people take better care of their teeth—and to reduce the financial burden of a toothache.

HOW TO MAKE A LOT OUT OF NOT MUCH

BY JOAN RANSON SHORTNEY

Everyday objects seemingly slated for the rubbish heap can save you money—and add comfort to your daily life—if you just apply a little savvy. Acquiring the knack and the know-how for making something out of nothing is easier than you suspect. Here are 50 new household hints to help you and your family.

Rescue your old umbrella by re-covering it or turn it into a sunshade with gay material for garden or beach. Or consider its frame as a Christmas chandelier with paint and decoration. When holiday time is over, strip off decorations and use the smooth enameled frame as a clothes-rack drier for small garments.

Candle stubs make handy fire starters. Melted together they can be made into new candles, using old bottles or milk cartons as molds. To keep the paint in a half-used paint can airtight and soft, melt candle stubs and pour directly onto the paint. To cork bottles when you've lost the cork, soften a candle stub so that it fits the neck of the bottle.

Wax, whether from candle stubs, left-over paraffin or scraped-off milk cartons, will seal a small crack in a vase if you pour it in melted. Be sure the water is cold when you use the vase.

Waxed containers make floating toys for children's bathtub fun.

Wax-paper linings are a sewing aid when you're making your own shower curtains or plastic window curtains. Put wax paper over the

From: "How To Live On Nothing,"
© 1961 by Joan Ranson Shortney.
Published by Doubleday and Company, Inc.

seam and the sewing-machine needle won't stick to the plastic. Tear off the wax paper when through.

Blackboard-chalk ends rubbed on metals give them a shine. Store these ends with costume jewelry to keep it from tarnishing. You can also mend nail holes in plaster walls by driving the piece of chalk into the hole, cutting it off flush with the wall.

Bottle caps can be made into a shoe scraper to keep outside your door. Use six rows of eight caps on an 8" x 12" board, nailing the tops on with the sharp side (fluted edges), facing upward.

Salvage rubber scraps, old hot-water bottles, inner tubes, worn-out waders. Sew pieces under corners of throw rugs to anchor them. Strips can be attached to overalls as kneeling pads for gardeners. Use a strip over the edge of a porcelain kitchen table to protect the tabletop when using a meat grinder.

Rubber fruit-jar rings, cemented under ash trays, lamps, vases, protect furniture from scratch marks. A group of the rings formed into a circle and overcast with buttonhole stitching and joined together will make a hot pad. Work crochet around the stitching.

Shutters you've discarded or picked up for a song make attractive room dividers as doors or can be made into a screen or doors for under the sink cabinet.

Attach an old window shade with roller to a wall handy to your ironing board and sewing machine; then pull it out straight and attach it to the board or machine when ironing a slip cover, or to the machine when sewing a large piece of material, to keep the material from touching the floor. Or paint shade with blackboard paint and give your children a blackboard that rolls up when not in use.

Paint solids left over in the bottom of a paint can make putty when mixed with equal parts of whiting.

A pair of spools tacked close together on the wall will make a broom or tennis-racket holder.

Use thickened nail polish to coat threads of loose drawer knobs and handles. Tighten to dry.

Use plastic vegetable bags for storage of nylons, gloves, etc. in bureau drawers or as shoe bags in packing; to keep vegetables fresh in the refrigerator. They make good dust protectors of seldom-used pans or kitchen utensils. In a pinch, those without air holes do as plastic mitts.

A clean, old toothbrush is the cleaner par excellence. Use it to clean typewriter keys and to get the dust and lint out of your sewing machine parts. Use a soft one to scrub the raised pattern on your silverware. Use one in combination with suds and ammonia to give a sparkle to cut glass. Use it to dust hard-to-get-at corners. It will also aid you in cleaning waffle irons and stove burners. It will be most useful in getting the mud off the edges of boots and shoes.

A lead toothpaste tube can substitute as solder.

Newspaper is invaluable as an insulating agent and as a cleaning aid. Wrap frozen foods in several thicknesses of newspaper to keep them frozen while you're defrosting the refrigerator. Several thicknesses of newspaper placed over the coil springs under your mattress will help insulate you against the cold in winter. Wet newspaper wads to swab and dry ones to polish, will clean your windows if you have nothing better on hand. Damp newspapers under radiators will catch and fasten flying dust as you brush them. Damp newspaper will catch vacuum-cleaner dirt if yours is the kind that won't fit into a large paper bag. Newspaper spread over the top shelf of your refrigerator, under the defrosting tray, will save mopping up, but keep the paper there only while you're defrosting the box—otherwise the newspaper will insulate and shut off your foods from the cold.

We use small cans, stripped of their paper labels, in the summertime in the country as receptacles for each kitchen-table leg to keep ants from climbing up. Otherwise, in spite of clean floors, they mysteriously get onto the kitchen table. When baking or roasting several dishes in a small oven, provide more space by raising some of the levels by means of clean, empty tin cans under several of the dishes or pies. In small paint jobs, tin cans are useful for mixing.

Coat hangers lend themselves to a variety of uses. They can serve as trouser hangers if you pinch the ends together and run each end through a belt strap, or as skirt hangers if you pinch the ends and curve the top wire upward at each end and hang the skirt by safety pins. And there's nothing like a straightened coat hanger for cleaning a vacuum cleaner tube when you have something wedged in that tube and have no stiff wire. In a pinch you can use a discarded refrigerator shelf or cake rack lashed to two coat hangers (one at each end) for hanging rack for drying stockings and other small laundry. Then hang your hangers on the shower rod or even the closet rod.

Make milk cartons do double work for you, too. Washed thoroughly, they can be used for foods kept a short time in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator; cut lengthwise, they can be used to hold odoriferous foods, such as fish, in the refrigerator to save washing and deodorizing regular containers, or as seed flats. It's easy to transplant young plants when ready for the garden. Cut out the bottom of a carton and place the plants and the sides of the carton intact in the soil. Sow thinly for this. Cut crosswise, cartons make good collars for surrounding tomato plants to keep away cutworms.

Paper-towel cylinders and toilet-paper rolls cut up into rounds also keep cutworms away from tiny plants. Use as map tubes.

Ice-cream sticks and wooden spoons make good markers for rows of garden seeds or plants. Print names with crayon.

Salt shakers make handy dispensers for home-grown seeds. To sow, just shake out on the soil.

Save pretty weeds, pods and grasses, differing in shape and texture, for winter bouquets. You can spray twigs white with flat paint and a vacuum-cleaner attachment. (I have gilded a bird's nest with a brush!) Bluing, ink and water paint all are effective sprays on weeds. And pods take to bright enamels. Some flowers dry their natural colors if you hang them carefully in the attic and pick them dry in the first place.

Worn-out nylons can be cut into strips for plant ties; opened up and made into snood hair nets while you're dusting or when you want to keep pin curls in place; cut off and hemmed for house socks or peds; or attached to a wire coat hanger for a children's fish net.

If sock feet are worn out use the tops cut in long strips around and around for hooked rugs. This stretchable material makes good dusters.

If sock tops are worn, cut the feet off and use them for traveling individual shoe bags to keep shoes shiny and clothes clean.

Knitted ties, faded or outworn, make easy-to-slip-on covers for wooden dress hangers. All kinds of ties can be used in rag rugs and as gay quilt patches. If wide ties have been discarded in favor of the newer narrow ones, use the old-fashioned wide tie for a smart umbrella cover.

When your chenille bedspread is worn, you may be able to salvage enough to make a beach shawl, beach coat, bed jacket, scuff slippers and even use the scraps to replace the worn-out material on a floor wax applicator.

Put an old towel into the bottom of the dishpan before you wash delicate glassware—and another onto the drainboard before you put the glasses down. If towels are frayed around the edge, you can rebind or overcast, but if worn in the center, cut up the towels and bind or hem the good portions for washcloths, pot holders, dishcloths. Or sew into mitt form with a pocket for soap chips and use in the bathroom. Or make a bag for a hot-water bottle.

An old raincoat can be salvaged to make a beach bag or traveling bag for diapers.

WHAT SHOULD A FUNERAL COST?

BY DON MURRAY

"In the midst of life we are in death," laments the prayer. And while death and the arrangements necessary for funerals are matters one instinctively avoids thinking about, failure to be informed on the subject can heap a burden of added grief on the shoulders of the bereaved.

Each family has to arrange a funeral on the average of every ten years, it is estimated. Few families are forearmed with the facts about funerals when their turn comes. Unaware of the alternatives or psychologically incapable of dealing with them, some families agree to funerals beyond their means. A few are victims of unscrupulous undertakers.

How much does it cost to die? The nation's annual funeral bill exceeds $1,500,000,000. A CORONET survey of funeral service statistics indicates that, depending on the part of the country, a respectable funeral, cemetery plot and memorial should cost between $750 and $1,500, though the figure may be much lower for veterans and members of memorial societies. The funeral accounts for more than half the cost, in most cases.

A survey of more than 90,000 U. S. funeral bills in 1960 made by the National Funeral Directors Association showed an average adult funeral service price of $708. In almost all funeral homes the price of the casket determines the total charge for the funeral. The bereaved is taken to a display room where he is shown a number of caskets, each discreetly marked with one price. That is the total price of the funeral service. This practice is followed because, although the cost of the casket constitutes only 20 percent of the expense of the average funeral, it is the only real variable. The person who chooses a $400 funeral gets the same services as one who picks a $2,000 funeral.

One funeral director admits that "beyond $900 for a funeral, people are buying satisfaction."

It is a fact that even in the most fashionable city funeral homes it is possible to buy a perfectly adequate funeral for about $250. In one, an attractive cloth-covered casket is priced at only $94. Most people, however, do not buy an inexpensive casket. Torn by grief or guilt, subject to a subtle but effective sales pitch, afflicted by a natural desire for display ("Most people want to die up") they turn from cloth-covered soft wood to costly hardwoods and specially sealed metal caskets.

In the past ten years the price of cloth-covered wooden caskets has risen only eight percent, and the cost of metal ones only five percent; yet of the $167,300,000 worth of caskets sold last year, 66 percent of that figure were high-cost metal and only 19 percent, cloth-covered wood.

Every reputable funeral home has a wide variety of caskets which are designed for both protection and display. The person who is purchasing the funeral should remember that even the most inexpensive caskets are adequate and that they all include the same funeral services.

In many cemeteries the casket must be placed in a burial vault designed to guarantee that the grave will not cave in. Such a vault can be purchased for $2,000, but perfectly efficient vaults can be bought for $75 apiece.

Cremation, which is practiced in only about five percent of American funeral services, does not save as much money as some people believe. A casket is necessary in which to display the body during the service and to transport it to the crematorium. Usually the casket is consumed in the flame, although in rare cases it may be rented. The charges for cremation generally vary from $35 to $100. Urns for the ashes could cost between $40 and $500, and a niche in which to place them in a memorial building, anywhere from $25 to $750.

Memorial societies simplify funeral arrangements and offer economy with dignity. They generally provide for early interment without a period of viewing, processions or immediate services. Later a special memorial program is held. Occasionally some societies make a contract with an undertaker which guarantees services at a stipulated fee. Members of the Pittsburgh Memorial Society, for example, are assured of complete funeral services for $200 in the case of cremation, $250 plus cemetery charges if burial is preferred. There is a growing number of these societies. At present there are five in California, three in Pennsylvania, two each in New Jersey, New York and Ohio, and one each in Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Washington, Wisconsin and the District of Columbia.

To protect their family from excessive funeral costs, some people are purchasing prepaid funerals, and a considerable number of funeral homes sells this service. The

Association of Better Business Bureaus warns that the practice has many flaws, even when the money is put in trust in a bank. It is just not possible to predict funeral costs in the future and to estimate the conditions (for example, an out-of-town death) which may influence the cost of the funeral. Twenty-seven states now have laws restricting this practice in some way, and before purchasing such a plan an individual should certainly consult the booklet on the subject available at his local Better Business Bureau.

It can be a good idea to buy a cemetery lot in advance, but you should beware of the high-pressure cemetery and memorial park promotions which encourage speculation in lots. You should make sure that a large proportion of your money is going into a well-protected fund for "perpetual care," and that those who operate the cemetery are not depending on the sale of lots to pay maintenance costs, for there comes an inevitable day when there are no more lots to sell. Buying a lot at the time of death is difficult, of course, but it does not need to be an impossible chore. A reputable funeral director can arrange a chauffeured visit to nearby cemeteries and the purchase of a lot.

Cemetery lots are growing more expensive in the crowded areas around our large cities, but they are still available. Their prices generally range from $75 to $350. The charges for opening and closing a grave vary greatly from one community to another. Gravediggers are now quite often unionized, and the cost is many times higher than it was a generation or two ago. The cost for a single grave today is rarely less than $45, and may run as high as $150.

Gravestones can be as expensive as you want. There is no upper limit to the cost of an elaborate marble mausoleum, but a respectable granite gravestone can be purchased for $75, and a marker set in the ground as required in some park-type cemeteries costs far less.

Death so often comes as a sudden shock, accompanied by a sense of irrevocable loss, and sometimes guilt feelings, that most of us are easy marks for that unpleasant specimen, the unethical undertaker. He is the West Coast funeral director who hovers over the critically ill, sending them flowers or poetry readings to solicit business on the eve of death. He works in a funeral home in Chicago where a widow with $1,000 worth of insurance and three small children was encouraged to buy a $1,100 funeral service. He bribes nurses, doctors and even clergymen to post him on likely customers. He may not even have a funeral home, investment or reputation to protect, but may operate from casket manufacturers' showrooms, hire trade embalmers, rent halls and limousines by the hour. He manipulates those who come to him, employs a sly, hard sell, plays upon their grief and guilt, pushing them from a modest service to one which costs far more than they can afford. He sells an expensive casket and then uses a cheap one for interment. He gives elderly people with no near relatives extravagant funerals, so that the estate can be sent a fat bill. He makes impossible claims, such as eternal indestructibility for caskets and vaults, and neatly tailors charges to the maximum amount of insurance due.

A few simple rules can give effective protection against these abuses:

- Go to an established funeral home which has its own building and casket display room. Look for certificate of membership in professional organizations, such as the National Funeral Directors Association and National Selected Morticians, as well as the state license.

- Don't go alone. At the hour of bereavement no one is emotionally equipped to make a business decision. It is a good idea to take someone along who knew the deceased well, but who has business experience and is far enough removed to be able to estimate the wishes of the person who is dead and to evaluate the future financial needs of those, especially a widow and her children, who survive.

The final protection against the high cost of dying is to check each member of the family, the deceased's employer, every desk drawer and safe deposit box to make certain that all insurance death benefits are collected. Many dollars of benefits are unclaimed each year. More than 20,000,000 veterans are eligible for a $250 burial payment, military burial in a national cemetery and a free grave marker. Social Security makes a burial payment which ranges from $120 to $255.

Most people, in fact, have more protection against funeral expenses than they realize. The average life insurance death benefit has increased 43 percent in the last decade. The average payment was $1,150 in 1950, $1,640 in 1960. There are death benefits in many hospital and accident policies; unions and fraternal orders quite often have similar provisions, so do many employers; and in addition, many fatalities are covered under state workmen compensation laws or by other insurance policies.

How much does it cost to die? A great deal more than it used to, but far less than rumor often charges. The living can fulfill their obligation to the dead with dignity, within budget limits if these steps are learned now, so that they can be carried out automatically in time of bereavement.

FABLES OF THE FAMED

THE LATE ROBERT BENCHLEY had a genius for the practical joke. There was the time he poured heavy molasses over his chest and feathered himself with the inside of a pillow. Next, he crawled into bed, drew up the sheet and telephoned a physician friend of his to rush over. When the physician arrived, Benchley gazed up at him sadly. "Doctor," he inquired, suddenly pulling down the sheet, "just what do you make of *this*?" —WARNER BROWN

ROBERT HELSMOORTEL, noted Belgian artist, loves American television. He says he purposely disturbs his set because the resulting crisscross patterns have inpired many of his abstract paintings.

—RON BUTLER

WHEN NOVELIST W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM arrived in Japan on a sentimental journey to revisit the lands he knew many decades ago, he commented, "I'm no longer a writer, I'm an extinct volcano."

—*Associated Press*

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, the Irish-born forensic orator, loved trees. He especially prized a large one just beside his house.

A friend casually remarked that it was becoming a danger; its roots might damage the building, and two or three rooms were unpleasantly darkened by its immense foliage.

Curran looked quietly at the tree and murmured: "I was thinking of taking down the house." —ANTHONY CARTWRIGHT

THE PRIDE OF THE New York Yankees, catcher Yogi Berra, is a bad-ball hitter. One afternoon, he reached for three wide pitches in succession and struck out.

When he returned to the dugout, he was still shaking his head in disbelief. The other players waited patiently for the customary outburst of self-blame. Instead, Berra, addressing nobody in particular, muttered:

"How does a pitcher like that stay in the league?" —E. E. EDGAR

Japan's bountiful boxes

The needy help
themselves
to cash—no questions
asked—in
this unique example
of man's
humanity to man

BY MARCUS BACH

At the busy intersection of Ginza and Z Streets in downtown Tokyo is a small wooden box fastened to a post. The box, like a neatly built birdhouse, has a slot beneath its slanted roof and a miniature door in the lower right-hand corner. At intervals during the day or night, people open the tiny door and take out several coins. Then they shuffle off into the crowd.

At least once a day a well-dressed Japanese gentleman drops coins or paper yen into the slot beneath the slanted roof. Without glancing to the right or left, he, too, disappears.

This "give-and-take" is catching the imagination of hundreds of Japanese. They call it the "Salt of the Earth" movement, a unique adventure in anonymous charity.

It began on September 10, 1956, when 46-year-old Shinichi Eguchi nailed the first box to a lightpost near the Hagoromo Bridge in Chiba City, a Tokyo suburb. Eguchi, who writes inspirational verse, is convinced that the most worthwhile line he ever composed was the one on that first box: *"Whoever is truly in need is free to help himself to the money inside."*

A desperate man gave Eguchi the idea for his venture. The man told Eguchi that life had dealt him so many bad breaks that he was determined to kill himself and his family of five. Eguchi responded by getting the man a job and moving him and his family to Eguchi's home. The wages the man earned, however, were so inadequate for his family that his eldest daughter, aged 15, became a prostitute.

When Eguchi heard of this he blamed himself for not having done more for this family. Poverty, he declared, is everyone's sin and everyone's responsibility. He vowed that he would give 1,000 yen, about $3, each day to charity for the rest of his life.

He recalled a legend about a money box in the Swiss Alps which, villagers claimed, was watched over by the Lord. People put money into the box to help the poor, who took out what they needed without abusing the privilege. When things went better with those who had been aided, they sometimes replaced what they had taken. But the donations always exceeded the demand. Even thieves never pilfered the box, and everyone in the village became more generous and brotherly minded because of it.

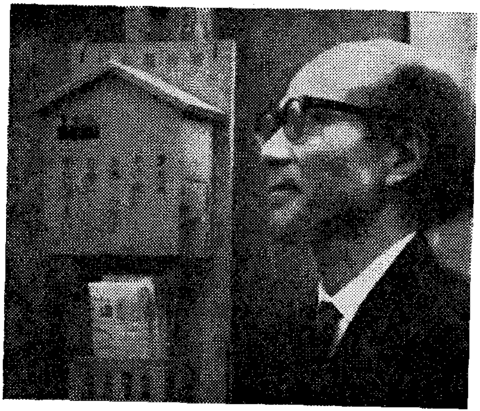
This story of the Swiss money box became associated in Eguchi's mind with a Scripture passage he had learned when, as a boy, he had become a Christian: "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt hath lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?" Eguchi converted a discarded milk box into a "Salt of the Earth" box, wrote on it his message to the needy and fastened it to a post near the Hagoromo Bridge.

As he was "salting" this first box with a handful of yen, an official came along and asked what was going on. When Eguchi explained, the official thought the plan preposterous, but to show good will he, too, dropped some money into the box.

During the first six months, however, the boxes were destroyed 14 times. Sometimes it was juvenile vandalism, but often adults wrecked the boxes. Eguchi took these setbacks as a test of faith and kept replacing the boxes.

One day Eguchi found a scribbled note in the box from an unemployed laborer. He had contemplated suicide, the laborer wrote, but the box had made him change his mind. Later, other notes appeared.

A woman wrote that the few yen she had taken had kept her family from starvation. A thief confessed that he had been on his way to rob a house, but as he was about to take some money from the box, it seemed as if he had heard a voice. Withdrawing his empty hand, he had decided to go straight. Later, when he was helped by a friend to find an honest job, he gave credit to the "Salt of the Earth."



Shinichi Eguchi, a Christian convert, pawned belongings to fulfill $3 daily pledge to his "free money" boxes.

One day a well-to-do merchant, who had often seen poet Eguchi "salt" the box, said he would like to put up a box of his own. Inquiring how to proceed, he was told that there were no rules governing the size or construction of the box or where it should be placed. But there was one requirement: whoever put up a box would have to promise that he or an associate would place some money in it every day. Readily agreeing, the merchant installed his box in a Ginza block. Last year when a typhoon struck Tokyo and hardly anyone dared venture out, a policeman spied the merchant fighting his way against the roaring wind to put money in the box. This so impressed the policeman that he set up a box in another section of the city.

Eguchi began publishing a small bulletin for free distribution, placed in a receptacle beneath each box. The four-page pamphlet contains testimonials, essays on the power of faith, and poetry. A recent issue carried these lines:

"Wounded pilgrim,
Take help from this box,
Be fed from this box;
Rich or poor, wounded traveler,
Be filled from this box.
Be filled."

Eguchi now distributes 14,000 copies of the bulletins each month and places an additional 6,000 under the boxes at his own expense.

Publishing the bulletin and supporting the boxes is such a drain that Eguchi has frequently pawned personal belongings to keep his "pact with the Lord." His wife and two sons, aged 13 and 19, cooperate with him in the adventure, however. There are now over 400 "Salt of the Earth" boxes in Japan, and others scattered throughout the U.S., placed there by tourists who heard about the movement in Japan.

"When you join the 'Salt of the Earth' movement," says Eguchi, "you are uniting with an unseen fellowship. A person who makes and supports a box becomes a changed person. In the past if he has been reluctant to trust people, he begins to have faith. If he has been tyrannical, he mellows. If he has been idle, he becomes industrious. The greatest mission of the boxes is in the new outlook on life they bring to donors and receivers alike."

Changes take place in others, too. One Japanese townsman testified that he used to spit at the box whenever he passed by. But he became so impressed by the loyalty of the man who kept the box "salted," that he constructed a box of his own and pledged to support it.

Eguchi's theory is that a person should give and then forget about the gift.

"We should not mind," the poet insists, "if a hoodlum takes money out of a box to use it for his alcoholic merrymaking. No one ever knows what the final outcome may be."

In a recent issue of the bulletin, Eguchi told of a drunkard who confessed that he had been taking coins from the box for drink. One morning, however, his conscience bothered him so much that he put some yen *into* the box. This act of restitution so filled him with self-respect that he decided to stop drinking.

Young people are introduced to the movement through JAP—Japan Adventure Project—a student program sponsored by the "Salt of the Earth Alliance." The Alliance is a group of well-to-do men who support boxes. They have banded together to send students to foreign countries to meet religious leaders and observe the influence of faith.

The first appointee, a girl, will visit Albert Schweitzer in Africa. She will make the trip via the U.S.

to familiarize American students with the "Salt of the Earth" program. The Alliance foresees the installation of boxes as the nucleus of a world-wide fellowship.

Shinichi Eguchi, however, feels that any hard-and-fast organization will rob the program of its selfless spirit. Up to now the project has had no president, no directors and no one who solicits contributions.

"What we are trying to do," Eguchi says, "is to get a box in every village and city in our country. Then we can dare approach and challenge other nations. And only when every nation is inspired by selfless love and service will the true meaning of the 'Salt of the Earth' program be realized. It is not merely a matter of giving the money—it is, most of all, a matter of living the life." ♛

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

A RACE-HORSE OWNER from the West showed up at Churchill Downs in Kentucky with an eight-year-old horse that had never been in a race before. Since an eight-year-old non-starter is hardly a betting attraction, he was off at $100.00 to $1 and galloped home first by ten lengths.

The stewards suspected dirty work at the crossroads and demanded of the owner, "Is this horse unsound?"

"No, sir," asserted the owner. "Soundest horse you ever saw."

"Well, then," persisted a steward, "why haven't you raced him before?"

"To tell the truth," said the Westerner sheepishly, "we couldn't ketch him till he was seven."

—SHELLEY DALMAIN

THE DINER HAD been waiting a long time for his order. Finally his waiter approached and said, "Your fish will be coming in a minute or two now, sir."

The man looked interested. "Tell me," he said, "what bait are you using?" —CAROLE MARLEY

AT THE FIRST fall meeting of our little girls' club, nine-year-old Debbie was asked to read her secretary's minutes from the final meeting of last spring. She started out bravely, faltered, came to a complete stop, and said in disgust, "I can't read this. It's my last year's handwriting." —MRS. JACK H. WHITICAR

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With this, its last issue, Coronet ends a 25-year adventure shared with a vast and devoted audience.

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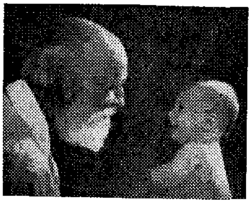
YESTERDAY



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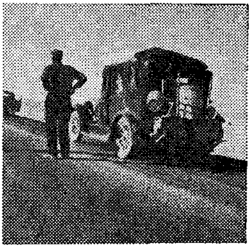

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marital maze

MY HUSBAND AND I were attending a gala dinner-dance at a large hotel. Just as we arose to dance the waltz, the waiter approached with our soup course. Standing at our table, he watched us for a few moments, then covered the bowls with saucers. As we came around the floor, he hesitantly touched my husband's arm and pleaded, "Sir, dancing you can do anytime, soup is now!" —MRS. S. LEE

A DEER HUNTER ARRIVED for his third season at a Wisconsin resort and began unpacking his suitcase—carefully and neatly arranged by his wife. The little woman obviously had small faith in her spouse's deer-hunting talents, for on the top layer he found a drawing of a deer, and in his wife's handwriting the helpful message: "Here's what one looks like." —ALBERT ZOOKER

A NEWLY LICENSED PILOT took his wife up in a small two-seater plane for her first ride. As he prepared to land, a small warning horn sounded, signifying the wheels were still up. His wife turned to him and said, "Pull over, John. Someone's trying to pass us."

—ELEANOR SIEGEL

A YOUNG WOMAN WALKED into a gas company office in Oklahoma to make a deposit for a connection, and was asked how her name was spelled.

"Just a minute," she replied and dashed outside.

She returned in a moment with the correct spelling, explaining, "I just got married." —THEODORE THOMAS

THE HUSBAND TRYING to read his evening paper was distracted by the sighs his wife made while struggling to balance her checkbook. Finally, she announced she had found her mistake.

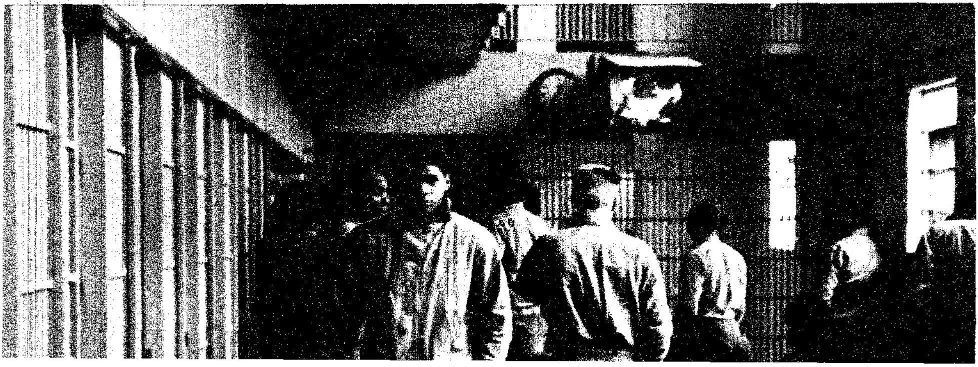
Greatly relieved he asked, "What was it?"

She replied triumphantly, "I just forgot to deduct last month's mistake." —JIM HENRY

New boy in prison

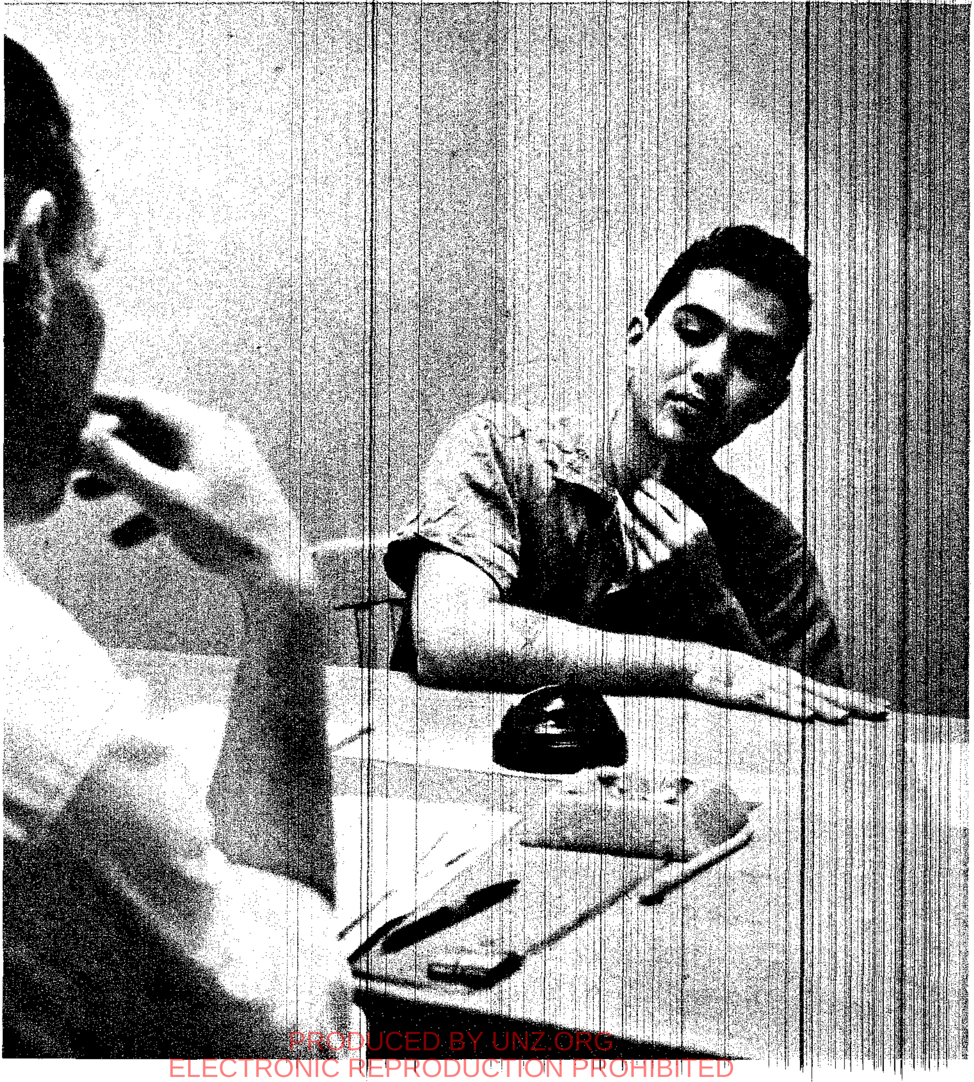
“Everybody has something in common”

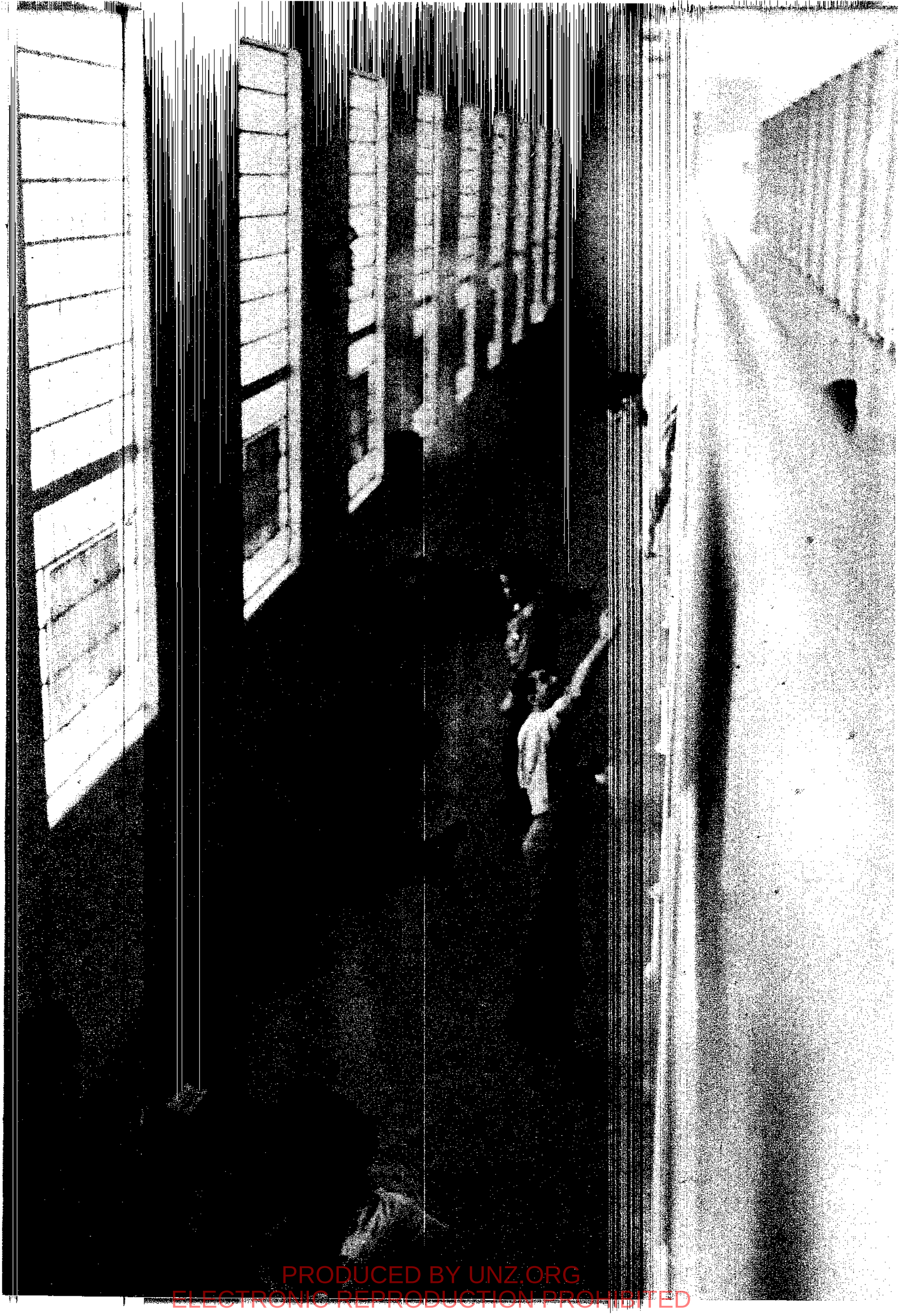
In Reception-Guidance Center at Vacaville, California, first step in prison for any offender from the state's 47 northern counties, Dorlan gets his first look at prison life. He crouches apart from the others, tensely watching them; (right) then he joins the line of men to await induction tests. Dorlan is in for possession of narcotics and resisting arrest.



Diagnosis and treatment

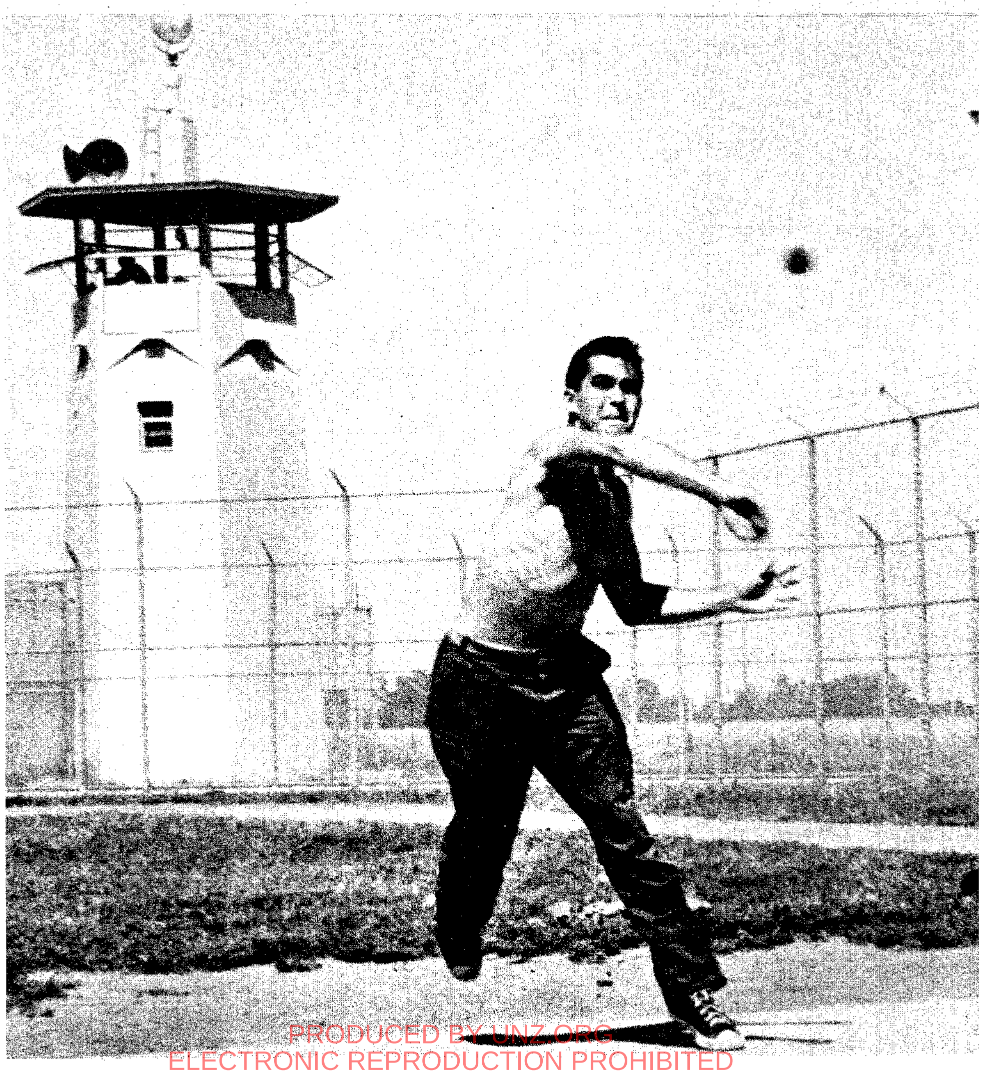
At Vacaville, a psychologist says, "People who go to prison are sick. We try to uncover why an inmate is what he is . . . then treatment can be started. (Below) A hesitant, still sullen Dorlan gets first psychiatric interview. (Right) "I reached down to get my mail, the only *real* touch you have with the 'outside,' the only place a prisoner cares about."

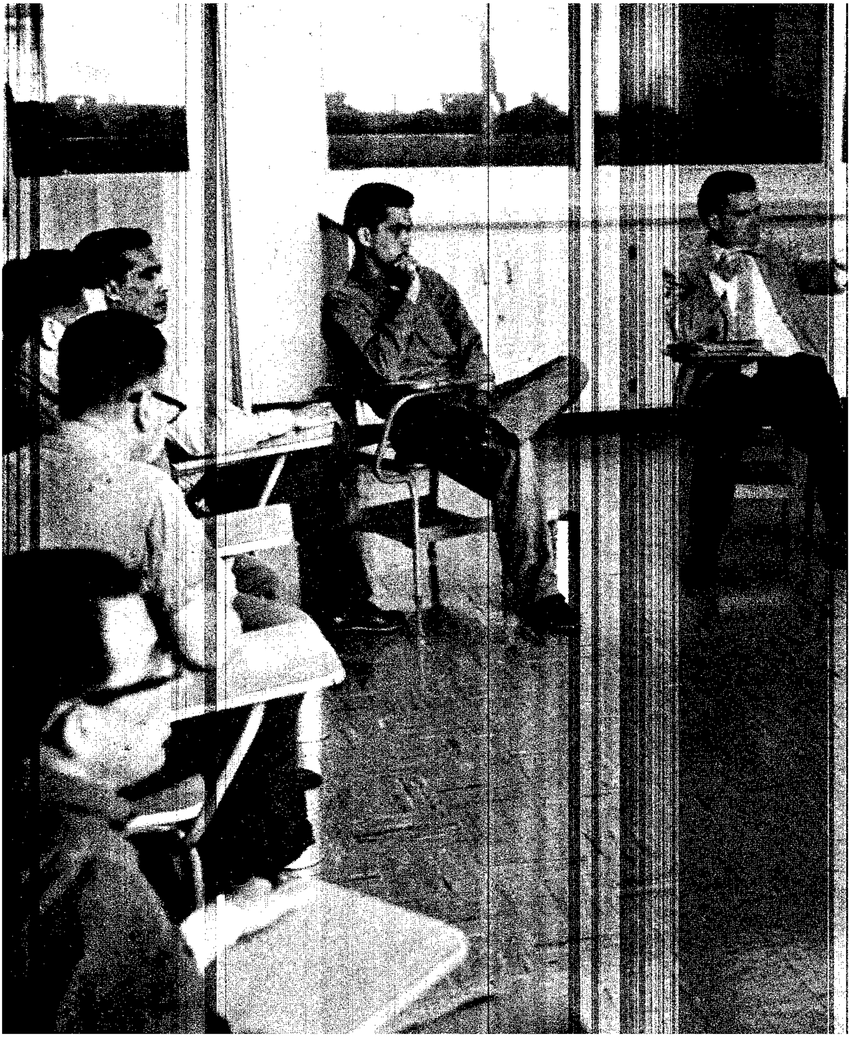




Sports and group therapy

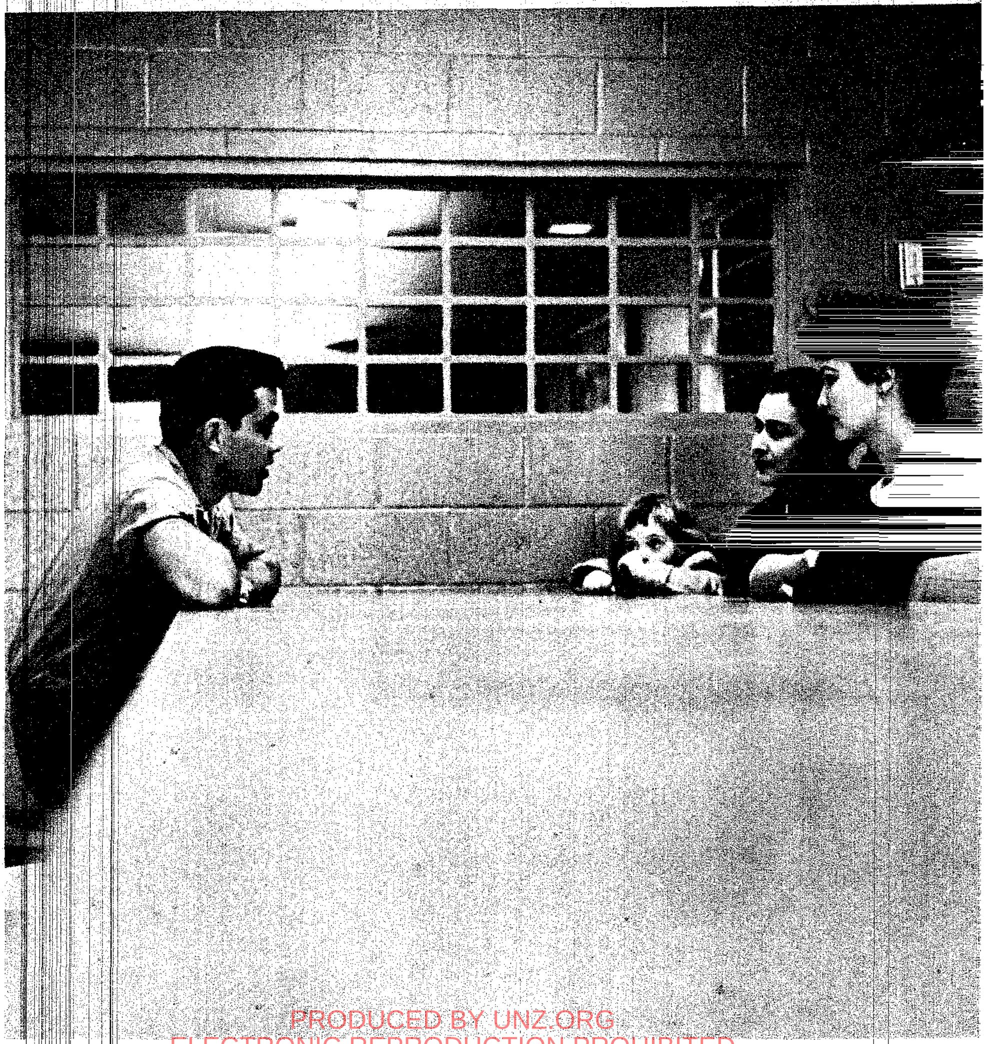
(Below) "Sometimes when you play a fast game of handball you can begin to forget about yourself and everything around you." (Right) In group therapy, prisoners argue and uncover problems. "How do they get to know about me with all the rest of these guys? But like that guard said, by the time I'm ready to leave, they know me better than I do."

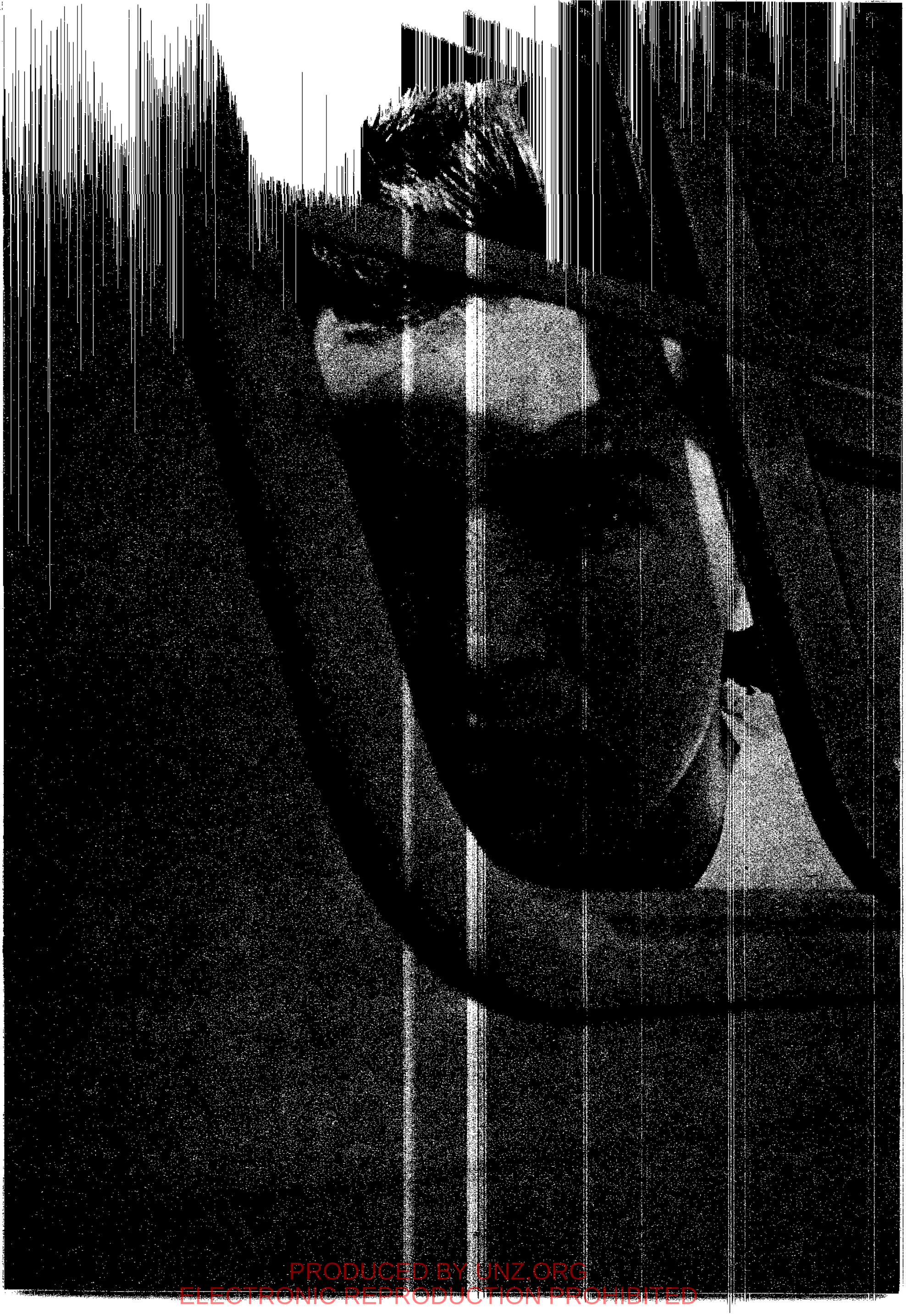




Family visits . . . and departure

(Below) "My wife and mother visit real regular with the little girl. I keep thinking while I'm sitting on one side and they sit on the other about how I've never really given them anything before, just a lot of headaches." (Right) On route to "the Joint" (permanent prison): "I know I'll be better when I get out because of this experience."





potpourri

AN ELDERLY LADY and a young man were the only two passengers to leave the New York subway train at that station. The young man with his quick, long stride reached the exit gate long before the less agile woman. But there he stood, patiently holding the gate open for her. Upon reaching the gate, the lady smiled appreciatively and said, "Thank you so much. I'm really not accustomed to such good manners here in New York."

The young man tipped his hat courteously and replied, "You'll have to excuse me, ma'am. I'm from out of town myself and don't know any better."

—FLORA SMITH

AT THE HEIGHT of the segregation storm in a Southern city, the parents of a first-grader sent her off with grave misgivings, on her first day of school, to a newly integrated school.

At the close of the day the mother met her daughter with one important question: "How did it go, honey?"

"Oh, Mommy," said the youngster. "One little Negro girl sat next to me *all* day!"

Afraid this was the beginning of a traumatic experience that would need much explaining, the mother then hesitantly asked, "And what happened?"

Came the reply, "We were both so scared that we held hands all day."

—*Journal of The American Association of University Women*

A BRITISH DOCTOR advocating the after-lunch siesta says too many people work when nature intended them to sleep. That's only half the problem—what about those people who sleep when the boss intended them to work?

—JANET MILGRAM

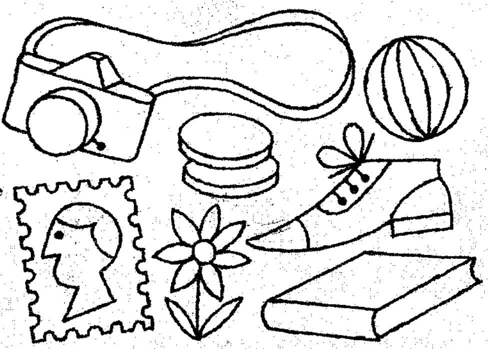
A LITTLE OLD LADY being checked in at an airlines counter asked the agent, "How long a hang-over will I have in Kansas City?"

—*Braniff B-Liner*

WIFE TO FROWNING HUSBAND holding canceled checks in his hand: "You mean the bank saves all the checks I write and sends them to you? What a sneaky thing to do!"

—*The Stockman's Journal*

CORONET FAMILY SHOPPER



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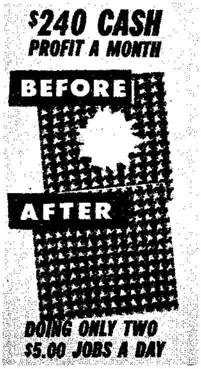

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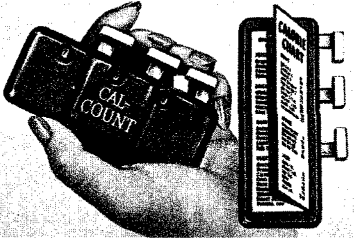

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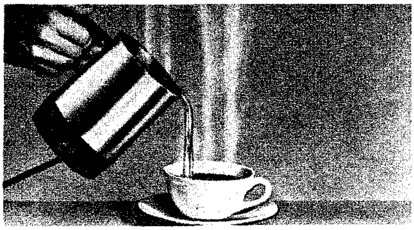

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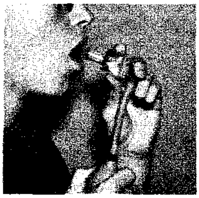

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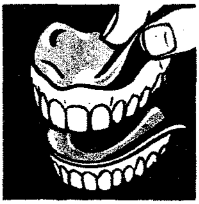

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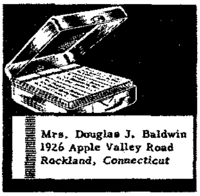

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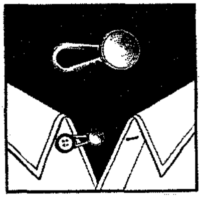

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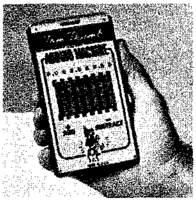

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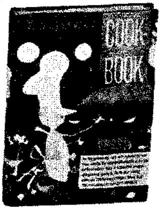

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Now!—a realistic hairpiece, by Louis Feder. Looks, feels like your own hair; friends invariably approve. Comb it, sleep in it, swim in it—it's hurricane-proof! Individually designed. Choice of styles, including popular crew cut. Average price, $170. Write for Booklet CC. "The Only Solution to Baldness." House of Louis Feder, 545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17.

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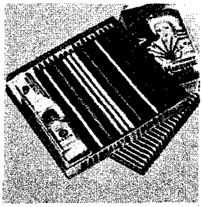

At home, full or part-time with new Photo Painting Pencils. Earn money now by coloring photos, snapshots, and Polaroid prints. Studios and friends will pay to have photos colored. Rush $4.98 for complete coloring Kit (includes 18 pencils) or send for Free instructions. Marshall's, 171 N. 9th St., Bklyn. 11, N.Y. At photo, art & hobby stores everywhere.

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No doubt about it, a girl likes to look UP to her man! If your height is handicapping you, don't go around feeling sorry for yourself. Do something about it! "Elevators," the amazing height-increasing shoes, "grow" almost 2 inches taller in seconds! With greater height comes added poise and confidence. You enjoy all the advantages of being tall! And no one will guess your secret because "Elevators" look and feel like any fine shoes. Send today for exciting free booklet. 34 styles. Write Brockton Footwear, Inc., Dept. 210B., Brockton 68, Mass.

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Gentlemen
This
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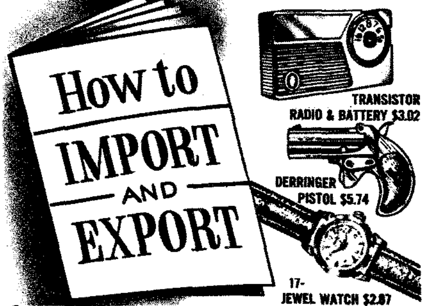

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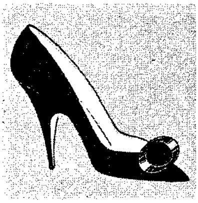

Newest Fall fashions in ladies' wide shoes offer comfort, style, all heel heights & colors in widths C-EEE, all sizes 4-12. Shown, new "Sandra" pointed toe with 3" lifetime heels, in Black, Cocoa, Wine Suede, widths C-D-E, all sizes 5-12. Only $8.95 ppd., moneyback guar. Order now or write for free catalog. Syd Kushner, Dept. C-10, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

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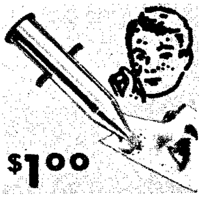

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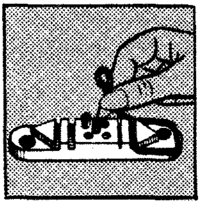

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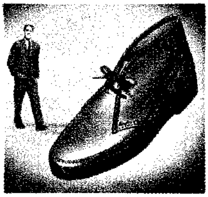

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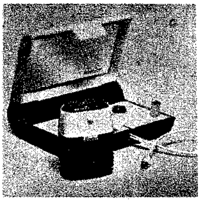

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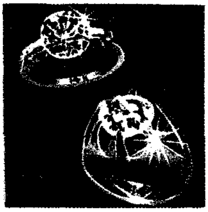

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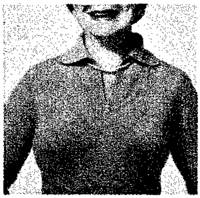

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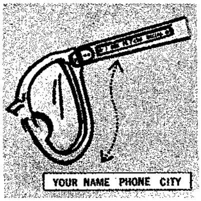

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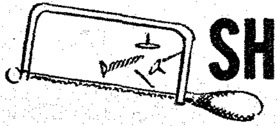
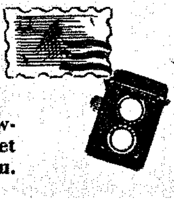


SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



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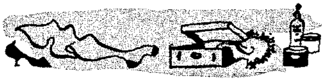

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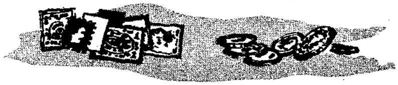

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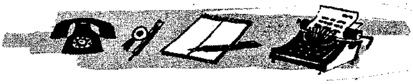

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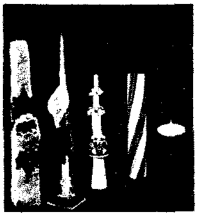

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DIARY

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SEPT. 25th

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SIX WEEKS and now
I'm ready for that BIG JOB!

SEPT. 30th

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LEGALISTIC LADIES

BY WILL BERNARD

WOMANKIND, *in seeking marital freedom from mankind, has reported an astonishing variety of grievances. Consider these:*

HER HUSBAND WAS so addicted to the New York Yankees, complained a woman, that whenever another team clobbered them Yanks, he clobbered her.

HER HUSBAND SHOWED lack of tact, testified a Florida woman, when he informed an entire radio audience that she was a bad cook.

HER HUSBAND WAS FAITHLESS, a Michigan woman realized, after she discovered a ticket for one-arm driving in his pocket.

HER HUSBAND WAS so hobby-minded, observed an Ohio woman, that she had to get a job to replace the money he squandered on his 10,000 pet worms.

HER HUSBAND WAS A philanderer, accused an English woman, noting that another woman referred to him as "My Own Human Hot-Water Bottle."

HER HUSBAND WAS overenthusiastic about wrestling, charged an Indiana woman, because as he studied the different holds on television, he tried them out on her.

HER HUSBAND LACKED SYMPATHY, recalled a Minnesota woman; after she had been bitten by their cat he ordered her to apologize to it.

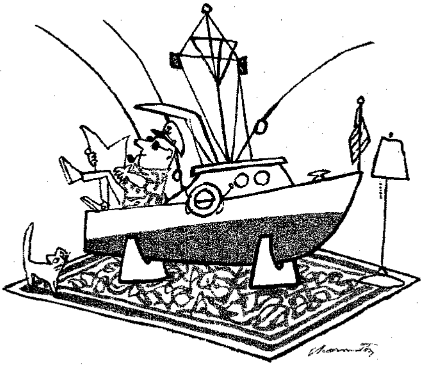
HER HUSBAND WAS so hot-tempered, cited a Virginia woman, that he cried: "Your mother can have you back"—as he tossed her into her mother's rosebush.

HER HUSBAND'S FASCINATION with electric trains seemed excessive, proclaimed a California woman, when he tore up three rooms of their house to lay tracks.

HER HUSBAND WAS so unsentimental, declared a Pennsylvania woman, that he went around trying to raise cash for her funeral.

HER HUSBAND'S OBSTINACY, asserted a Washington woman, kept him from installing indoor plumbing because he considered it a passing fad that would soon disappear.

HER HUSBAND WAS TOO sports-minded, felt an Indian woman: he insisted on keeping an 18-foot fishing boat in their living room. ♛



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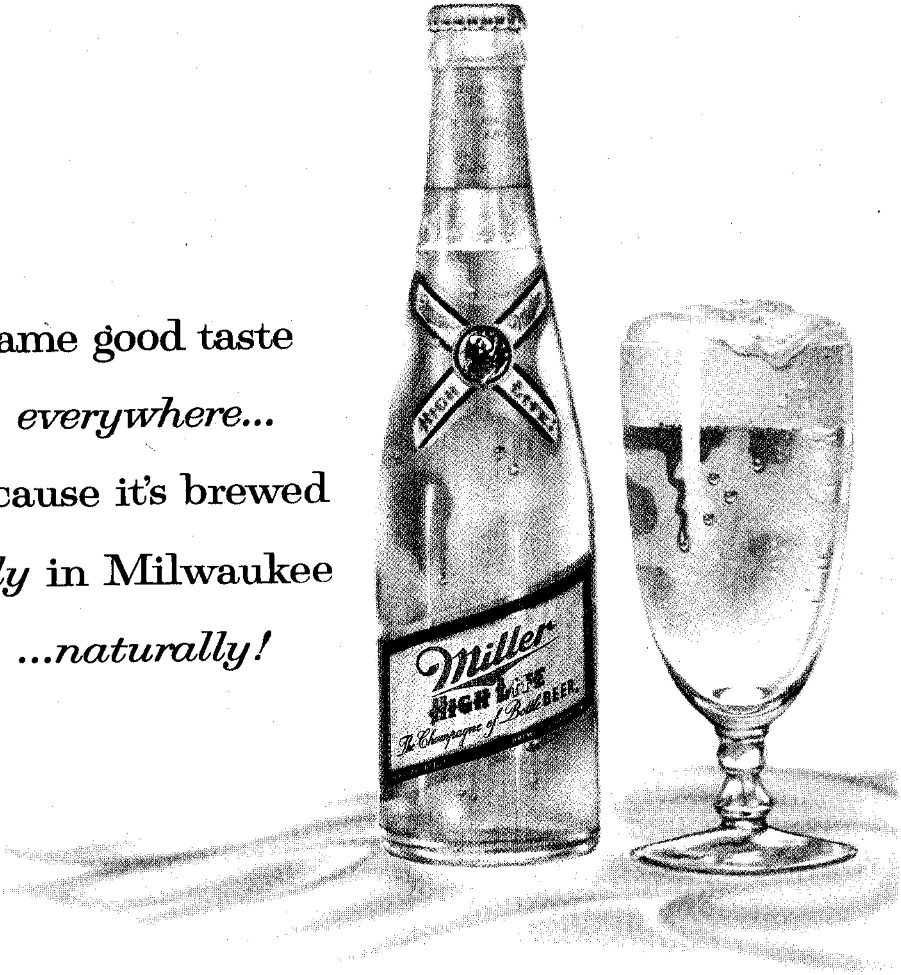
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